Vol 75 # 2

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Collier's

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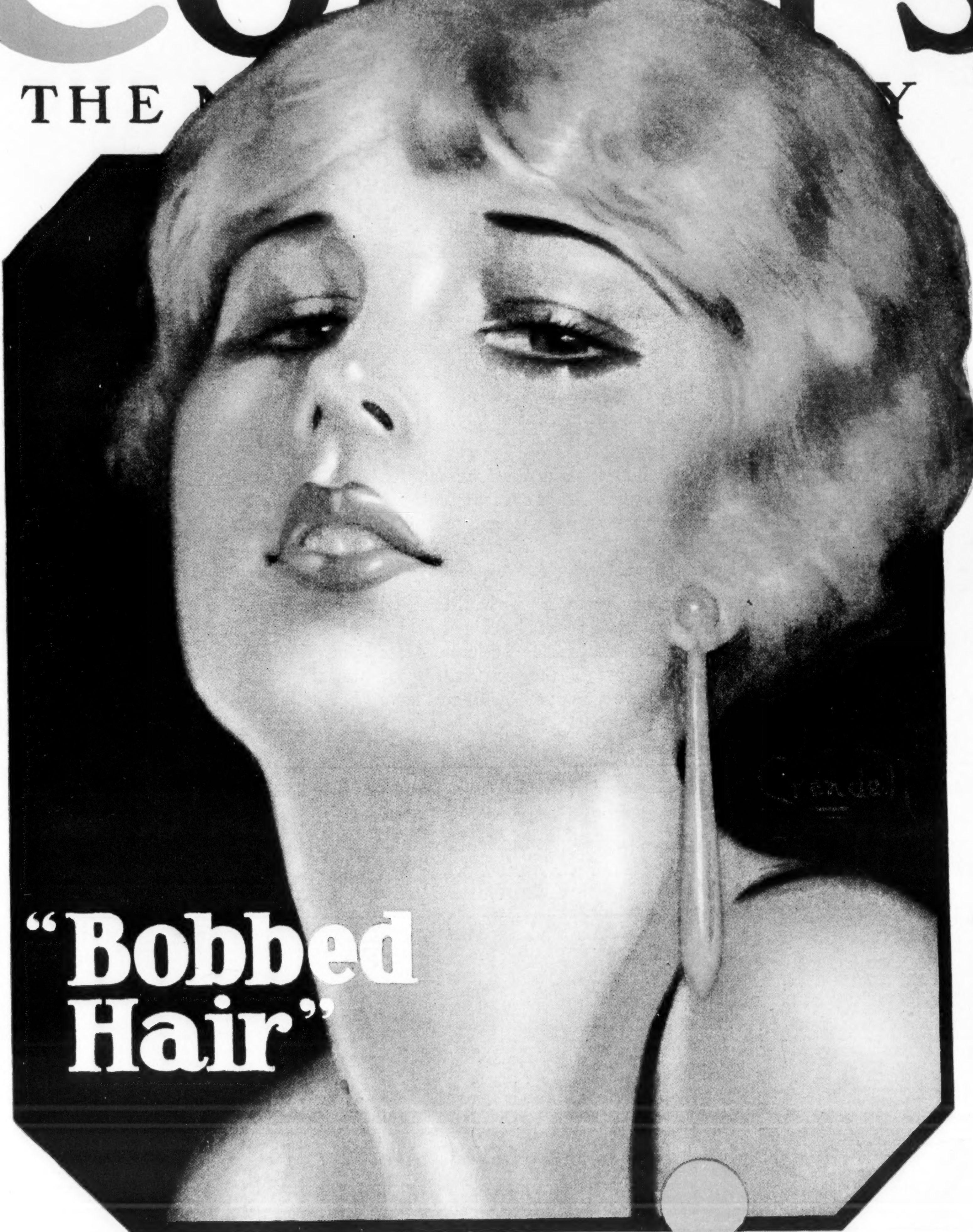

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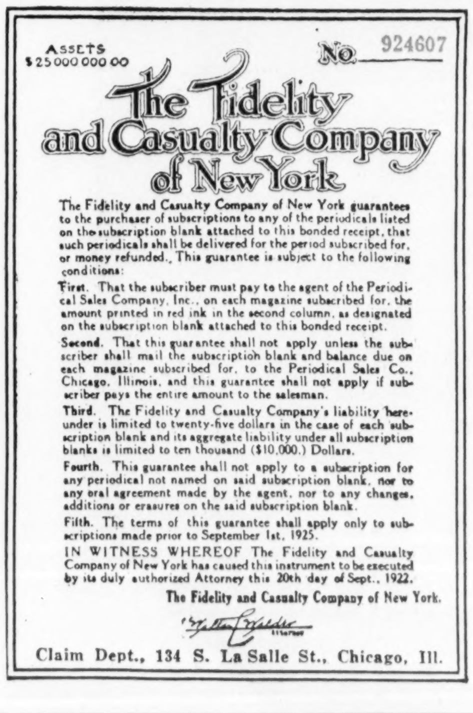

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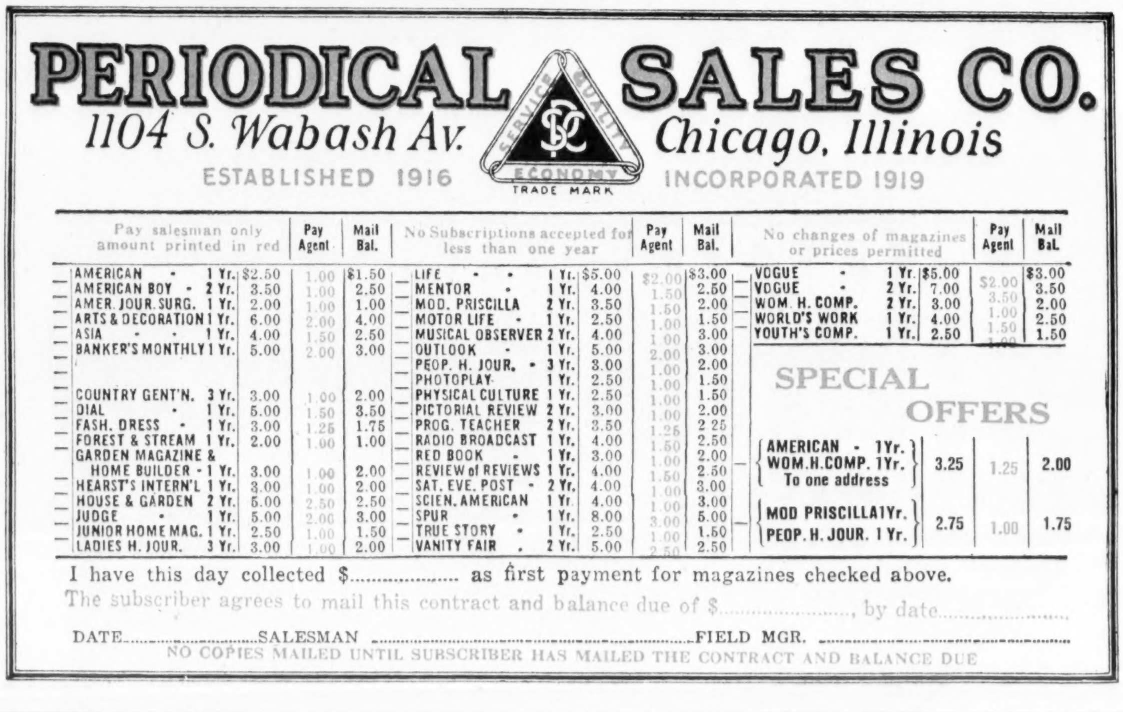

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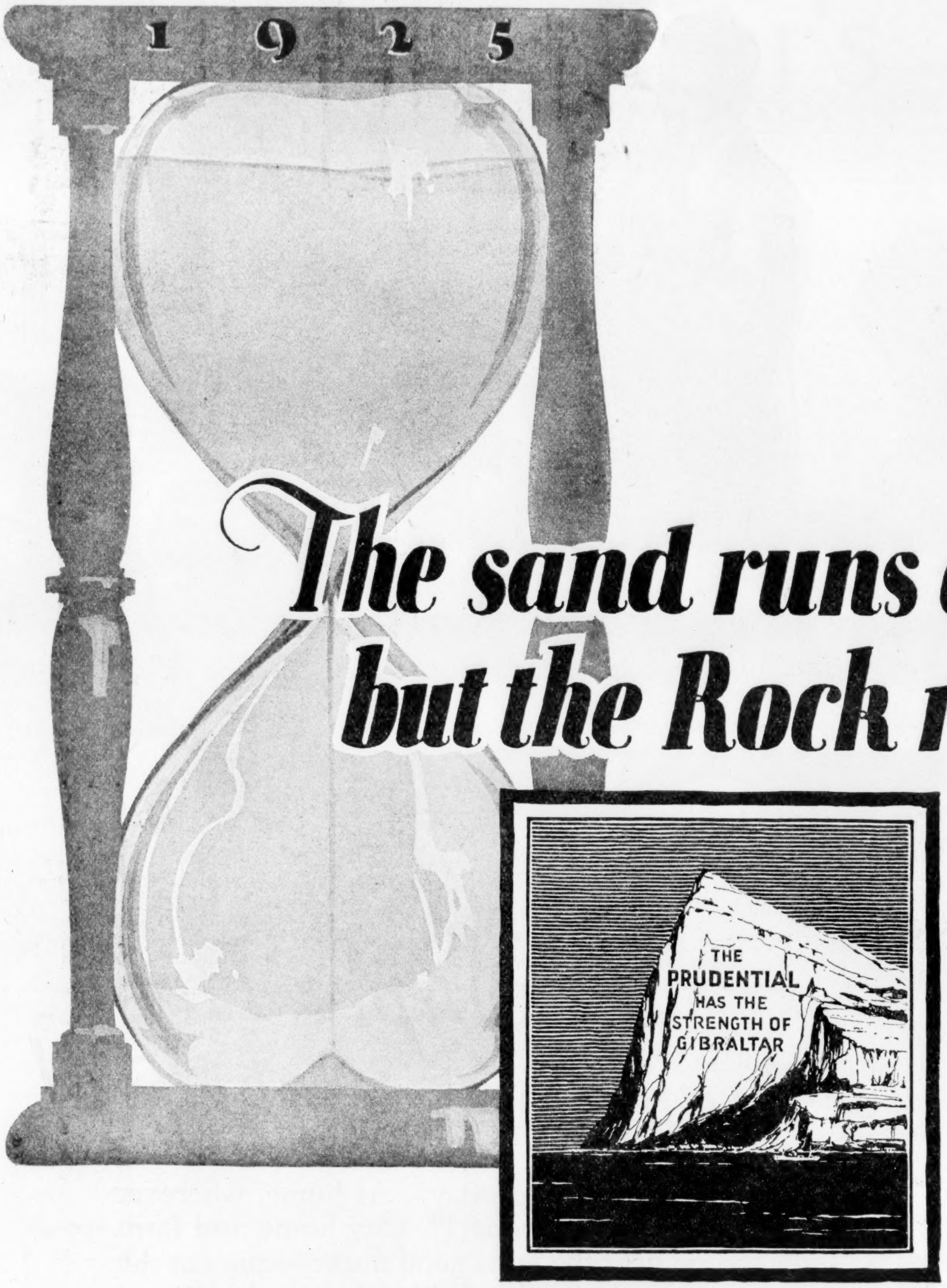
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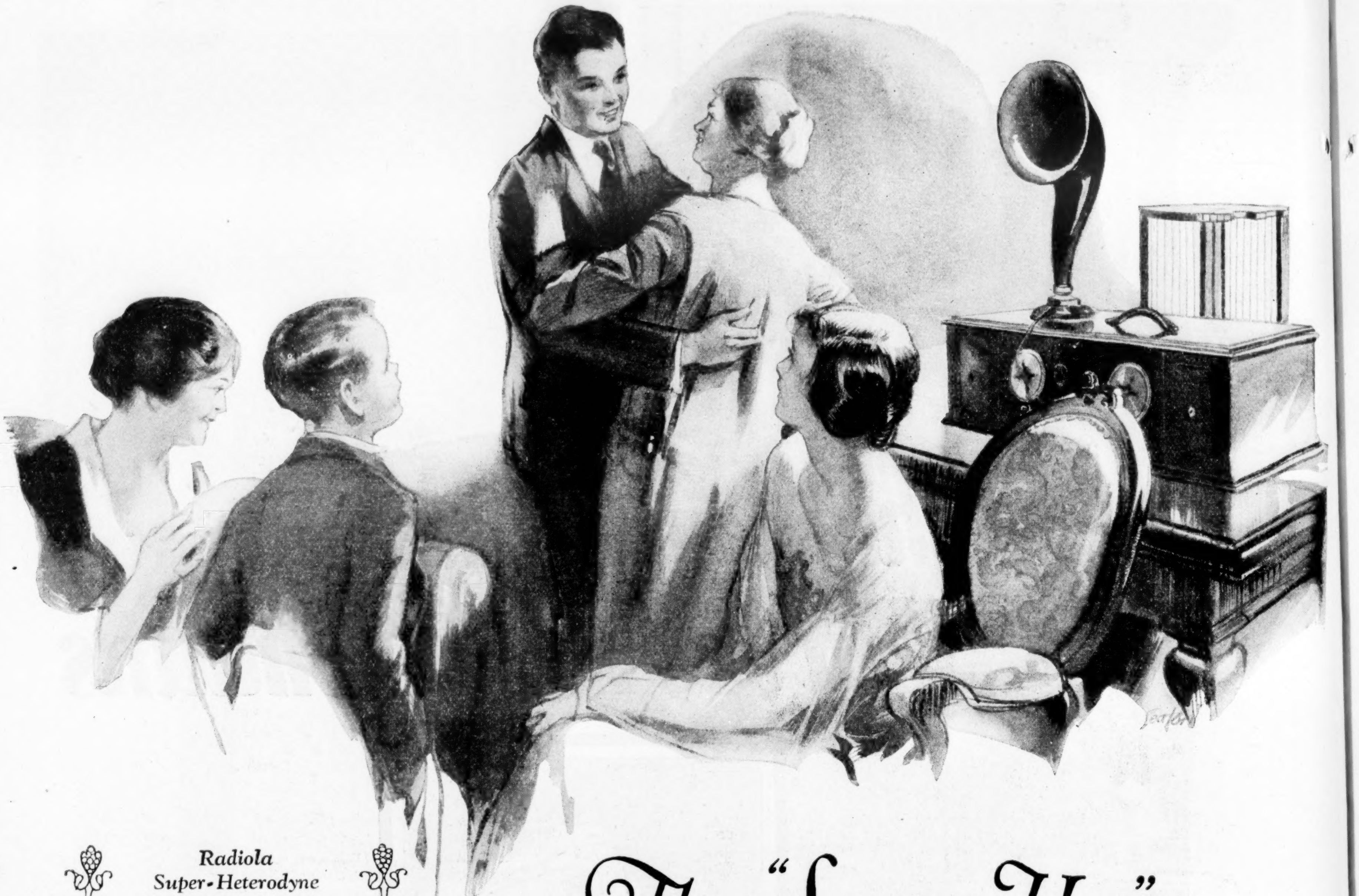

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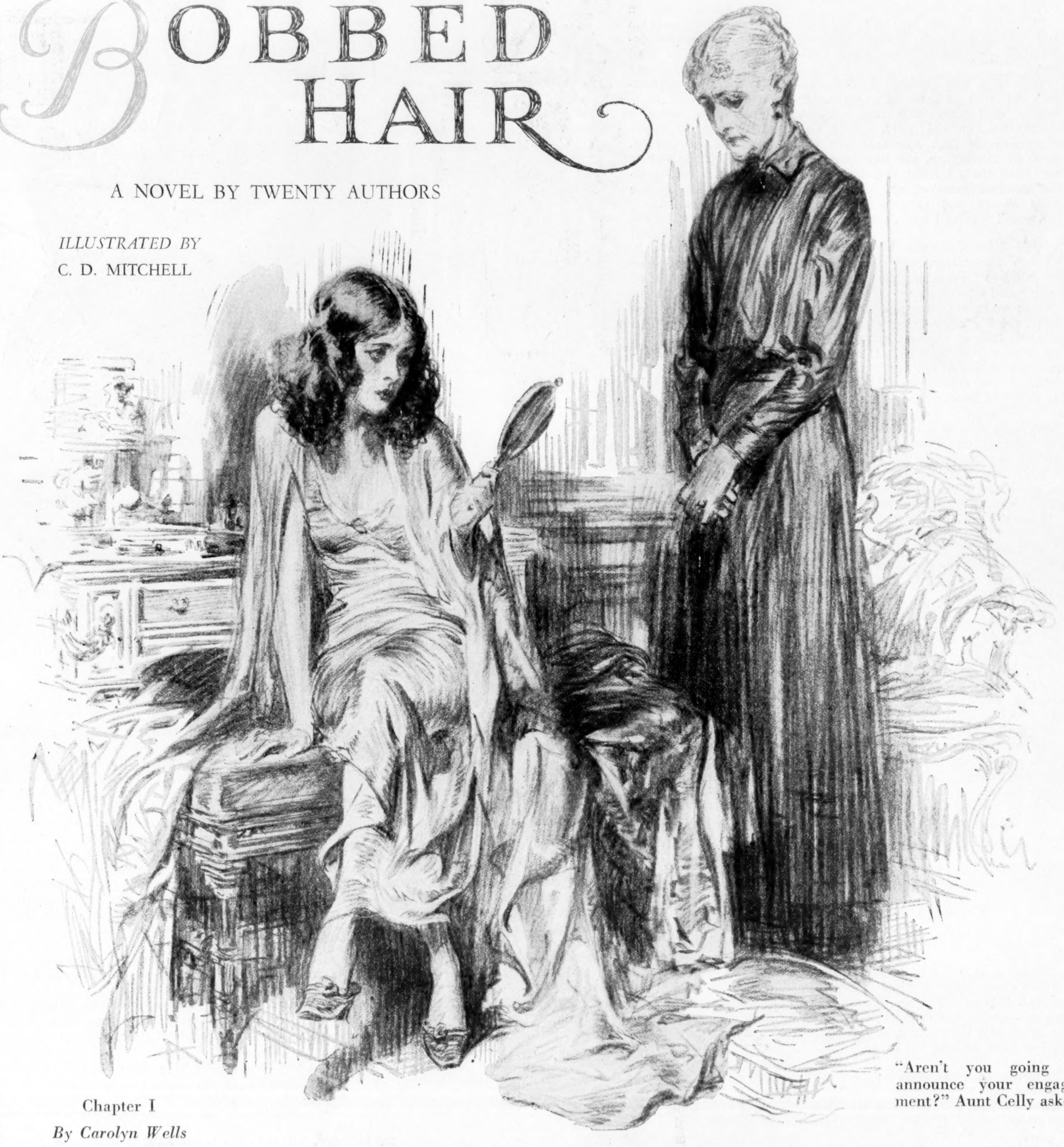
BOBBED HAIR

A NOVEL BY TWENTY AUTHORS

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. D. MITCHELL



"Aren't you going to announce your engagement?" Aunt Celly asked

Chapter I

By Carolyn Wells

CONNEMARA sat absorbed in her own reflections. This statement is to be taken physically as well as mentally, for the reflections she saw were the subject of the reflections she thought.

She could easily see six or seven Connemaras, for her triplicate dressing-table mirror, aided and abetted by a hand glass, gave her various and sundry views of her hair. She studied it in deepest meditation, and critical at that, as who should say, a poor thing, but mine own.

Yet it was not a poor thing. Moderately long, moderately thick, moderately curly, its color was—well, Connemara had spent her childish days largely in stamping her foot and shouting back at teasing schoolmates, "It isn't red, it's orburn!"

Of course she had more of a proper name than that. She had been christened Constance Mary, but in her earliest attempts at conversation, lingual ineptitude had brought forth only Connemara, and the name had clung. Her other name was Moore.

For the rest, she was a slender little thing, light and graceful of movement, possessing more temper than temperament and more wit than wisdom.

These traits, in connection with the color of her hair in certain lights, had caused her to be dubbed Cayenne Fairy, and she lived up to the title.

Her boudoir, where she sat, was harmoniously colored in green and white. Even the books were all bound in green, with white leaves inside. From the window she could look out on the green tops of waving trees and on down to the lake, green with reflected foliage.

But Connemara wasn't looking out of the window. She was looking at her own hair, in the repeated reflections of the mirror panels.

"I don't know," she said, half aloud, "I don't know—"

"Don't know what, Connie?" And a figure appeared at her open door. A calm, placid figure, that might have been, nay, *must* have been, the inspiration for the poem that begins "Serene I fold my hands and wait."

"Whether to bob my hair or not," and Cayenne Fairy turned anxious, troubled eyes toward her Aunt Celimena.

This lady was perhaps half a century old, was as bony as a suspender button, and was, with fine, patient resignation, an old maid. With the idiosyncrasies that spinsters are capable of developing, she had made up her mind that, having herself proved the inconveniences of single life, her niece should not experience them—she would forestall any such nonsense.

NOW Miss Celimena Moore was a born forestaller, and when she set her mind to forestalling she did it efficiently and effectively.

Connemara was devoted to Moorelands, the big old country place in the pleasant hills of Connecticut, and Miss Moore merely decreed that if her niece was not married by her twenty-first birthday the estate should pass into the hands of trustees to be used forever as a children's home. If, however, Connemara proved amenable to reason, and selected one from her shoals of suitors, and announced her engagement in June and was married in October, the place and fortune of her rich aunt would eventually become her own.

It sounds melodramatic in the telling, but Miss Celimena was so deeply in earnest, and Miss Connemara so deeply attached to the place, that the matter was serious to the point of tragedy.

Moreover, it was the next to the last day of June, and in another twenty-four hours the limit of the time appointed would be uncomfortably near.

Connemara was not entirely unprepared. She had narrowed her possibilities down to two, but between this precious pair she felt unable to make choice.

"Is everybody bobbing?" Aunt Celly asked, politely disinterested. She cared little for passing fashions.

"Of course. You'll come to it yourself soon. But with me it's more than a whim or a notion; it's the whole game."

"Is it? Well, never mind that now. Aren't you going to announce your engagement to-morrow night?"

"Oh, yes," Connemara sighed. "Of course I am. But I've no idea to whom."

"Nonsense! You must know which one you love."

"That's just it. I love them both—I adore them both. I cán't live without both of them. You see, Aunt Celly, they're such perfect complements. It's like bread and butter or ham and eggs. Useless each without the other."

"Don't be silly!"

"I'm not. I want to marry both of them—oh, not both at once: I couldn't, of course. But, say, first one and then the other. Only I don't know which to marry first."

"You talk like a fool, Constance Mary. I've no patience with you. But you'll have to make up your mind pretty soon, for I shall make no change in my will."

She walked placidly away, leaving the girl reflecting among her reflections.

The two men were complementary, though exact opposites.

Bingham Carrington, a tall, fair viking of a man, was a Southerner, from Raleigh or Richmond or Roanoke or some such place, while Saltonstall Cabot Adams was a New Englander of purest ray serene.

Both men were desperately in love with the Cayenne Fairy, and while Adams was a rich man, Carrington had an unappeased desire for ducks and drakes, and yearned to make them out of Connemara's money.

Yet Bing was a bright, merry, sunshiny sort of person, while Saltonstall was so serious as to be almost heavy, so erudite as to be almost dull.

A side of Connemara's nature craved this cultural background, yearned for this companionship of wisdom and intellectuality, even while another side of her soul cried out for Bing's overflowing, all-embracing affection.

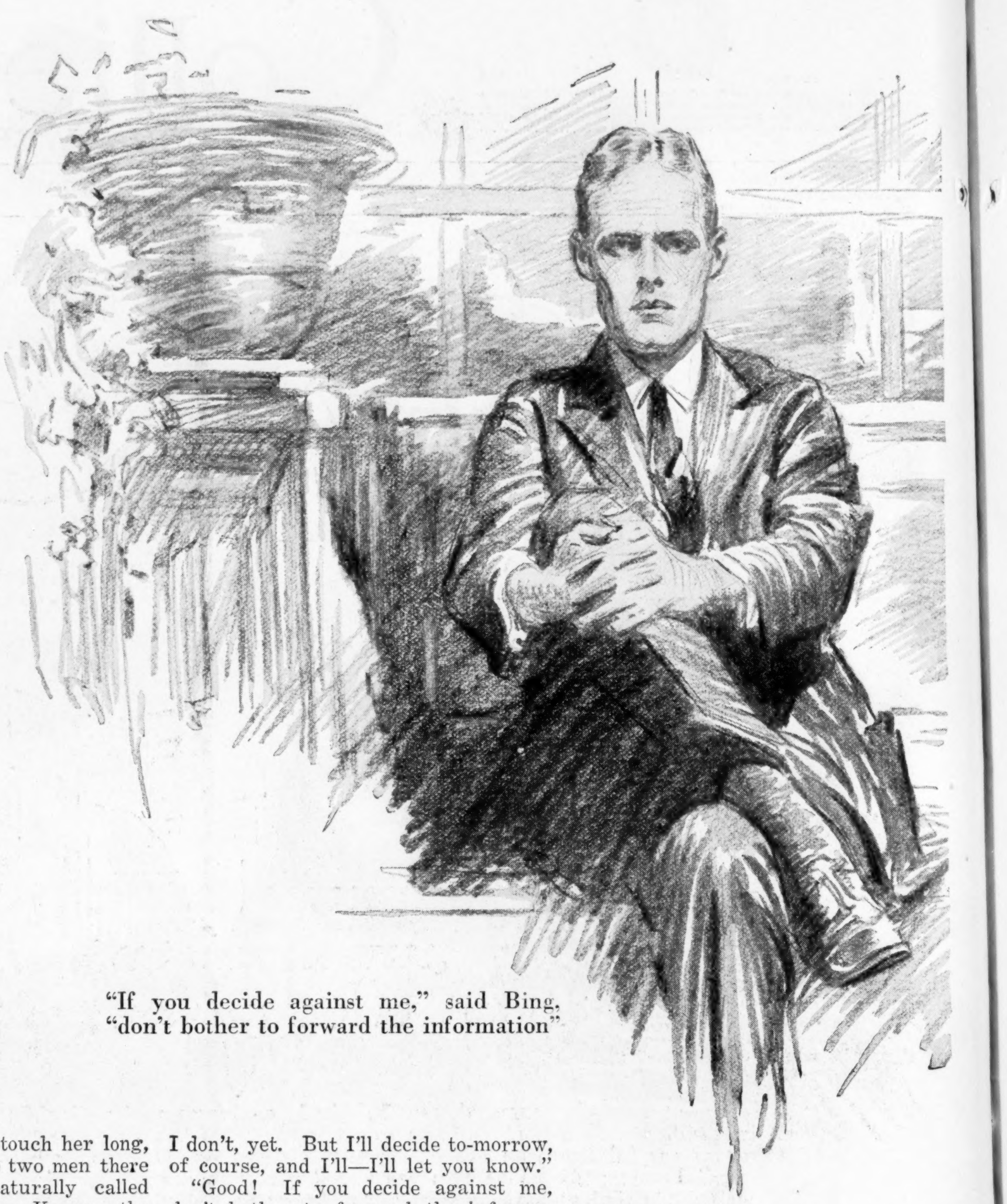
With an uncertain sigh, Connemara put up her unbobbed hair, and arrayed herself to greet a merry house party coming to spend the week-end.

They came: Poppy Glenn, a red-cheeked, red-lipped brunette, sporting the very latest style of bob cut. Rose Wraye, Madonna type, endowed with endearing young charms, but scorning to let scissors touch her long, fair tresses. Beside the two men there were Richard Bird, naturally called Dicky, and Cecil Percy Knapp, the artist.

The fun began at once. They were a noisy young lot; there was racing and chasing o'er Canobie Lee; there was guying and flirting and petting, and all the modern substitutes for Shakespeare and the musical glasses.

And beneath it all the undercurrent of excitement, wondering what Connemara meant to do.

Late that evening she had two sessions, one with each of her chosen knights.



"If you decide against me," said Bing, "don't bother to forward the information"

BING was first. They walked down the paths to the rambler arbor and sat there, while he pleaded his cause with real eloquence. He was a perfect courtier, and his manners were more than perfect. He could rise at the appearance of a lady, without looking as if he had just heard the first notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner." He could hold her cape for her without the effect of hanging out the Monday wash. He was intensely modern, up to date, and a little beyond.

"Of course, you'll marry me, my Cayenne Fairy Queen," he exulted. "We are each other's own, twin halves of a perfect soul made one, and all that. You never could stand that hatchet-faced, beetle-browed, lantern-jawed, gimlet-eyed old Pil—grim Puritan of a Salt Adams. You know you couldn't. And I want you to have your hair bobbed to-morrow, and to-morrow night at the dance we'll tell all and sundry our precious secret. How about it, my honey-blossom off of a peach tree?"

"I'll see, Bing. I don't know—really I don't, yet. But I'll decide to-morrow, of course, and I'll—I'll let you know."

"Good! If you decide against me, don't bother to forward the information. But you won't—you can't. Oh, my little Connemara, nobody could love you as I will—as I do. Star of my soul—"

"I know, Bing—I know. But run now, Saltonstall is coming here. If I decide on you, I'll have my hair bobbed to-morrow, and if I take him, I won't. So you'll know."

Carrington went reluctantly, and Adams came to the arbor, where Connemara had promised him an interview.

It was a stormy one. Salt had a temper equal to Connemara's own, and the two struck sparks.

"I shan't make love to you," he declared, "until you say you will marry me. Why should I waste kisses on a girl who may be another's wife? But, Connemara, don't, I beg of you, *don't* make the mistake of accepting Bing Carrington. He's a fortune hunter, a wastrel, a spendthrift. He cares only for the silly, bobbed-haired flapper sort. He'd make you one of that ilk, and it is not your *métier!* Come to me, fairy darling, we will have pleasures of the intellect, of the mind, of the soul, such as that village cut-up can't even understand! I will love you with a devotion, an idolatry, all the deeper and finer because of our mental development, our psychic—"

"Cut it out, Connemara!" called Poppy Glenn's shrill voice as she and Dicky Bird intruded themselves upon the scene.

Others followed, and before them all Cayenne Fairy gave her ultimatum.

"I'll decide this matter myself," she said, as they all flung advice at her at once. "To-morrow, I'll run down to New York, and back, in time for dinner. If I get my hair bobbed while I'm there, it's 'cause I mean to marry Bing. If I come back with my hair as is, it's a sure sign Salt is the man."

Cheers greeted this speech, and there was a sound of revelry by night that dismissed for the time being the subject under discussion.

The next afternoon Connemara went to New York. The whole crowd went along, but she went alone into the hairdresser's parlors.

Her going did not necessarily mean a bob: she was as undecided as ever when she advanced to the desk to keep her appointment.

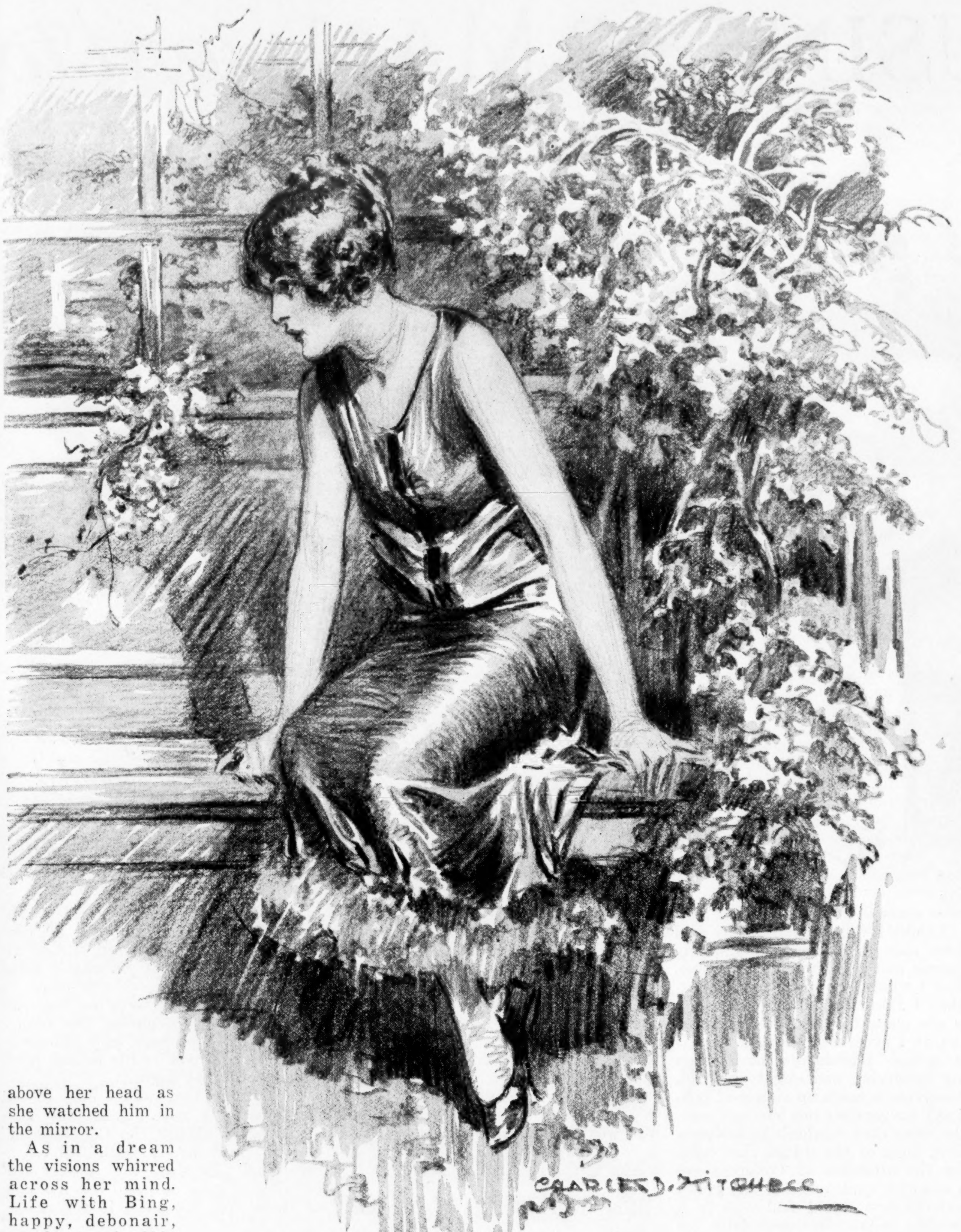
She had arranged by telephone that she was to have the time, and if she concluded at the last minute not to have her hair bobbed, she would pay for the time and keep her locks intact.

THE lady at the desk smiled and waved her to an appointed cubicle, where pretty bobbed-haired girls let down her auburn mass and brushed it out.

Then the man with the shears came in. Connemara had a vivid remembrance of the picture in "Struwelpeter" where the great shears open to cut off Conrad's thumbs.

"Wait a minute," she said convulsively, almost hysterically, as he drew the white apron closer about her neck.

He waited, shears open and poised



above her head as she watched him in the mirror.

As in a dream the visions whirred across her mind. Life with Bing, happy, debonair, good-natured; life with Salt, clever, deep thinker, distinguished. Bing, aflame with Southern ardor of devotion. Salt, quivering with passionate idolatry. Bing, triumph of muscular perfection, victor of all outdoor sports; Salt, mentally great, full of imagination and creative genius. Oh, *which* should it be?

The shears hovered. In the mirror she saw the puzzled face of the barber as he wondered at her indecision.

She held her future poised on the clip of those shining blades. A word from her and the first clip would proclaim her irrevocably pledged to Bing Carrington. Or a mere protest would close those steel arbiters of Fate, and she would be the bride of the worthy scion of the Adams family.

Suddenly, like a flash, illumination came. Her inner soul spoke, the truth appeared to her—she knew!

When Connemara rejoined the crowd who waited for her, they stared at her radiant face. Eagerly they looked at her hair, but her small tight-fitting *cloche* of a hat was drawn down closely over her whole head, and no hint could be gained as to the state of Cayenne Fairy's hair.

Nor did any dare to snatch off the hat and solve the question. Connemara was not one to stand that.

"You'll know soon enough," she said, and her dazzling smile included the two men most interested, as well as the rest of the noisy, rollicking group.

Home they went and off to dress for dinner.

Surely at dinner they must learn the truth, and could then toast the health of the engaged ones.

But at dinner Connemara appeared with a headdress of silver gauze, wound turbanlike round her head. Skillfully, too, so that no hint of shape or size should betray her secret.

"Oh, well," said Bing cheerily, "you'll have to show down to-night. The fancy-dress dance will last beyond midnight, and at twelve you'll have to confess."

"I will," and Cayenne Fairy laughed happily.

"I know her costumes," said Rose Wraye. "She has a stunning Ophelia rig that she's going to wear if she didn't bob, and a Peter Pan costume that she'll sport about in if her hair is short."

Connemara nodded agreement to this, and later on, when they all went up to don their fancy ball garb, the girls paused in the room of Cayenne Fairy and saw spread out on her bed the two costumes Rose had told of.

They left her, and Connemara closed her door and locked it.

THEN she sat down again to her reflections. In the triplicate panel of the dressing table, repeated in the hand glass she held, her lovely Titian hair gleamed in its auburn glory.

Connemara looked at the two costumes on the bed and smiled.

Passing them by, she took from a wardrobe a box and opened it. From it she took a full costume which she quickly donned, deftly adjusting its long white folds.

Soon, completely attired, she went and listened over the banister. Yes, the guests were assembled; Aunt Celimena was serenely receiving them.

She paused at the top of the stairs a moment. "It's a shame to tantalize them longer," she mused, "but I must—just for a few minutes, anyway."

She went slowly downstairs and entered the dancing-room. A cheer greeted her appearance, which turned to a groan of impatience and exasperation as they saw her face, saintlike and beautiful, swathed about by the headdress that belonged to her garb of a Dominican Sister.

Chapter II

By Alexander Woollcott

WHEN it dawned even on the remote and only mildly interested members of the orchestra that the evasive Connemara had found a way to defer her announcement yet a little longer, they flung themselves into the breach with a hubbub of music, and in another minute the long room of Moorelands resembled a kaleidescope in a state of agitation. But a refreshed topic of conversation had come as a boon to the house party, and even those whose small talk was usually exhausted when they had commented on the perfectly splendid dance floor and the perfectly splendid orchestra were kept going indefinitely by their speculations on the invisible locks of Connemara.

Thus the perky Miss Glenn knew, when Adam Brewster asked her for the first dance, that dancing was the last, or almost the last, thing he would have cared to do with her. Mr. Brewster was a withered gentleman of slightly malignant aspect who knew all there was to know about Moorelands and the Moore family except for the single detail about the hair of the heir apparent. He was Miss Celimena's lawyer and had been her father's lawyer before that. Without long and acrimonious discussion with Mr. Brewster, Miss Celimena had never bought a bond or paid a tax, and everyone knew that the singular document in which the fate of Moorelands was conditioned had been composed with great gusto by Mr. Brewster. Wherefore Miss Glenn, when the lawyer led her firmly to a seat against the wall and sat down beside her, knew that she was expected to interpret the situation for him.

"I am afraid that our dear Connie is being just a bit theatrical," she said at once, "but I know what's at the bottom of it."

"Perversity?" asked Mr. Brewster.

"Not at all," said Miss Glenn. "Panic."

"Panic?" the old lawyer exclaimed, "when both her alternatives are so agreeable."

"Oh, they're all right, I suppose. But you'll have to admit that Bing is the kind that calls her his Cayenne Fairy Queen. That must be very fatiguing. And Salt raves on about the pleasures of the intellect."

"How do you know?"

"I eavesdrop, Mr. Brewster. Don't you?"

"Never."

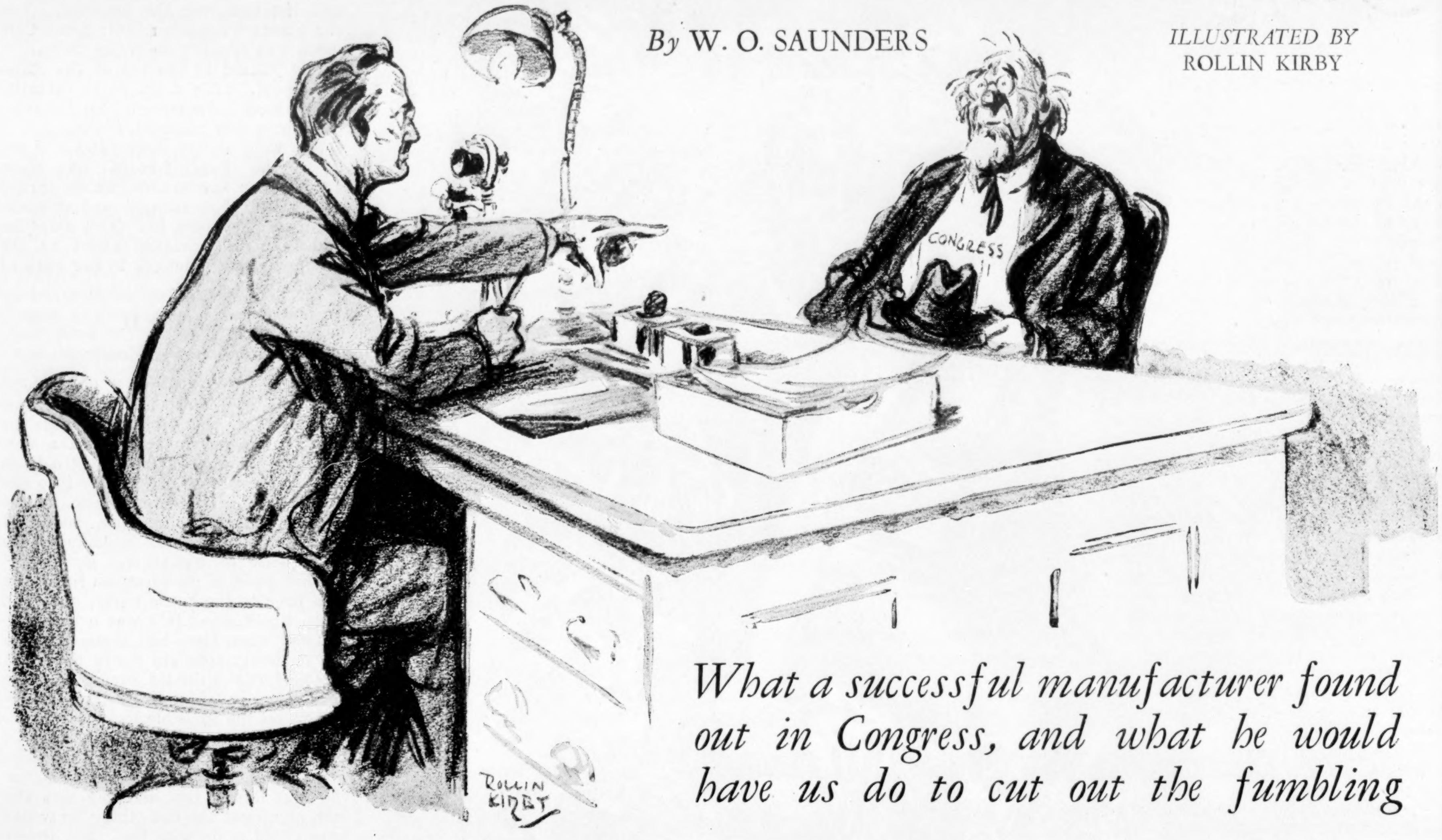
"Well, one picks up a lot that way. For instance, I listened in when you and that law clerk from your office were whispering away there under the stairs. That's how I know you have planted him here in case you should need a witness at twelve o'clock. You lawyers are pretty crafty, but I do think that

(*Continued on page 32*)

This BUSINESS MAN went to

By W. O. SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROLLIN KIRBY



What a successful manufacturer found out in Congress, and what he would have us do to cut out the fumbling

WHY—we're always asking—can't we send more business men to Congress? Why can't we send men who will inject some practical, common-sense, everyday business practices into that body?

Why does Congress make a political football of every economic issue and fumble for years with matters that would be disposed of by the board of directors of any efficient business corporation within a week? Why is Congress composed mostly of lawyers and politicians?

I sought an answer to these and similar questions from a real business man who has sat in Congress and who ought to know what he's talking about. Louis B. Goodall represented the First Congressional District of Maine in the 65th and 66th Congresses, being first elected in 1916. He is no piker; he is a Yankee who has held his own in the building up of one of our great textile industries. The Goodall Worsted Co. manufacture upholstery and tapestries. They make machine looms do what hand looms do in Europe, duplicating the most expensive fabrics in the world and creating new ones. To utilize about a million pounds of short Angora goat hair that could not be worked up into plush and other high-grade fabrics, the Goodalls gave the world Palm Beach Cloth.

Louis Goodall is not only a big business executive, but a man of ideas; a live wire. What does he say about Congress after sitting there for four years?

I traveled all the way from North Carolina to Sanford, Me., to get the answer. I found Mr. Goodall at his desk.

"I went to Congress," said Mr. Goodall, "because my friends thought they wanted me; not because I wanted to go. I refused to be a candidate for a third term because my nerves wouldn't stand it any longer; there is nothing businesslike about Congress; they don't use business sense down there; it's all politics. I think I was about the only real business man in Congress during my two terms and I got mighty lonesome.

"Now I want to say right at the outset that I think both Houses of Congress are made up of as fine a set of fellows as I ever saw; I made friends there whose friendships have been mighty satisfying and mighty helpful. But Congress is made up mostly of lawyers, and lawyers are not business men. If they were they wouldn't be lawyers.

"Now, most of the things that come up for the attention of Congress are plain economic questions that any group of business men would deal with in a businesslike way. Business calls for quick decisions.

"When I went to Congress I felt that I had become a director in the biggest institution on earth, and I worked with that feeling. It never occurred to me to consider the political aspect of any economic question. I never thought about the effect of anything on the party, but considered only whether it was for the best interests and well-being of the country.

"But almost invariably my colleagues made a political issue of things; almost every question became a political question. It wasn't whether a thing was good or bad, but whether it would make votes for the party here or lose votes there. Or maybe it would make votes for one side and the other side would knife it for that reason. The Mellon tax bill was an instance; there was a business proposition made a political issue pure and simple. That's the lawyer-politician way of doing things. Instead of getting down to brass tacks, they are forever playing politics.

"My colleagues were astounded when the case of Peter Tague, contesting the election of Fitzgerald in the Tenth District of Massachusetts, was referred to a committee of which I was chairman and I disposed of the case in less than thirty days, giving Tague the seat that was rightfully his. They said I had broken all records. The lawyer-politician way is to play politics with an election contest of that kind for two years, deciding the case about a week before the Congress adjourns. In many cases that means a loss of probably $20,000 to the taxpayers who have paid the salary and expenses of the member who was fraudulently seated, and who have to pay the back salary and expenses to the rightful member.

Blind Man's Buff in Washington

"BUT the worst of it is that their manner of playing politics makes it hard to tell where a member stands. There was a certain member who worked with me in the support of a bill until the bill came up for a vote. To my consternation, the man who had given me such helpful support got up on the floor of the House and made a forty-five-minute speech against the bill. The bill carried and the man who had at first supported it and then spoken against it came to me and said he was downright glad the bill won.

"'Well, why the devil did you make a forty-five-minute speech opposing it?' I asked him.

"'I'll explain that,' said he. 'You see, my constituents back home were not interested in the bill one way or another and I was given an opportunity to make a speech against the bill; it was the only chance I had had to make a speech on the floor this session and I wanted to make one and have it printed and sent back to the folks in my district so they could see I wasn't sitting up here like a bump on a log; they'll think I'm on the job when that speech goes back to them in a franked envelope.'"

Recalling the foregoing incident, Mr. Goodall abruptly got up from his desk and led the way out into one of his big mills. I thought he wasn't going to talk about Congress any more. I was wondering if he were too disgusted by recollections to pursue the subject further. He got back to it, however, in the lounge-room of his modest home in Sanford that night.

"One thing that would help to put Congress on a more businesslike basis would be to abolish the Congressional Record," said Mr. Goodall. "The Congressional Record, the government printing of speeches, and the franking of these free speeches, is responsible for much of the politics and most of the time-killing in Congress. Members who ought to be concentrating on the serious business of legislation think more of making speeches to get them in the Record than they think of the business in hand.

"An urgent war measure came up in the House while I was a member. Every member of the House except the Socialist member was in favor of it; it was important to pass that bill without delay; but they debated it on the floor of the House for two days just to get their speeches in the Record; and there were some who wrote out speeches and had them put in the Record 'by leave to print' after the bill had passed. Business men would have disposed of that bill in an hour. Not six of every hundred speeches made in Congress would ever be made if they were not printed free in the Record. Political-minded congressmen stay up nights hatching up speeches for the Record and get down to work next day with a fuzzy head or get down late. Most of them get down late.

"There are a lot of unbusinesslike things about the way our legislative branch of the government is conducted,

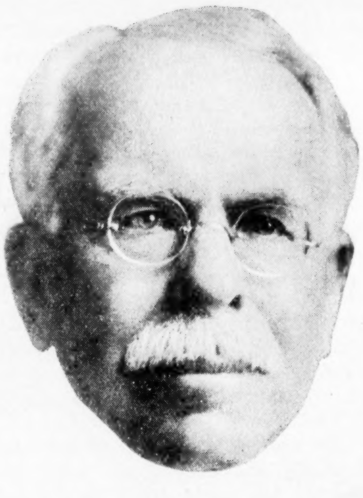
Congress

that would be corrected if there were more business men in Congress. Take the detail of a congressman's mail; the bulk of it is from his constituents making requests for information; fifty per cent of it is positively trivial. A good newspaper man with a small corps of clerks and stenographers could handle about fifty per cent of all the mail of all the members of Congress. But, as it is now, every congressman is a sort of office boy and bureau of information for his back-home constituents, running his legs off around Washington and using his stenographer's time looking up things in the Congressional Library, and in the literature of the various departments, just to answer questions that one central bureau, maintained at a modest expense, could easily answer. But the way things are now, a member gets down to his office at nine o'clock—or he is supposed to; the various committees in which the real business of Congress is transacted are supposed to get down to work at ten. But the congressman who gets down at nine and attempts to answer his mail is never on time at committee meetings; committee meetings are held up all over the House while the chairmen telephone frantically to the various members to get enough together to make a quorum.

"When I was in Congress, I got down to work at seven o'clock every morning and had my desk cleaned up in time to be present at roll-call in any committee meeting. Now, not all business men who went to Congress would do that; but if you had enough business men in Congress they would agree on some routine of work that would enable them to function efficiently."

Mr. Goodall had told me that he retired about nine o'clock and got up at six in the morning. It was getting close to his bedtime and I bade him good night. I found him next morning in his workshop back of his garage.

When he put his affairs in shape so he could go to Washington in 1917 he left the details of his business in the hands of younger men; they got along so well that when he came back from Congress four years later, Mr. Goodall found there wasn't much left for him to do in the office unless he fired some perfectly good men who were holding his job down as well as he had held it himself. He was lost for something to do for a few days, and then he found employment in his workshop. Neighbors say you will find him working from daybreak until after dark in that shop, when he is not at his office. I never saw a man more proud of his skill as a woodworker and there are few woodworkers who can exhibit more cunning specimens of craftsmanship. And so I found Mr. Goodall at his carpenter's bench next morning, instead of at his office. I wanted to get his ideas as to how we can get more business men in Congress. And here is what he said:



"THE Lord knows I didn't want to go to Congress." says Louis B. Goodall. His neighbors put him there, willy-nilly. He thinks that if other business men could be pushed to Washington, as he was, we'd have fewer lawyers and less politics there, and quicker and better doing of the nation's work

"The difficulty in getting business men to go to Congress is not that they wouldn't give up their business to serve the government. The biggest reason is that a business man dreads going through a contest with lawyers and professional politicians. No business man wants to be abused and bully-ragged by professional politicians.

"The average business man is not much of a public speaker; the average lawyer is. Your business man knows that he makes a poor showing on the platform and that any kind of a lawyer can sweep the crowds off their feet with his oratory. Crowds like talk and a lawyer knows how to give them what they want; he may not talk with any sense at all; his theories may not stand analysis; but if he's a first-rate wind-jammer he can handle the crowds.

"But I have no doubt that the people can find in almost any congressional district in the United States some first-rate business man who has his business so organized that he can turn it over to his managers for a season and go to Washington. A business man who has done well for himself, and got his business that well organized, owes his country a certain amount of service, just as it behooves every good citizen to give himself to jury service when called upon, whether he likes it or not.

"But you'll never have a business-like Congress if you wait for business men to ask you to send them to Congress. The voters will have to drag the business men out and make them serve. The Lord knows I didn't want to go to Congress; I wouldn't have lifted my finger for it. But my neighbors and the folks in my district got an idea they wanted a business man to represent them and they picked on me. I say I had no idea of stirring away from my desk to seek the election.

"But after I got into it I found I had opposition; there were three candidates in the field against me; that aroused my fighting blood. I got busy and made a canvass of my district; I buttonholed the man on the street; talked with the farmer in his field and introduced myself to every man who had a vote, no matter where I found him. I won by a rousing majority in my first campaign and in my second campaign I had no opposition at all; I was elected to my second term in Congress without leaving my desk in Washington.

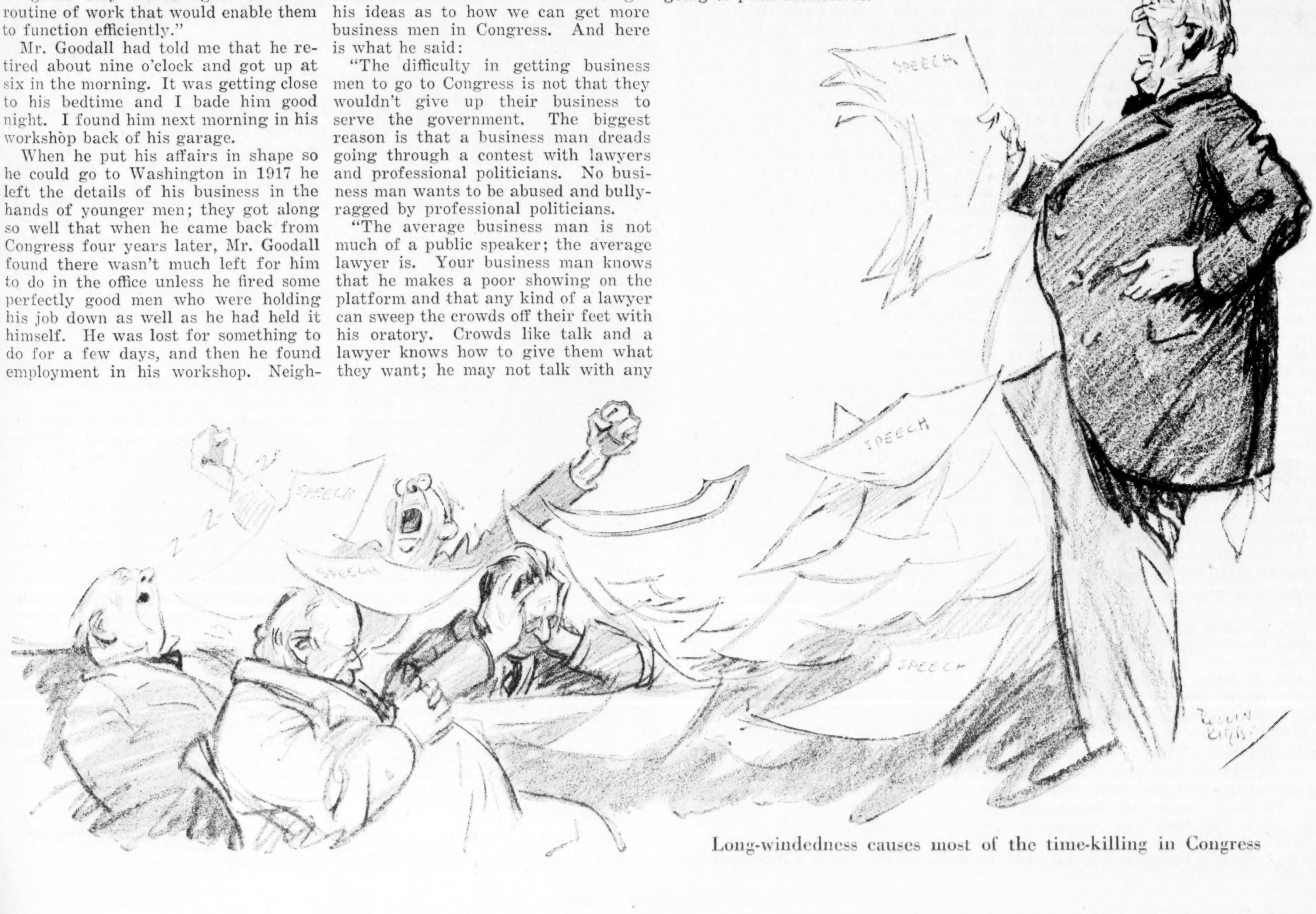
"Business men who will consent to have their names on the ticket if their neighbors insist on it will make a serious effort to be elected once they are on the ticket. But the people have got to push these men forward; they are not going to push themselves."

"But wouldn't the radical and liberal element in the country raise a howl if there were a nation-wide effort to fill Congress with business men? Wouldn't they howl down the idea of a capitalist Congress?" I asked.

"I don't see any point to that at all," said Mr. Goodall. "I do not think the radicals would get anywhere in opposing real business men for Congress. To begin with, the people of a congressional district, knowing what they were about, would have to pick the business man they would like to represent them. They would pick the man who had their esteem and confidence and who had a reputation for honesty and square play; no other kind could command the votes of his neighbors.

"The Lawyers Pick Themselves"

"THE people would pick their business men for representatives. The people do not pick their lawyer representatives; the lawyers pick themselves and the people have no choice except to vote for the professional office seeker. If business men made a profession of politics and sought office as the lawyers do, business men would degenerate into selfish, cunning, scheming, hypocritical politicians, just as some lawyers have done. But let the people choose their business man to represent them and he is going to be so appreciative of the confidence and good will of his people that he is going to be mighty jealous of his reputation and try to give the people the best and most unselfish service of which he is capable. Of course, there are some lawyers who do that very thing. But there are many lawyers who do not have to be so jealous of their reputation; there are lawyers who can do almost anything and explain later."

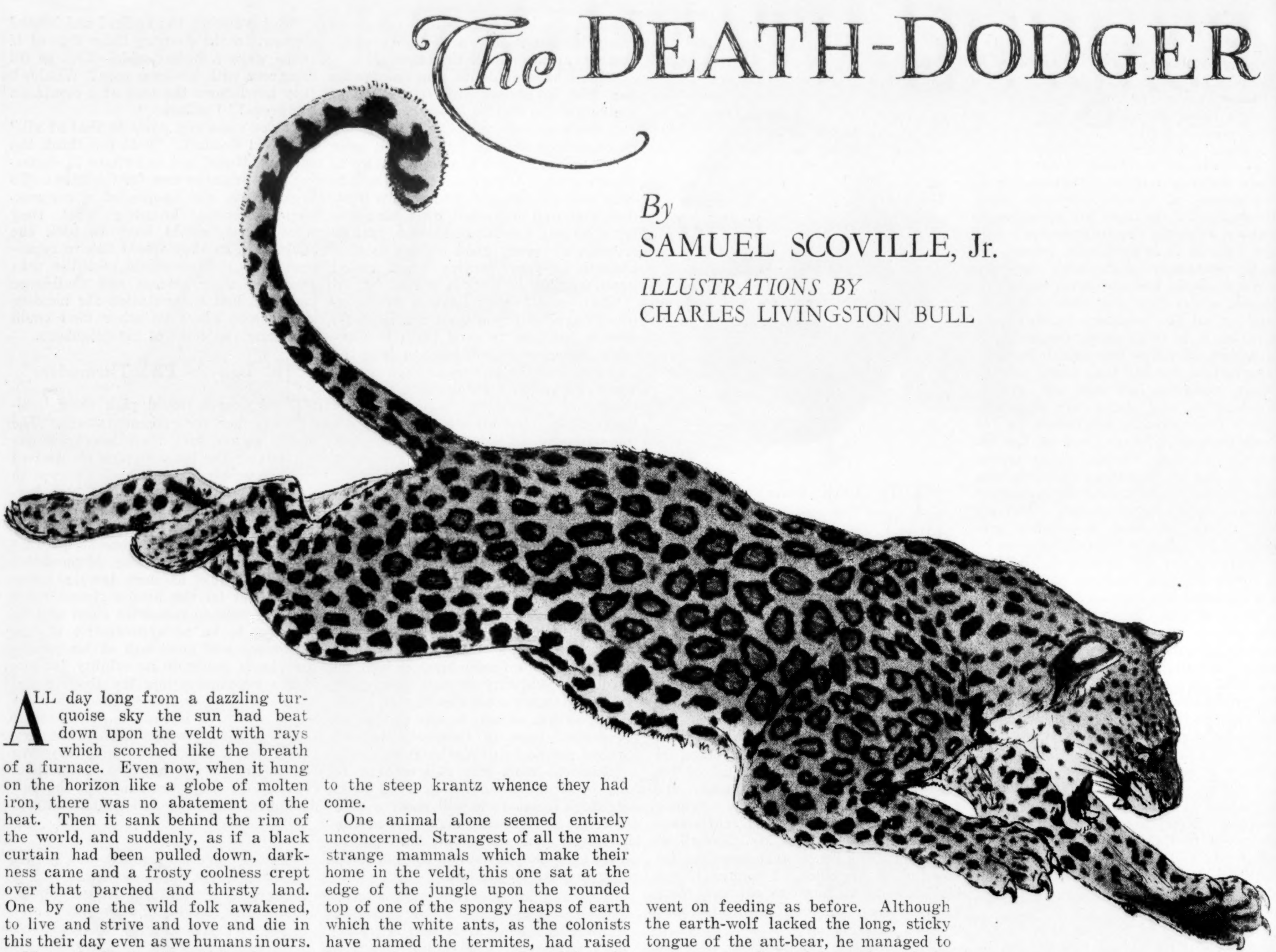


Long-windedness causes most of the time-killing in Congress

The DEATH-DODGER

By
SAMUEL SCOVILLE, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



ALL day long from a dazzling turquoise sky the sun had beat down upon the veldt with rays which scorched like the breath of a furnace. Even now, when it hung on the horizon like a globe of molten iron, there was no abatement of the heat. Then it sank behind the rim of the world, and suddenly, as if a black curtain had been pulled down, darkness came and a frosty coolness crept over that parched and thirsty land. One by one the wild folk awakened, to live and strive and love and die in this their day even as we humans in ours.

Through the jungle, which advanced and retreated in a zigzag pattern of green across the veldt, a gray lowrie, a faint shadow in the depths of a great tree, called as if to the retreating sun, "Go away! go away! go away!" And in an instant the night was full of strange, uncanny voices. A serval snarled hungrily; two spotted hyenas burst into peals of ghastly, mad laughter. Then a cock ostrich boomed across the plain and an eagle-owl, instead of hooting, whistled like a locomotive. Water bucks belled down by the river and a drove of Burchell's zebras gave their high, whinnying call as they slipped out from the shade to feed on the hay-colored grass of the plain.

Suddenly from the edge of the jungle there came a sound which silenced all others. It started with a curious subterranean rumble which became louder and louder, until at last it fairly seemed to burst above the surface with an appalling crash—the terrible roar of a full-grown lion.

At the very beginning of his challenge all other sounds stopped and there was an instant of utter silence as the last echo of that dread voice died away. Then, with one exception, every animal within range of that roar sought safety. Sable and roan antelope, six feet high at the shoulders, with keen, long, lyrate horns, moved out into the open where they could not be ambushed.

Herds of zebra, of which the lion had already taken terrible toll, stampeded, nor stopped until they were miles away. A wart-hog, who had been whetting his knifelike tusks against a yew tree, retreated backward, as always, into his hole, while a troop of baboons on their way to the river hurried back to the steep krantz whence they had come.

One animal alone seemed entirely unconcerned. Strangest of all the many strange mammals which make their home in the veldt, this one sat at the edge of the jungle upon the rounded top of one of the spongy heaps of earth which the white ants, as the colonists have named the termites, had raised here and there along the plain. In the star-shine he seemed like one of those incredible and preposterous animals which Alice met in her Wonderland, for he had the heavy cylindrical body of a pig, a flat, furry tail, round, goggling cow eyes, and ears which flapped like those of a mule, while his long, square muzzle looked like that of no other animal and his sturdy bent hind legs were those of a kangaroo. Hind legs and fore legs alike were armed with claws like trowels.

The Boers have named this beast the aard-vark, Capetowners call it the earth-hog and Europeans the ant-bear. By any name it is the homeliest and most solitary of all of God's creatures. Except for a one-day honeymoon, it refuses to live even with its own mate.

THIS one, with a few strokes of his shovel-like paws, had taken off the hard, sunburnt top of one of the high mounds which the termites build from the spongy soil of the veldt and was too busy filling himself with ants to pay any attention to lions.

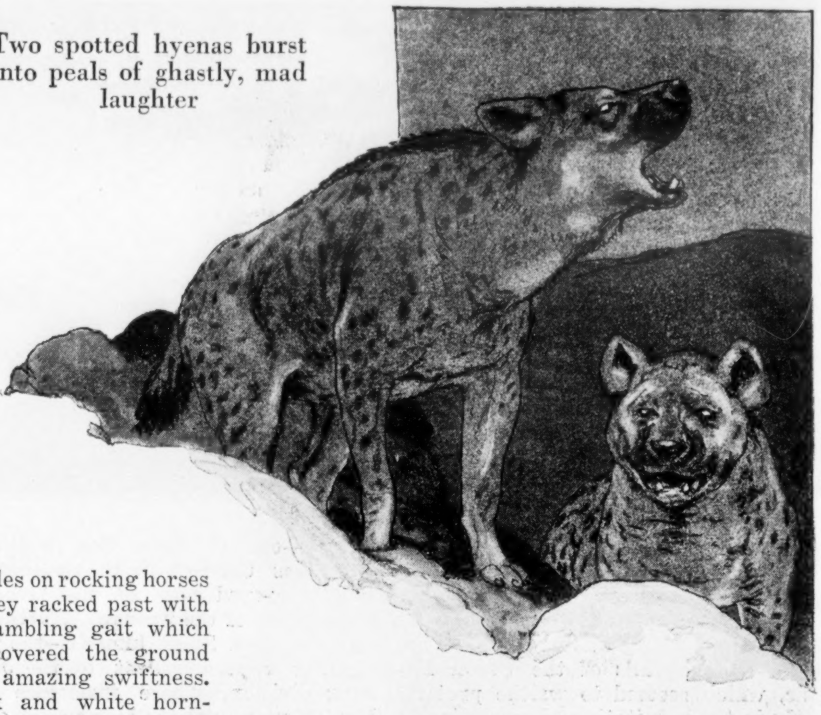
From his blunt muzzle flickered a ten-inch tongue, covered with sticky mucus, which swept up the swarming insects by the score and carried them into his small mouth, there to be chewed by his ten soft, cylindrical teeth. A hedge of intersecting hairs kept the ants from entering his nostrils as he ate.

While he was thus pleasurably engaged a little striped aard-wolf slipped out of a near-by thicket and sidled up to the mound attracted by the sight and scent of the ants, of which he was nearly as fond as was the aard-vark. The latter took one look at the newcomer out of his round, solemn eyes and went on feeding as before. Although the earth-wolf lacked the long, sticky tongue of the ant-bear, he managed to snap up a substantial number of the swarming termites, which he crunched with his few straggling, blunt teeth, quite unlike the cutting, piercing weapons with which all other wolves are armed.

For some time the two fed together in peace and amity, neither paying the slightest attention to the nips and pinches of the hordes of big-headed soldier ants which swarmed out from the depths of the hill to protect their colony. It was only when the aard-vark had dug down to where the queen cells lay that any difference of opinion developed between himself and his striped companion. As a stroke of the ant-bear's great claws uncovered the tier of cells, long and thick as a man's thumb, where the unhatched queens of the great colony were kept for emergencies, the aard-wolf swiftly thrust in his pointed nose and succeeded in snapping up one of the fat sovereigns under the very muzzle of the aard-vark. The latter regarded him reproachfully and then suddenly dashed his powerful shoulder against the other's side with the force of a battering ram. The little wolf shot off the hill as if struck by a cannon ball and rolled over and over. By the time he was on his feet again the aard-vark had eaten up not only all of the spare queens, but also the reigning monarch, which was a solid lump of fat three inches long and more than that around.

As the aard-wolf started back to the hill the lion roared again, this time so close that the mound vibrated like the deck of a steamer near the engine. At the sound the striped beast melted away into the darkness, while the aard-vark fed on unconcernedly. Suddenly, as if created out of thin air, the lion stood scowling like death in the dusk not thirty feet from where the aard-vark sat. Then the lithe, powerful body of the great cat began to crouch; his smouldering eyes glowed like fire, and his long tail, stretched straight out behind, lashed slowly to and fro. Still the ant-eater fed on, apparently paying no more attention to the lion than he had to the wolf. His goggling eyes, however, had not overlooked the smallest movement of his deadly visitor, and just as the lion's muscles quivered for a spring—he was gone. One minute and he had been plainly outlined in the starlight against the mound; in the next, as the lion shot through the air, there was only a mass of heaving earth and swarming ants to mark where the aard-vark had stood.

WITH one tremendous scoop of all of his broad claws, aided by his spadelike tail, the earth-hog had dug himself in beneath the soft, spongy earth. The lion's jaws closed on nothing more substantial than a swarm of biting ants, while his curved claws buried themselves harmlessly in the soft soil beneath which the ant-bear burrowed his way to the very base of the mound. Sputtering, growling and dashing the earth, with ants hanging from his gaping jaws, the king of the jungle made an undignified exit from the hill. A moment later he resumed the dignity which a lion never loses for long and departed majestically through the jungle to look for some prey which would stay above ground long enough to be caught.



Two spotted hyenas burst into peals of ghastly, mad laughter

All through the hottest part of the next day the ant-bear remained cool and comfortable six feet underground. Where he found air enough to sustain life is one of the mysteries which humans have not as yet solved. It was the middle of the afternoon before he suddenly popped up like a jack-in-the-box, scaring a black-footed cat that was stalking a dik-dik buck nearly out of her senses.

The buck, which was only about a foot high, was sharpening his needle-like horns against a yellow-wood tree when the staring eyes and huge ears of the ant-bear burst out of the ground between him and the crouching cat. At the sight the spotted tabbie sprang six feet into the air, her stumpy tail fluffed out as big as a man's arm, while the dik-dik with one bound covered double that distance straightaway and was gone like a flash.

THE aard-vark paid no attention to either of them, but, hoisting his barrel-like body out of the ground, began to look around for more mounds to conquer. Before long his bulging eyes caught sight of another ant hill between two thickets at the edge of the jungle, turreted like a castle. Waddling hungrily toward it, he was soon seated upon its topmost pinnacle some six feet from the ground, and, tearing off the roof, once more squatted down to gather in the inhabitants of the mound.

Hardly had he begun his meal when there was a rustling in the bushes and the head of the aard-wolf thrust itself out from between the branches. Undiscouraged by his rough reception of the night before, he had come again to share with the earth-hog the spoils of his digging.

Never had the jungle seemed safer or more peaceful. Waves of moist heat eddied up from flowering shrubs; the air was full of the drowsy hum of insects; golden sunbirds fed among the trees near the ant hill and bulbuls with crests like heads of startled hair, called "tit-willow" cheerfully and incessantly. Yet back of the beauty and behind the peace of the jungle death is always lurking and waiting.

As the aard-wolf slipped out of the thicket he caught one foot in a tangle of granadilla vine. Tugging to release himself, he shook a tree some fifty feet away to which the runners of the vine had reached. At the first vibration a black, sinuous body reared itself five feet above the branch where it had lain coiled and sleeping, and through the foilage showed the gleam of eyes which glittered like black diamonds in the sun.

The deadliest serpents in all the world make their home in South Africa. There may be found that fatal snake, the Cape cobra, with his seven-foot, gamboge-yellow body and gleaming, red-brown eyes. The men of the shore fear the black and yellow sea snake whose bite is death, and the forest dwellers that tree snake, the boomslange. There, too, live the deadly ringhals, or spitting cobra, the puff adder and the horned adder. Yet the king of them all, the most dangerous snake in the world, is the black mamba, or tree cobra, the overlord of all of his terrible kind. Fifteen feet in length, swift beyond belief, with a venom more deadly than that of any other African reptile, he attacks when irritated with incredible speed and ferocity.

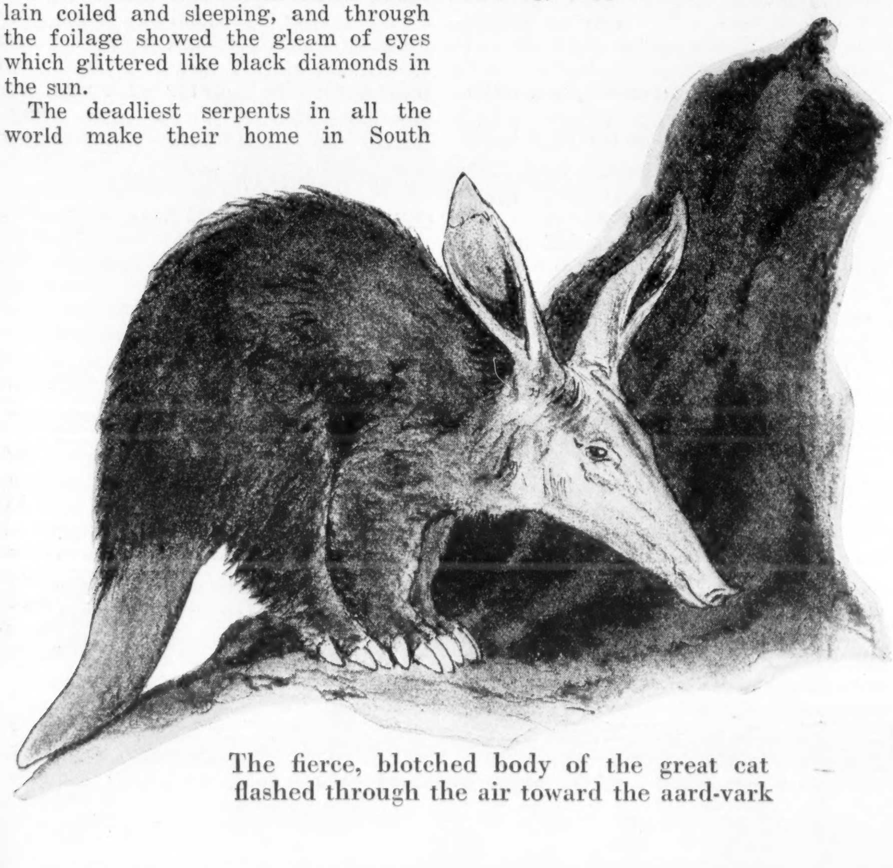
Such was the serpent which darted toward the little wolf, skimming over the tops of the bushes so swiftly that it seemed to be leaping through the air in a series of ten-foot bounds. The aard-wolf's back was toward the tree, and when he turned the black death was almost upon him. He sprang for his life, but it was too late. Hurling itself forward in a series of looping coils the snake struck while still in mid-air and vanished—for a mamba strikes but once.

For a moment the wolf stood still. Then he started again for the mound, but before he had taken more than two or three steps he pitched headlong into the brush, dead before he reached the ground.

THROUGHOUT the whole tragedy the imperturbable aard-vark ate ants, nor did he stop when a Cape hartebeast approached him from the other side of the hill, sneezing and blowing like an asthmatic old man with a cold and paying not the slightest attention to the earth-hog. One of the ungainliest of all the antelopes, the hartebeest is yet the second swiftest of his family. This one had a long, melancholy face like a cow, surmounted by a pair of short, sharp, recurved horns, and at once clambered up on the mound to act as the self-appointed sentinel of the veldt, as is the habit of hartebeests.

All through the waning afternoon he stood stark against the sky, and there was never a moment when, with big ears pricked up to catch the least sound, he was not on the watch for any alarming movement, while his keen nostrils winnowed the air continually for any scent of danger.

Once a herd of giraffe seventeen feet high passed in the distance, their towering, dappled necks showing like steeples on rocking horses as they racked past with a shambling gait which yet covered the ground with amazing swiftness. Black and white hornbills croaked in the thickets and francolins gave their grating calls, while a herd of zebras in the foreground of the open plain barked like dogs, their black and white stripes showing silver in the sunlight.



The fierce, blotched body of the great cat flashed through the air toward the aard-vark

Suddenly a rose-red, snow-white cloud seemed to drift over the turquoise sky as flocks of pink and white flamingos, their curious broken bills half open as they flew, passed by on their way to a distant papyrus marsh. A fierce bateleur eagle followed the flock down the sky, and close to the ground mottled blue kingfishers, which lived on mice instead of fish, dived in and out of the thickets. Black drongos and singing shrikes called and whistled while purple bulbuls with red breasts bubbled continually as they hopped among the thick bushes. Little puffs of perfume drifted in from the golden flowers of near-by mimosas with their pea-green bark, and jessamine bushes fifteen feet high flooded the mound with waves of sweetness.

No amount of flower fragrance, however, could seduce the hartebeest's keen nostrils, and when his alert nose suddenly caught a raw reek among the sweet, eddying odors, he scanned the plain before him as if death himself were hidden in the long grass. Look and listen as he would, he could neither see nor hear anything alarming; yet when the drifting air brought again to his nostrils, strained thin as paper, the same danger-scent stronger and nearer than before, with a warning snort he leaped from the mound and in a series of stiff-legged jumps bucked his way across the plain.

Instantly every grass-eater in sight, from the giant eland, six feet high at the shoulders, down to the tiny blue duiker, no larger than a hare, fled away from that menaced mount. Only the aard-vark still stayed impassively licking up ants with his long, conical tongue. It may be that at the end of his blunt muzzle were nostrils as keen as those of the hartebeest. Certain it was that his mild, round eyes saw the warning of that sentinel and the stampede of all the other animals near by. Yet he showed no sign of any alarm, even when the menacing scent became stronger and stronger.

Suddenly from an enormous sausage tree, which overhung the edge of the mound nearest the jungle, there sounded a series of tiny grating noises and the stiff trunk shook slightly as if some heavy body were climbing its farther side.

For the first time that afternoon the ant-bear stopped eating, and his round eyes rolled aloft as he stared up into the depths of the overshadowing tree. Evidently he saw nothing there and in another moment was again lapping down termites as before—only his spade-like paws, which had been sprawled out on top of the ant hill, were now drawn in under his cylindrical body and sank deep into the soft earth which he had uncovered.

As he resumed his meal, the sounds in the sausage tree, which had stopped when he looked up, began again. Even a human nose could have smelled the hot taint which now came up from the tangled grass on the other side of the mound.

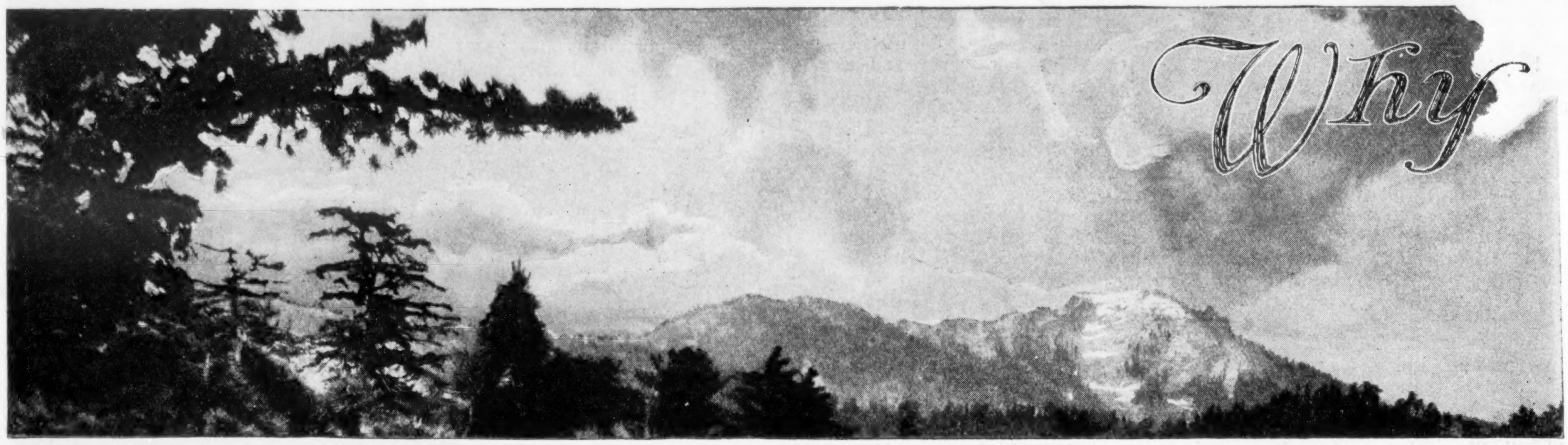
ONCE again the ant-eater's long tongue licked up a mouthful of termites. Then a dreadful thing happened. From the depths of the tawny-yellow grass dappled with black spots of shade sprang a copper-yellow figure blotched with black rosettes. So perfect did that spotted death, the leopard, blend with the cover in which he had lain that it almost seemed as if a patch of the plain had been cast up into the air. The beast was one of the hugest of its kind. From the tip of his mottled tail to the gaping red cavern of his open mouth, he was fully eight feet long, large as a lioness and much more to be dreaded. As he sprang his claws thrust themselves out from his pads like curved, black sickles, and his three-inch teeth gleamed in the afternoon light like white daggers.

While the lithe figure of the great cat was still in mid-air, from the sausage tree at the other side of the mound, like a streak of shimmering brown, shot the grim form of such a rock python as few men have ever seen. His huge body, big around as a barrel, was all of twenty-five feet in length, one of those haunters of the inner jungle the tradition of which has been handed down from generation to generation among the short-lived natives.

Although one of the most invulnerable of animals, the aard-vark had no intention of taking any chances with the teeth and talons of a leopard or the bone-cracking grip of a python. Even as the fierce, blotched body of the great cat and the deadly length of the python flashed simultaneously through the air toward him, he gave a heave with every atom of the energy which his huge muscles held, and with almost a single motion shoveled himself under the mound of soft earth which he had uncovered.

Even as the aard-vark disappeared the leopard landed light as thistledown on the

(*Continued on page 28*)



Why

SEVERAL years ago I sat in the shade of a railroad water tank with two cowboys and gazed across the Red Desert of Wyoming. Everything was inert in the hot sun save the rails of the Union Pacific, which seemed to writhe protestingly in the palpitating glare. Finally one of the cowboys sighed:

"Oh, Lord! I'd like to go back East, where the water comes down over the tops of the trees instead o' bein' pulled up from underneath."

"Huh!" replied the other cowboy. "You'd be breakin' your neck to be back here inside of three months. You take it from *me*, Wyoming is sure *Gawd's* country."

The first cowboy was voicing a feeling that comes to Westerners occasionally, but no doubt he realized that his companion was right in the summing up. Most Westerners who yield to the urge to go back East, to old and familiar scenes, find their way West again without much delay. If they do not go back in body, they are there in spirit, for the drawing power of the West is not to be discounted.

What makes this drawing power? Just what is there about the West that fires the imagination, satisfies earthly needs, and makes it in truth "Gawd's country" to one who has lived there?

The Deathless Thrill

IN MY own case I went West from Illinois—that middle ground which is "back East" to the Westerner and West to the Easterner. I was in young manhood—just married and with some experience in Chicago journalism. I was not forced to go on account of ill health. I simply wanted to see that interesting country of which I had heard so much.

My geographical knowledge of the West was exceedingly crude. I had an idea that Denver, for which I was headed, was overtopped by mountains, where wild goats leaped from crag to crag. It was somewhat painful to learn that Denver was fifteen miles from the nearest foothills and fully fifty from the nearest peak where the mountain goats did their daily dozen.

I had "fallen hard" for the West long before I reached Denver. I felt the thrill of it when the train clanked out of the yards at Omaha, at the beginning of that long upward pull toward the Rockies. I get the same prickly sensation at the back of my scalp to-day when I journey over that marvelous plateau between the Missouri River and the foothills, though I have made the journey many times. It is the deathless thrill of Western romance, which no other part of the world can provide. Alongside the train one sees the ghosts of those who traveled the route in pioneer days. There are the covered wagons, dim against the sagebrush. There are the Pony Express riders, and there are the Overland stages—one of them Ben Holliday's luxurious Concord, with the bearded and lynx-eyed boss of the Overland looking out of the window. Farther on there is Jack Slade himself—the gun-fighting superintendent of the Julesburg division, whose insistence that Mark Twain take the last cup of coffee at the station brought such perturbation to the author, owing to a haunting fear that the man-killer really wanted the coffee himself.

Up the Arkansas, along the Sante Fé trail, it is the same. Here are the plains where Kit Carson hunted buffalo for the traders and trappers gathered at old Fort Bent. And there are the lodges of the Comanches and Cheyennes and Kiowas, down in the cottonwoods where the site of the old post has been all but obliterated.

Changes have taken place, to be sure. The West would not be the West if it were content to stand still. There is too much energy and enthusiasm among its people for any process of ossification to set in. Many of the places where the Pony Express riders and stage drivers received fresh horses are filling stations now, with potted geraniums standing about, captained by typical garage pirates who never blush when they charge you fifty cents for twenty-cent gasoline.

But real enough is the cow-puncher who has come in for mail at a way station. There aren't so many cow-ponies at the hitching racks now, as the cattlemen mostly drive big cars, but the wide ranges back and beyond the railroad tracks still support their quotas of herds. Most of the cattle are under fence, and they are heavier and better stock than the vanished longhorns. The big outfits have mostly been broken up, but one still finds plenty of the implements and insignia of the cow-punching trade that the Virginian graced. There are branding fires lighted every spring, and there are beef roundups every fall, if one only sets out to find them. There are leather chaparajos in the stables and one can still hear the song of saddle leather if he chooses to "fork" a horse and ride through the waist-high sage.

The lingo is there, too. The cowboys who come in from the far-scattered bunk houses to ride at the Cheyenne or Pendleton shows talk it just as it was talked thirty years ago. I like the West because of these things which link us up with the gloriously romantic era of the cowboy. I can understand the antics of the tenderfoot who dolls up in woolly "chaps" and knots a red handkerchief around his neck and plays cowboy during the two weeks of his vacation under the watchful though saturnine gaze of a veteran "dude wrangler." The tenderfoot is simply cutting loose and giving free vent to the emotion which Balzac felt when, after reading one of Cooper's yarns of the great West, he exclaimed:

"Oh, to be a wild Indian on the Western plains!"

The West has developed its own school of romance, which has appealed to more readers than any other school of romantic fiction—even more than the sword-and-cloak tales of the D'Artagnan type. Why is it? In my opinion it is because through the novelist's pages the reader gets a glimpse of the world's greatest theatre of adventure.

I like the West because of the kindness and hospitality and all-around "livable" qualities of its people. These traits, it seems to me, are the finest that have been handed down by the beleaguered pioneers. There were no locks on Western cabins in the old days. A locksmith would have starved to death following his nefarious occupation. The stranger was supposed to enter, if the householder were not at home, and the shelter was his and the food was his as long as there was need.

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"Out Where the West Begins"

FIFTEEN years ago Arthur Chapman, then a Denver newspaper man, wrote some verses entitled "Out Where the West Begins," which are quoted very generally to-day as expressing Western sentiment.

The verses have been printed on thousands of post cards, and they are framed in countless homes. They have been set to music. They have been declaimed by political leaders. They have been put in school books and in Rotary and other commercial club song books. But their author's monetary reward has been almost nothing. The lines as Mr. Chapman wrote them are as follows:

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

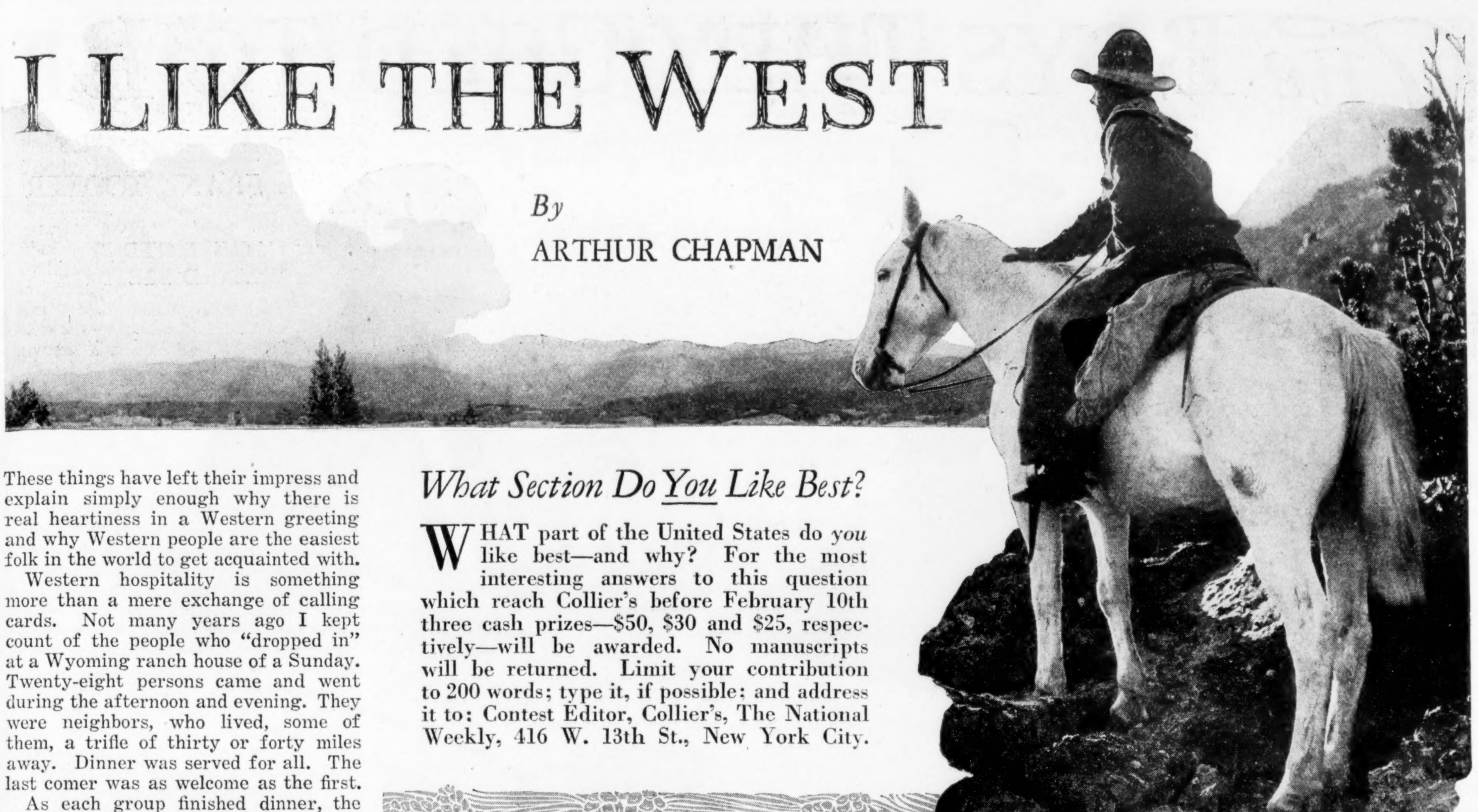
Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.

Collier's asked Mr. Chapman to tell just why he likes the West so well, and he responded with the article printed herewith. It is a story for Easterners as well as Westerners—particularly those residents of the East who know so little of the Western spirit that to them the West is still in the cowboy stage of development.

I LIKE THE WEST

By

ARTHUR CHAPMAN



What Section Do You Like Best?

WHAT part of the United States do *you* like best—and why? For the most interesting answers to this question which reach Collier's before February 10th three cash prizes—$50, $30 and $25, respectively—will be awarded. No manuscripts will be returned. Limit your contribution to 200 words; type it, if possible; and address it to: Contest Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 416 W. 13th St., New York City.

These things have left their impress and explain simply enough why there is real heartiness in a Western greeting and why Western people are the easiest folk in the world to get acquainted with.

Western hospitality is something more than a mere exchange of calling cards. Not many years ago I kept count of the people who "dropped in" at a Wyoming ranch house of a Sunday. Twenty-eight persons came and went during the afternoon and evening. They were neighbors, who lived, some of them, a trifle of thirty or forty miles away. Dinner was served for all. The last comer was as welcome as the first.

As each group finished dinner, the men helped "do" the dishes. As the brawny cattlemen, in "store" clothes, helped with the china—their act a heritage from the old West's days of bachelorhood, no doubt—it reminded me of the rancher Canby's line in "Arizona":

"We may fail in lots of other ways, but we're sure considerate of our women out here."

In the evening a trapper from the Shoshone forest was telling incidents of his first visit to New York, where he was featured at a sportsmen's show.

"Down there I learned," he remarked, sententiously, "that a man don't want to wait for the women if he is going to get a seat on a street car."

The little group looked at him silently. I could see that the male element was trying vainly to figure just why any man should be so desirous of a mere street-car seat that he should crowd a woman out of it.

I like the West because of the gameness of its people. A real Westerner may be down, but he is never out. I talked with a cattleman last summer, on a Denver & Rio Grande train. We were winding through hills that were pockmarked with prospect holes and dotted with occasional mining camps. Cattle were in the valleys, and cattle would be there long after the last pound of ore had been shipped from the mines. It was at the worst period of the slump in livestock, but there was no note of depression in the cowman's voice as he told his story.

"In order to meet an obligation at the bank," he said, "I have just had to sacrifice the best of my stock—the result of forty-five years of breeding."

I knew that his cattle were consistent prize-winners at stock shows, and I looked at him in pitying wonder as I thought of such a sacrifice.

"But what are you going to do?" I asked.

The cattleman calmly filled a pipe that had often been lighted from the coals of roundup fires.

"Well, I've taken what stock I have left," he said, "and am going to breed 'em up again till I have better cattle than I had before."

To me it seemed the answer that only a Westerner could have made. Forty-five years of effort swept away, and yet that man was beginning over again—and cheerfully!

When I considered this incident, I remembered that the whole West had been built up by this indomitable spirit. The first boom towns on the plains were laid out twice—once by their promotors and once in their graves. I heard some old-timers a few months ago, in as solid a little city as one will find in the West, talking about towns that had utterly disappeared from the plains near the Kansas-Colorado line. They were towns christened Boston and Albany and other names not less pretentious. At one time they had populations that ranged into the thousands. Then—they vanished.

"My house," said one of the group, "is made of lumber that was hauled from the dead town of Boston."

Miracles in the Brush

THAT is the Western way. When one plains town died, another was started elsewhere. When a mining camp went dead overnight, some prospector called: "Come on, boys—here's a chance to start over again!" When silver was demonetized and the whole Rocky Mountain region faced apparent ruin, owing to the collapse of its chief source of revenue, the miners went out and found gold. Cripple Creek made them forget all about the blow that had killed Creede and Aspen. When there was a demand for tungsten during the World War, tungsten was found; and so with vanadium and radium and anything else in a mineral way the world might need. Was not the West the greatest storehouse of riches, with rewards for those who were willing to bide and search—and work?

I like the West because of its eternal youth and atmosphere of hope. I have never found anything but courage in the smallest, meanest shack on the newest homestead in the West. If the struggle proved a bit too much for the homesteader, he and his family moved on, but always Westward.

I like the West because of its rapid changes. Once I "covered" a rush for Indian lands that had been thrown open to settlement. It was the last rush where all started from a line on signal and raced for the coveted acres. I can still see the excited winners driving their stakes in the barren sage land, and can remember my wonder at the time over all this excitement about such unpromising homesteads. Last summer I rode through this same district—a garden spot of well-ordered ranches. I have seen other super-idiots breaking raw ground under somewhat similar conditions in various parts of the West. Always the answer has been the same.

The men who toy with these acres of sage land perform miracles which amaze me. It was on a small patch of irrigated land in the Arkansas Valley that the Rocky Ford cantaloupe was evolved. It took Western soil and sunshine to develop the saccharine in the sugar beet, and now Western beet-sugar factories pay the farmers many millions annually. The government scientist who introduced that Asiatic plant, alfalfa, to the West enriched the nation incalculably. When Luther Burbank wished to conduct his plant-breeding experiments under the most favorable conditions, he went to California. These are material things, having to do with climate, soil, and altitude, yet they affect the average Westerner's general attitude toward life.

I like the West because of its vastness and majesty. To climb above timberline on an outstanding peak and gaze down on a sea of granite waves, made up of lesser mountain tops, cannot fail to stir emotions that better a man's soul. One comes to understand the attitude of those who say they cannot live very long away from such scenes of grandeur.

Nearly all the national parks and national monuments are in the West, and they challenge the admiration of the world. The automobile tourist whose windshield is covered with stickers showing that he has visited Rocky Mountain National Park, the Yellowstone, Glacier, Rainier, Crater Lake, Sequoia, Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, and the Mesa Verde, to say nothing of a possible dash to Zion Canyon and to a dozen or so of the lesser monuments, is going back again next year. He is inarticulate about what he has seen, but you understand that all that is merely the natural effect of scenery so magnificent that it inspires man not to volubility but to silence.

The high plains cast their spell no less potent than that of the mountains. Not long ago I stood in the entrance to Madison Square Garden while an old-timer of the West, in New York with a rodeo, recited Badger Clark's lines:

"Let cattle rub my headstone round,
But don't you fence me in."

Outside the Garden there was the scurrying of many feet through streets that were overshadowed by tall buildings and by smoke and a swirling fog from off the sea. But the plainsman who recited the lines was back in sunny Texas, on the prairie where he was not to be "fenced in" by traditions, conventions, or the whistle of the traffic cop.

Yes, the real Westerner feels that way. He never loses the free spirit of the big country in which he has lived. Peaks and plains do not spell solitude for him. He would not trade an acre of prairie-dog land for the site of a Woolworth Building, if by so doing he had to live always away from the West.

The "Larger Guardianship"

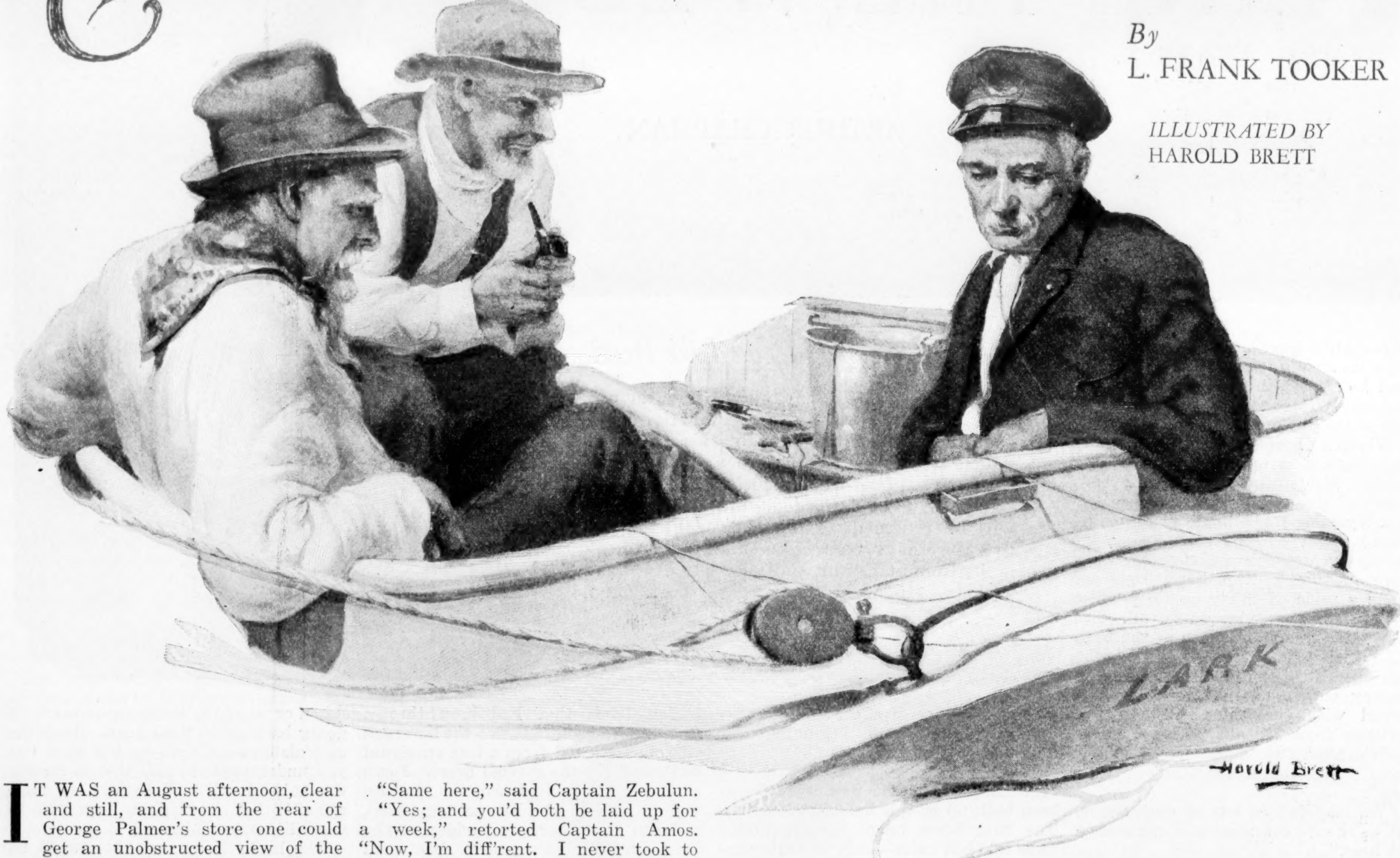
AS TO the Western man's religion, I don't know. I have never heard Westerners talk much about it. But it seems to me that if a man has a creed, life in the open will strengthen it. If he hasn't one, such life will help him to find it. A casual bed under the stars, between snow-capped spires, is pretty apt to bring one a sense of the Larger Guardianship, which I have tried to express in some lines of my own, as follows:

Out among the Big Things,
The heights that stretch afar,
A feller gets to wonder
What means each distant star.
He may not get an answer,
But somehow, every night,
He feels, among the Big Things,
That everything's all right.

The BOYS THEY USED TO BE

By
L. FRANK TOOKER

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD BRETT



"The old day's gone," said Captain Zebulun, "and dragged the future down with it"

IT WAS an August afternoon, clear and still, and from the rear of George Palmer's store one could get an unobstructed view of the whole harbor through the wide-open double doors. Two miles away, beyond the white beach and the narrow entrance, the white sails of a small fleet of sailboats trolling for bluefish gleamed in the sunlight; on the "town dock," a hundred yards in the rear of the store, a forest of bamboo poles stretched over the water at angles—boys fishing for snappers. George Palmer stood in the doorway, looking out.

He turned at last to Captain Amos Cosgrove and Captain Zebulun Webster, who sat tipped back in their chairs, talking eternally of old times and the sea.

"The bluefish have come back," he said. "Jehiel Dace caught thirty yesterday, and others almost as many—two-pounders. Remember the time we three slept in Father's store and started out for bluefish the next morning at four? My! that's fifty years ago! Time flies."

"Yes," said Captain Amos. He glanced up at George, stout and slow-moving, and thought of the lathlike boy he was then. He laughed. "I remember how we slept on a shelf under the counter, and how we got cold in the night and got up to cover ourselves up with rolls of unbleached muslin. Remember how your father wondered how it got so mussed up, George? I guess you'd be some put to it to sleep in a place like that now."

"I don't know why not," George replied argumentatively. "Of course I'm older, but I don't notice it. I feel spry as ever."

"If a man takes care of himself," declared Captain Zebulun, "he ought to do more at sixty-five than at sixteen. I ain't got an ache myself."

"Nor I," agreed George. "Well, well, we did make a day of it! I'd like to have it all over again."

"Same here," said Captain Zebulun.

"Yes; and you'd both be laid up for a week," retorted Captain Amos. "Now, I'm diff'rent. I never took to growin', like you two, and I've kept my spryness. Besides, I haven't allowed my mind to settle down and lose interest. But you two! Why, you're old men."

"You always were a conceited little sarpent, Amos," Captain Zebulun said good-naturedly, "and thought you could do more than your biggers and betters. I'm not so sure of George, but if I couldn't outlast a little dried-up peas pod like you, I'd take to my bed and stay there."

"Try it! try it! exclaimed Captain Amos, with the sensitive pugnacity of the small man. "I dare you both. Near's we can recollect, we'll play that old day over again, and we'll do it tomorrow. There you be."

"Wouldn't like anything better," declared George, and Captain Zebulun nodded approval.

THEY began their preparations at once, and from his stock George brought out fishing lines and squids, and Captain Amos rigged them, while Captain Zebulun went off to engage a boat. When he came back, George was laboriously creeping out from under the counter, where he had been proving to Captain Amos that he was still able to find a comfortable sleeping place. He dusted his clothes as he said:

"I'll get my wife to make us up a lot of sandwiches and boil us some coffee. You won't mind if it's cold, will you, boys? That is, you won't growl, will you? Of course you'll mind; but you can't have everything, you know."

"No, you don't," replied Captain Amos. "You let your wife alone. You ain't goin' to ruin your young nerves by drinkin' coffee, George. You didn't do that fifty years ago. You'll drink warm water out of a jug, as you did then, and you won't have no sandwiches. You'll eat hard bread and cheese and gingersnaps and some of them little five-cent pies out of that case there, same's we did before, only now they're yours and not your father's. Zeb and me'll supply the good will and appetite, like we did before."

"All right," George replied recklessly, though his face clouded slightly as he thought of the aroma of coffee coming up to him of a morning while he dressed.

They told no one of their plans beyond George's bare statement to his two clerks that he was going fishing the next day, and at closing time that evening the three were left alone in the store. The shutters were up and, after locking the front door, George came back to his companions.

"Now we'll pack up our grub, get everything ready, and turn in," he said. "We've got to make an early start. Guess I'd better set an alarm clock."

"What for?" demanded Captain Amos. "Your young bones"—he snickered—"will be alarm clock enough. You ain't like Zeb and me; you're used to a soft bed, and you'll be ready to rouse out long before four."

In truth, all slept uneasily, but through pride they kept quiet, and it was Captain Amos himself who at a quarter of four roused the others. In the wan light of the still August morning they went down to the shore, and, getting into a skiff, rowed off to their boat. There was a chill in the air, and a heavy dew had fallen, which lay thick on the seats, and even after they had started the three stood uncomfortably about. In the light air before dawn they moved slowly, and George began to whistle impatiently for a breeze. Captain Amos looked up at the sky.

"It'll spring up fresh after sunrise," he prophesied. "See them mares'-tails in the east? That means wind." He forced a little enthusiasm into his manner as he added: "Ain't it like that old time as two peas? Same kind o' mornin', same wind, same boys. George, take your hands out o' your pockets and look a mite less doleful. All that fat and gray hair is just error, like them Christian Science folks claim. You're fifteen and as thin as a rail."

George smiled in a constrained manner. "There goes Jehiel," he said. "He's rowing. I guess I'll get an oar out. It will be something to do."

"All right," replied Captain Amos. "You do look eager."

THE stars grew pale, and the fleecy clouds in the east turned red and then gold, and as they passed out of the harbor the sun came up over the sound like an elongated globule of gold that seemed to cling to the sea. With the coming of day the wind freshened, and as the water began to gurgle about the bow Captain Zebulun got out the fish lines.

"Now we're off," said George. He whirled the squid about his head, and, letting the line run out, went on reminiscently: "Remember how that day, as we were passing through a school of fish and all so excited we didn't know where we were going, and in the jumping sea slammed our bow right across Cap'n Bates Wardle's rail and nearly sunk him? My, how he did swear!"

"Yes," replied Captain Zebulun, "and every time we came within earshot of him all day he'd lift up his voice, warning us off. He had real talent for cussing."

"And, Zeb," said Captain Amos, "remember how George was always gettin' tired and wantin' to land at the lighthouse p'int? The keeper's niece was visitin' him that day. Pretty little thing she was. I guess George didn't think of much of anything else. We'll have to set him ashore there this afternoon, and see if he can't scare up somebody to stir up the old feelin'—some of them summer boarders, or something."

"Oh, sho!" exclaimed George sheepishly. "I guess I just mentioned she was there, that's all."

"Huh!" said Captain Amos. "You didn't talk of nothing else. Whatever become of her, George? Her folks moved away, and I ruther lost sight of her."

"I don't know," George replied. "Don't know's I've thought of her for nigh on to fifty years. She was considerable of a flirt."

"They all are," declared Captain Amos. "Probably she's been dead these many years. She always had that passin' look. If she ain't, it's likely she grew fat and homely. 'Tain't in nature for anyone to keep as pretty as she was. Sometimes I've thought, when I've seen young folks wild about each other, that if they could only see ahead twenty years, they'd act some different. But I don't know's they would. When we want a thing today, we don't reckon with to-morrow; so I guess things are about as well just as they are."

"Well, she was pretty as a picture fifty years ago," said George thoughtfully. He gazed toward the lighthouse as he added: "I guess we all thought so, unless it was Zeb here. He never took much interest in girls in those days—or any other days."

"Zeb was bashful, and dreadful out of conceit with himself," declared Captain Amos. "Remember how his hair used to stand straight up, and them freckles? Why, I don't believe he'd dast to glance at a lookin'-glass in those days; he'd been afraid of crackin' it. And now he's the handsomest one of the lot. Well, so it goes."

"Well, I can catch fish," Captain Zebulun said, and began to haul in his line, about the far end of which a wildly struggling flash of silver gleamed.

ALL the morning, through the tumbling seas and the brilliant sunshine, they tacked back and forth off the lighthouse, now and then momentarily excited by the catching of fish, but for the most part giving themselves to reminiscent talk; but as the wind fell at noon they drifted slowly eastward toward Sturgeon Flat, and, making fast to the buoy, ate their luncheon, and for an hour or more threw out their lines and pulled them in silently, occasionally catching a fish.

Suddenly Captain Amos took off his hat and threw it down on the seat. "Time to go in swimmin', boys," he said.

George looked dubiously at the water.

"Pretty cold out here," he said. "Don't know's I've been in for twenty years."

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded Captain Amos. "You went in fifty years ago, didn't you?"

They said no more, and, slowly undressing, sat down on the deck of the boat, dipping their feet in the water, loth to do more.

"Well, we've got to make a start some time," Captain Amos said, and, leaning over, pushed George off, and slipped over the side.

"You little runt!" spluttered George as he came up floundering. "I'll duck you for that."

"Catch me first," replied Captain Amos, and struck out vigorously.

They were really boys for a time, jumping and diving from the boat, and swimming about in the hot sunshine, and at last George proposed a race to a bunch of seaweed and back, fifty yards or more.

"You and Zeb go," Captain Amos suggested; "I'll watch and see you don't foul each other."

They dived off the boat, and came back neck and neck in a dead heat, both badly blown.

Captain Amos helped them over the side. He was nearly dressed.

"What, going out?" George asked in surprise.

"Yes," said Captain Amos; "the wind's springin' up, and we've got to land you at the lighthouse p'int, you know."

"Oh, sho!" said George, and turned toward his clothes; but suddenly he gave a little exclamation and, wheeling round, held out his shirt. "Amos," he said, "I've a good mind to—"

"Are you playin' the old day over again, George, or ain't you?" demanded Captain Amos. "You tied my shirt that day. If you forget, I haven't. But hurry. Them summer boarders are probably waitin' for you."

George sat down and struggled with the knots in the sleeves of his shirt.

"And you've wet the sleeves," finally he grumbled.

"They tie up harder, if you do," Captain Amos said sweetly. "Didn't suppose you'd forget that; you taught me the trick."

"Well, now I'll probably get rheumatism from wearing a wet shirt," George grumbled.

"Rheumatism!" exclaimed Captain Amos. "What's that? Never knew a boy to worry about rheumatism."

"Oh, confound it!" snapped George as he struggled ineffectually with the knots.

Then in a sudden outburst of impatience he tore the sleeves out and threw them overboard. He looked up with a sheepish smile. "It's an old shirt," he explained.

Captain Amos shook his head.

"You've lost ground, George," he said with mock sadness; "I can see that plain. You ain't got the patience of a boy, and all because you ain't got his fear of the consequences of things. Your mother'd 'a' whaled you for that. Well, fifty years has got to take *something* out of a boy; but ain't it a pity it should be the good in him? I'm some disappointed."

"You old hypocrite!" said George, with returning good humor.

"One thing it can't take out," broke in Captain Zebulun: "that's memory. Good Lord! fifty years!" He stared at the others with unseeing eyes, and they stared back. "Fifty years!" he repeated. "Fifty years!"

"It's a long time," Captain Amos said soberly. He was sitting on the centerboard trunk, and he let his hands fall to his knees; his face looked worn and thoughtful.

"And we thought we could go back and be the same!" Captain Zebulun went on with quiet scorn. "Well, we've tried it."

"Why, we've had a good time, haven't we, Zeb?" George said in surprise.

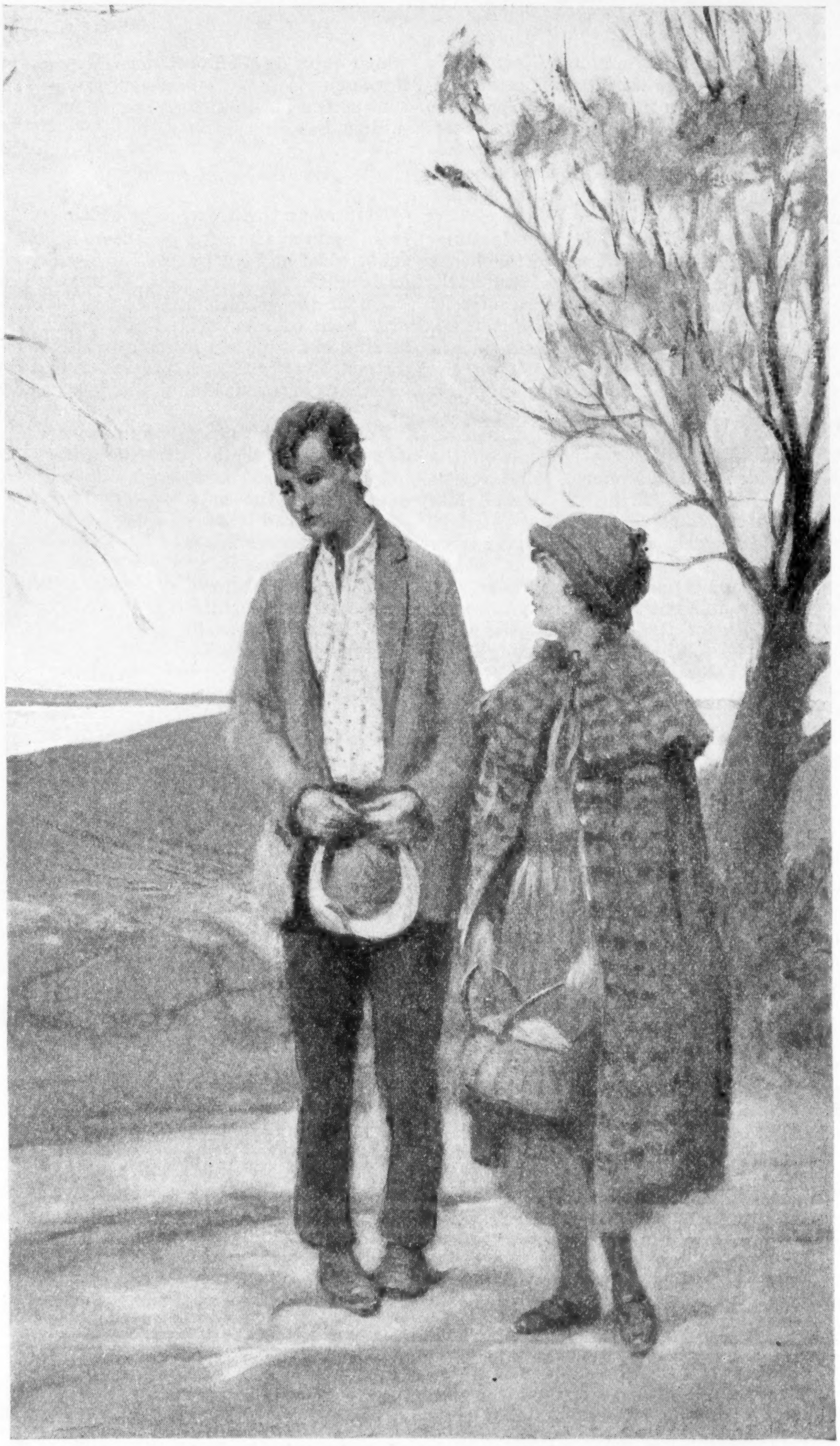
"I GUESS I know how Zeb feels," declared Captain Amos when Captain Zebulun made no reply. He hesitated a moment, then said whimsically: "You could have a good time at your own funeral if you didn't *think*. You'd be pleased with the interest folks showed, if that was all. But it ain't."

"No, there wouldn't be much left to look ahead for," agreed Captain Zebulun; "and that's what I mean about this business of playing over the old day. It's gone, and it's dragged the future down with it. That too is gone—fifty years of it. What's left but memory?" He threw out his hands in a stiff little gesture that seemed doubly tragic because of its stiffness, its involuntary, unwonted emotion. No one spoke. The sail flapped idly. Half a mile off shore a line of porpoises rolled their glistening backs out of water and disappeared.

"Wind's a-comin'," Captain Amos said in a low voice.

"I guess I was bashful as you make 'em, and out of conceit with myself, as you said, Amos," Captain Zebulun went on; "but when a boy or man like that finds out that someone really cares for him, I guess it's heaven and all to him. It seems like a miracle; he can't get over it. He's bowed down with wondering humility and on wings with joy too. Some boys are born lovers. I don't mean the kind like you, Amos, here to-day and there to-morrow, in love with love, not with the one lover, but the sort that chooses one girl or woman out of all the world to worship, and never lets up. Well, it was like that with me. No one knew, not even the girl at first. It was just worship, kind o' sacred, to be kept secret. At first I hardly spoke to her. I didn't

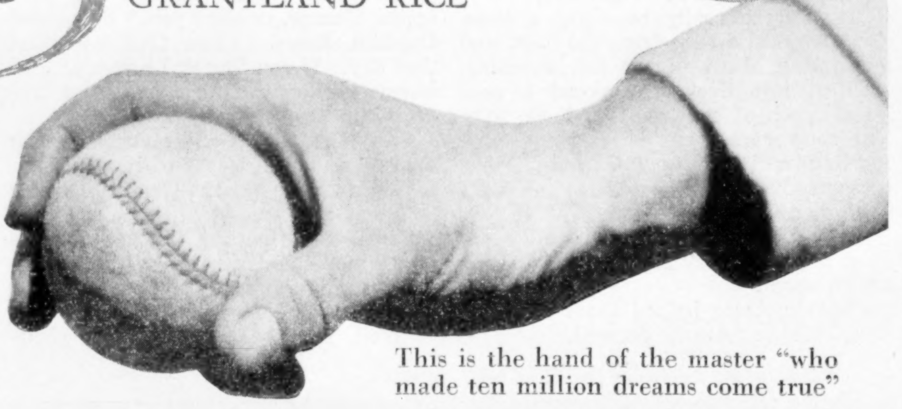
(*Continued on page 29*)



"I got in a panic trying to think of something to say, and I wished she would go"

The GREATEST THRILL of 1924

By
GRANTLAND RICE



This is the hand of the master "who made ten million dreams come true"

AMONG Collier's readers there are many, no doubt, who would say that the most dramatic whirl of the year in sport came as Walter Hagen made his mighty nine-hole march to another British championship. This was something sufficient to turn the human system inside out.

Hagen had to match a brilliant score through a roistering wind and his final seven-foot putt just pulled him through.

This was one of the main dramatic incidents.

There are others who might consider Nurmi's double victory in one Olympic afternoon as the final turn in pulse-fluttering excitement.

There will be thousands of votes in favor of Red Grange's performance on the afternoons when he crushed Michigan and tied Chicago with his seven touchdowns against two great rivals.

The last 80-yard run of Grange, which tied Chicago in the final quarter, left a packed stand limp with excitement.

There will be many votes for the dashing ride of the Four Horsemen from Notre Dame in their daring raids upon the Army and Princeton.

And those who saw Stanford's whirlwind rally against California for the 20-20 tie before 100,000 people will tell you that this leads the dramatic procession, with a kilometer to spare.

They were all thrilling high spots in a thrilling year, deserving their portion of applause.

But our vote goes in another direction. The opening act was laid in the club house of the Washington ball club on a certain October afternoon just twenty minutes before the final game began. Washington had won three games and New York had won three. And of Washington's three defeats two had been torn from the long right arm of Walter Johnson.

40,000 Souls Were on the Rack

AT TWENTY minutes to two o'clock Billy Evans entered the clubhouse, where the famous umpire found only one disconsolate, dejected figure, sitting alone in a dark corner with his face buried in hands.

"Hello, Walter," remarked Evans, "what's the trouble?"

Johnson looked up. "It's tough," he said, "to wait eighteen years and then put your club in a hole. I never felt worse about anything in my life."

"You couldn't help it," Evans replied. "You've lost two games before in your life, haven't you?"

But Johnson, the Big Train of the game, one of the greatest of all pitchers, refused to be cheered up.

"I want you to do me a favor," continued the umpire. "Two friends of mine want you to autograph a pair of baseballs I've brought along and I wish you'd help me out."

"If anyone wants my autograph he is welcome to it," Johnson said. "But I can't imagine what anyone wants it for after the bust I've made in my one big chance."

The next scene moves forward about an hour and forty minutes. New York's Giants have the world series championship won for a moment, and a moment later Washington has tied the score. And as the score is tied, a big, broad-shouldered figure comes ambling into the open to take his place in the box again. It is Johnson.

Destiny had relented at the last moment. The dejected figure of two hours back, the blighted being of the clubhouse scene, had stumbled on a miracle. He was to have his chance after all, the biggest chance offered anyone in the series, the chance to stall off the Giant attack until Washington got a run or darkness fell upon a tie game.

Here was the spot for drama to break in all its fury—tragedy on the one side if the star veteran failed again; the greatest thrill in all baseball history if he came through.

And tragedy came near taking over the scene in the first turn. The packed stands for a moment were in an uproar, an uproar that died away to something deeper than mere silence when Frank Frisch in the ninth inning hammered the ball on a line into deep center field. As the ball bounded around the far-away flag pole Frisch bounded around the bases, pulling up at third as 40,000 fans sat stunned and desolate.

There was tragedy and despair in the air; and 40,000 souls were on the rack—

Frisch, the swiftest of all starters, one of the most daring of all base runners, was on third base with one out and there were Pep Young and George Kelly, two fine hitters, coming up.

Johnson passed Young, a left-handed batsman, to get at Kelly, who had been hitting the ball in far better style.

Here was the most dramatic moment of the year, in many ways the most dramatic ever known to sport. Certainly no one figure in any game had ever carried such overwhelming popular sympathy and support as Johnson carried.

The ball park was packed. But the ball park was only one grain of sand along the coast line. There were literally millions hearing the game over the radio or getting returns from every hamlet and crossroads of the nation.

Most of them knew how taut the situation was as big Kelly came up to the plate. For *anything* would score Frank Frisch, the famed Flash, who was dancing away for a running start. It was a paralyzing moment. It was paralyzing for all except Johnson, who, in the shadow of a third reverse, turned on the old blinding speed of a younger arm and struck George Kelly out.

We have never seen anything in sport which quite equaled that moment. We have never seen anything in sport which sent such a buoyant thrill into so many million human hearts.

An All-Night Carnival

THIS same thrill was to be continued later in spasm after spasm of hope, doubt, grief and joy, but the third strike on Long George Kelly was the peak.

Under the conditions, with two failures back of him and a third failure looking him squarely in the eye, hardly a stride away, Old Barney from Coffeyville had carried out ten million dreams at last.

For as Kelly fanned, while the tension remained, there was a subtle feeling that Johnson had caught up with destiny and the open road was ahead leading to the olive grove. There was a feeling rife in the hazy atmosphere of an Indian summer afternoon that he was to have his great occasion after all.

Later on in the game when a crisis arose he struck out Frisch and Kelly in one inning. All through the neck-and-neck stretch he held his mastery over the Giants when danger threatened until the winning hit in the twelfth delivered the winning run and sent a big city into an all-night carnival which surpassed Armistice Day at the end of the greatest of all wars.

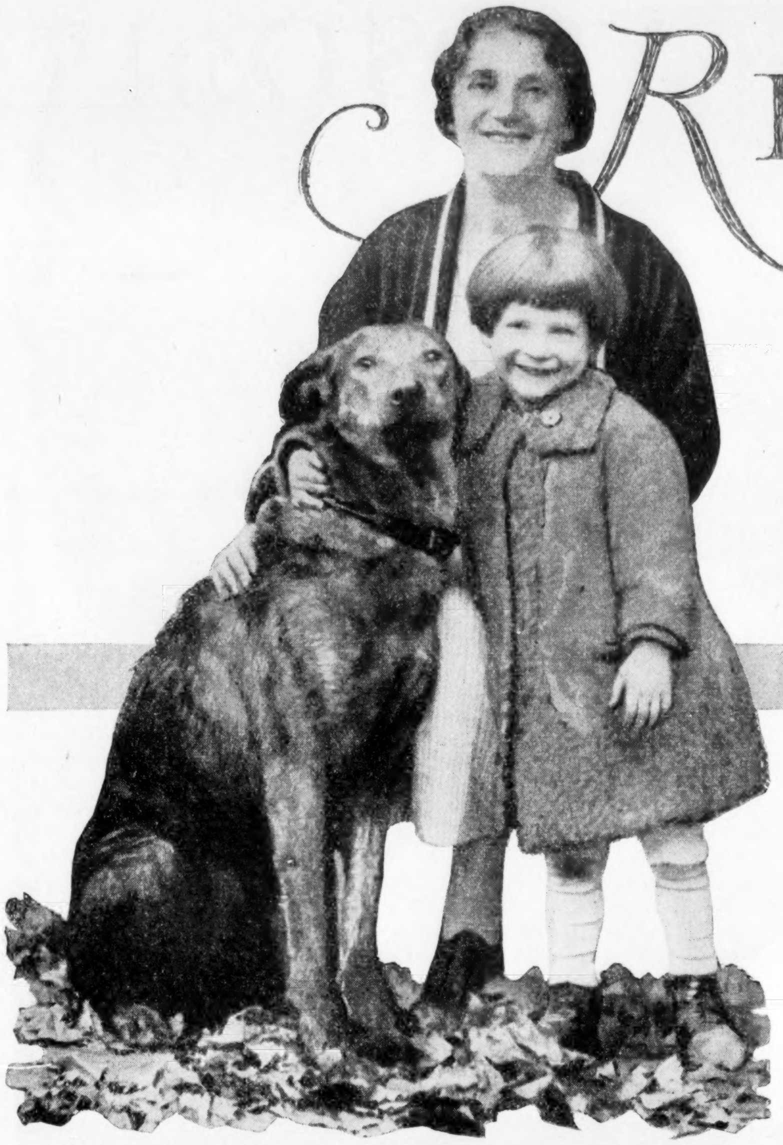
Those last four innings of the last world series comprise beyond all question the most dramatic stretch that sport has ever known. For over thirty minutes millions of people looking on and listening in found their emotions torn into shreds and their nerves twisted out of shape.

The Dempsey-Firpo fight had a cyclonic thrill of a different nature, a thrill which lifted 90,000 spectators from their seats with a wrench; but this thrill lacked the emotional quality which burst into flame as Johnson came crashing through. Five minutes after the Dempsey-Firpo fight was over the crowd was on its way home. Five minutes after the world series was over the field was still swarming with raving fanatics attempting to storm the Washington clubhouse. And five hours after the game was over the carnival was still raging with increasing intensity.

There was so much emotion and drama packed into those last thirty minutes that it took the rest of the night to release pent-up emotions.

In the space of two hours Walter Johnson had come from a lone, dejected and broken figure in the shadows of the clubhouse to a personal triumph that no other athlete had ever drawn in all the history of sport. 1924 had its magic intervals—but nothing that even approached this emotional debauch.

Walter Johnson, champion pitcher of his league in 1924, handed fate a knockout in the last game of the world series



REBELS in Retirement

By
ARTHUR
ROBINSON

WHERE are the spitfires of yesteryear? The rabid Reds who used to raise Cain and get their names plastered on the front pages of the newspapers whenever they got a chance—what's become of them? Remember "Sweet Marie" Ganz? Here she is (left) as she is to-day, happily married (the little girl is her daughter), and no longer a firebrand. And Becky Edelson, Wild Joe O'Carroll, Charley Plunkett and the other fierce radicals—remember them? Well, Mr. Robinson tells how they too have turned to the ways of peace.

ONE afternoon, about ten years ago, a young woman of twenty-two stood on a ledge in front of the statue of old Ben Franklin in Park Row, New York. In her hand was a crumpled newspaper which told of a catastrophe in a Western mining town.

"One man in this city," shouted the young woman on the ledge, "is guiltier than all others for what has been done out there, and he must no longer live!"

A crowd had gathered around the statue to hear her. It swept close to the ledge in an embracing cheer of fanatical approval. The feverish spark of the young woman's Red convictions ignited and spread, and suddenly a pistol was thrust into her hands.

"I am going down to kill the guilty man!" she screamed.

She jumped from the ledge and ran down Park Row into lower Broadway. The crowd went roaring behind her, growing at every step. At a certain building she stopped. A glimpse of her pistol persuaded the elevator runner to take her up. She announced herself to a secretary. "Marie Ganz," she said, "calling to see the boss." The secretary paled and disappeared into a labyrinth of rooms which led to a private office. But "Sweet Marie" Ganz—so called because of an intriguing smile and engaging personality—seemed to be in a tremendous hurry. She tried to catch up with the startling announcement the secretary was making to his employer. She stalked through the elaborate channel of connecting rooms after the secretary. But a heavy door slammed and locked behind the man she was hunting. Sweet Marie did no shooting that day.

That, as I say, was ten years ago. Where is "Sweet Marie" now? And where are Spitfire Becky Edelson, and Wild Joe O'Carroll, and Charley Plunkett, and Alexander Berkman, and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, and Emma Goldman, and Arturo Giovanitti, and Frank Tannenbaum, and Vincenza Minella, and Romany Marie Youster and her sister Rose, and Carlo Tresca, and Adolph Wolff, "The Hobo Poet," and Arthur Caron, and Elinore Fitzgerald, and the rest of the singular folk who flourished then and kept New York and the country at large in such a turmoil, and found themselves in jail or on the front pages of the newspapers?

What changes, if any, have come over them, and their various and sundry philosophies? What are they doing *now*, as compared with that day and era of rampant socialism, radicalism, communism and anarchy—a period which knows no parallel in the history of the country?

Some Were Making Bombs Then

THAT was a time when a tidal wave of unrest swept the world. Soap boxes were to be seen in almost every public square. Leon Trotzky had been chased out of Russia and was drinking coffee in his old haunts on the Lower East Side of New York with other revolutionists. Anarchists gathered at the offices of "Mother Earth," the anarchist organ, and other places, and devised ways and means for striking the blow which they intended should be heard around the world. Secret Service agents coöperated with the New York police. But the red flag of discontent still flapped furiously in the breezes of freedom.

Strikes flourished. Bombs were manufactured and set off. The army of rebels, under Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, arch-anarchists, grew and grew.

Wild, pop-eyed rebels they were—most of them fiercely sincere in their beliefs. And wild and insane were the things they did or tried to do for the thing they called their "cause."

But where are they *now?* Where, in the pattern of this inquirendo, is the young woman who, with thousands of howling sympathizers and sight-seers at her back, set out to kill a rich man whom she hated? Is she still a fiery rebel battling for her "cause"?

"Sweet Marie" Ganz, possibly the most picturesque of all the agitators of that day, is nothing of the kind. Of an afternoon, if you should happen to be over in the deep-tangled wildwood of Brooklyn, in a quiet residential district infringing upon Flatbush, you will find her placidly wheeling a baby carriage, a little stouter than she was in her stormiest days—a picture of complete domestication. "Sweet Marie" dabbles not with pistols and violence, but with such absolutely necessary things as rompers. She is married to Nat Ferber, young social worker, now a newspaper man, who led her out of the red wilderness of anarchy and persuaded her to see the light.

"Sweet Marie" has been tamed by time and circumstance. Her days in prison are remembered, but she would prefer to forget. The volcanic little firebrand of 1914 is now a rebel in retirement—one of the millions of plump mothers whose sole absorbing occupation is motherhood. She is more interested, just now, in teaching her three-year-old daughter how to ride a bicycle than she is in capitalists. Like most of the agitators of ten years ago, she no longer believes progress is dependent upon violence. She now abides by the protest provided by the ballot. On election day she voted for La Follette.

"In the old days," she says, "when I worked in a sweat-shop, my mind and heart were outraged at the distress I saw. I couldn't understand why society permitted such things, and I can't even now. It wasn't that I believed so much in anarchy that I associated with Berkman, Caron, O'Carroll, Goldman, Tannenbaum, Edelson and the rest. I was concerned almost entirely with the poor and the problems with which they had to contend. I knew just how they suffered because my family suffered the same way.

"Politics didn't interest me particularly. I worked with the radicals because they protested vigorously and violently instead of submitting to conditions and to the hypocrisy of professional politicians. With the exception of Emma Goldman, I respected the sincerity of nearly all those with whom I worked. Goldman, I always thought, was insincere. She went around the country lecturing and living comfortably while the rest of us—her 'comrades'—starved and waged our fights on empty stomachs.

"More than anything else, perhaps, it is an empty stomach that makes a real radical. This is a fact which should compel vital attention even to-day."

Almost "Sweet Marie's" counterpart in the hectic days of 1914-1917 was Becky Edelson. She, too, was young and spectacular. "Sweet Marie" could excoriate you in violent terms, but her teeth would flash in a smile. Becky spoke through a black scowl of indignation. She was vituperative, direct, defiant. For this reason she was called "The Spitfire."

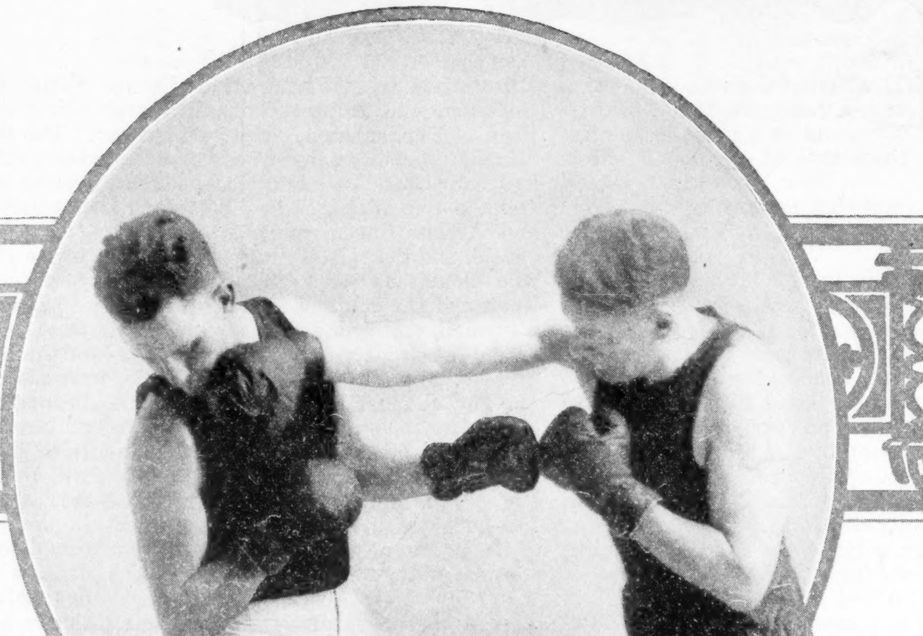
A few minutes after her release from jail, whither she had gone on a charge of disorderly conduct incident to an invasion of the Rockefeller estate at Tarrytown, N. Y., Becky mounted a platform and cried, "I am fighting for humanity and expect some day to give my life for it."

That day, apparently, has not come. Becky, too, is a rebel in retirement. She is the sedate wife of Charles Plunkett, an (*Continued on page 42*)

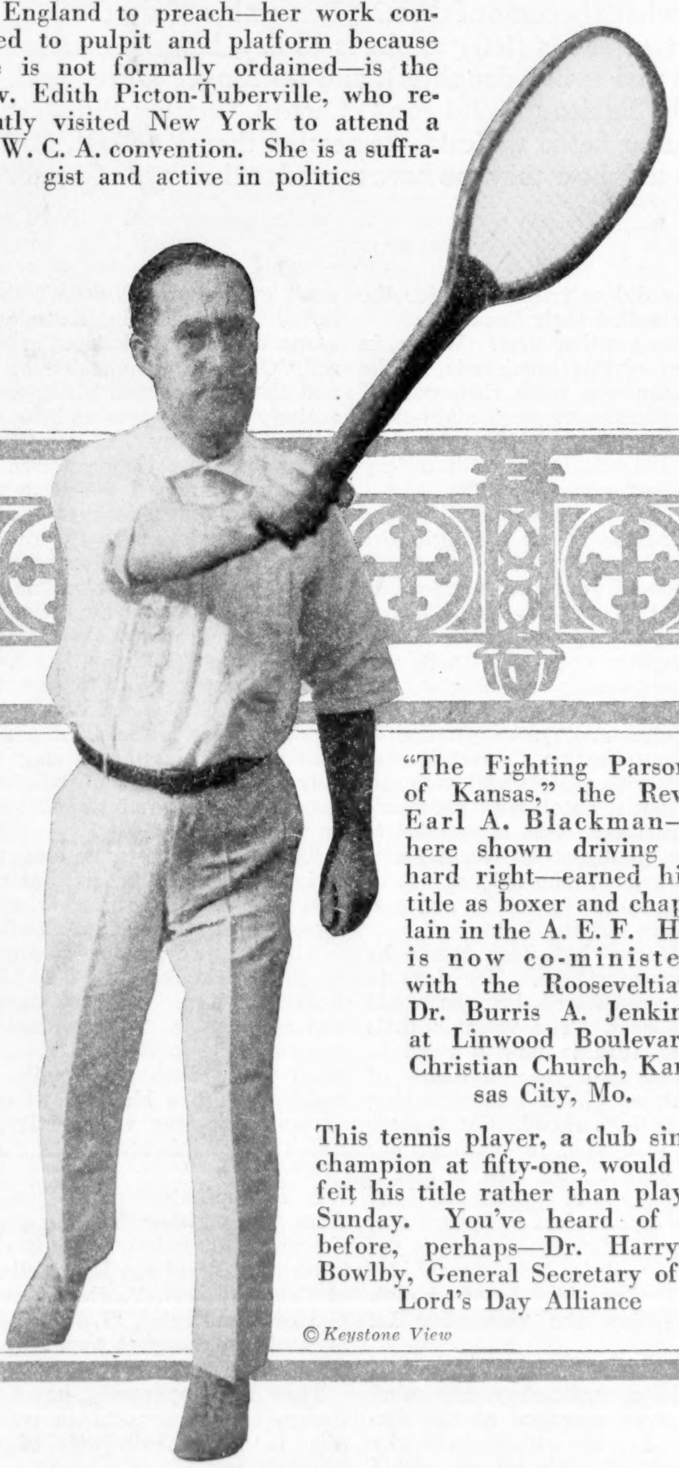
PARSONS

The only woman licensed by the Church of England to preach—her work confined to pulpit and platform because she is not formally ordained—is the Rev. Edith Picton-Tuberville, who recently visited New York to attend a Y. W. C. A. convention. She is a suffragist and active in politics

By driving a truck the Rev. Clarence L. Goodman of the Church of the Nazarene, Stamford, Conn., was bolstering his meager income as a pastor. No news of this got out until the five-ton truck backed downhill into a house. That is his only accident



"The Fighting Parson of Kansas," the Rev. Earl A. Blackman—here shown driving a hard right—earned his title as boxer and chaplain in the A. E. F. He is now co-minister with the Rooseveltian Dr. Burris A. Jenkins at Linwood Boulevard Christian Church, Kansas City, Mo.



This tennis player, a club singles champion at fifty-one, would forfeit his title rather than play on Sunday. You've heard of him before, perhaps—Dr. Harry L. Bowlby, General Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance

© *Keystone View*

His buddies of the American Legion unanimously elected the Rev. Joseph Lonergan (left) of Durand, Ill., their "padre" for 1925

IN THE NEWS

This head is Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's, a target of much recent controversy. A Baptist, preaching in a Presbyterian church, he resigned rather than subscribe to the Westminster Confession of Faith—but is to continue till March 1, 1925, to speak from a Presbyterian pulpit as a "guest"

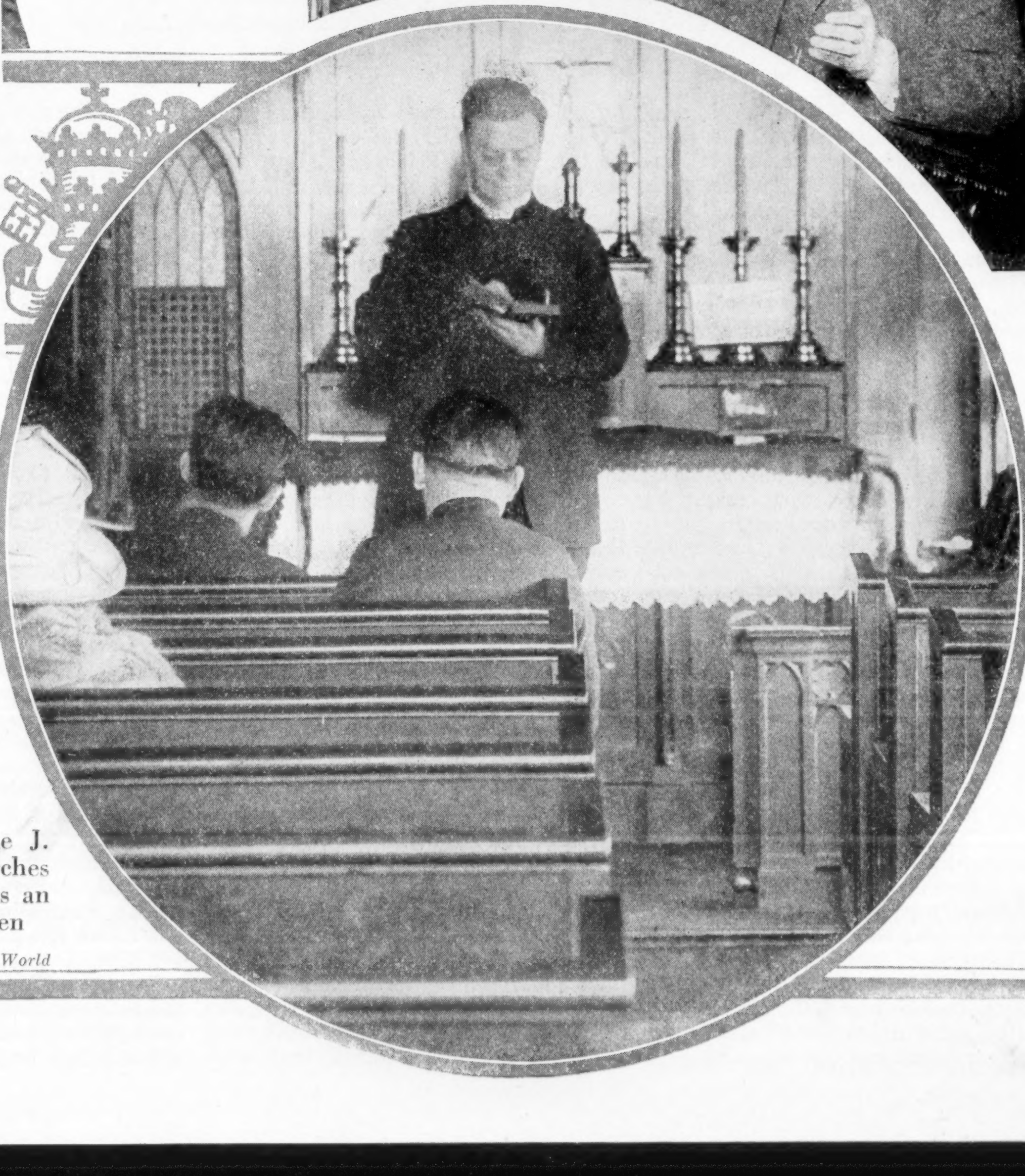
© *Underwood & Underwood*

He threw his hat into the ring for the League of Nations at the Democratic National Convention and made one of the most stirring speeches of modern times. Undaunted by defeat there, he keeps on warning that the years since the armistice are not peace, but a truce. He is the rabbi of the New York Free Synagogue, Stephen S. Wise

With a sharp ax the Rev. Charles F. Taylor, pastor of Elmwood Presbyterian Church of East Orange, N. J., clears a lot for a children's playground. The income from his wood-chopping goes to buy a car in which to make calls upon his parishioners

Station WQAO, 360 meters, is Calvary Baptist Church, New York. Thus, with modern weapons, Dr. John Roach Straton (at right) broadcasts "fundamentalism"

All the arts once centered in the church. Brooklyn, "city of churches," presents, in the old tradition, the pastor of the Pillar of Fire congregation, the Rev. Brandford Clarke, poet-painter-orator



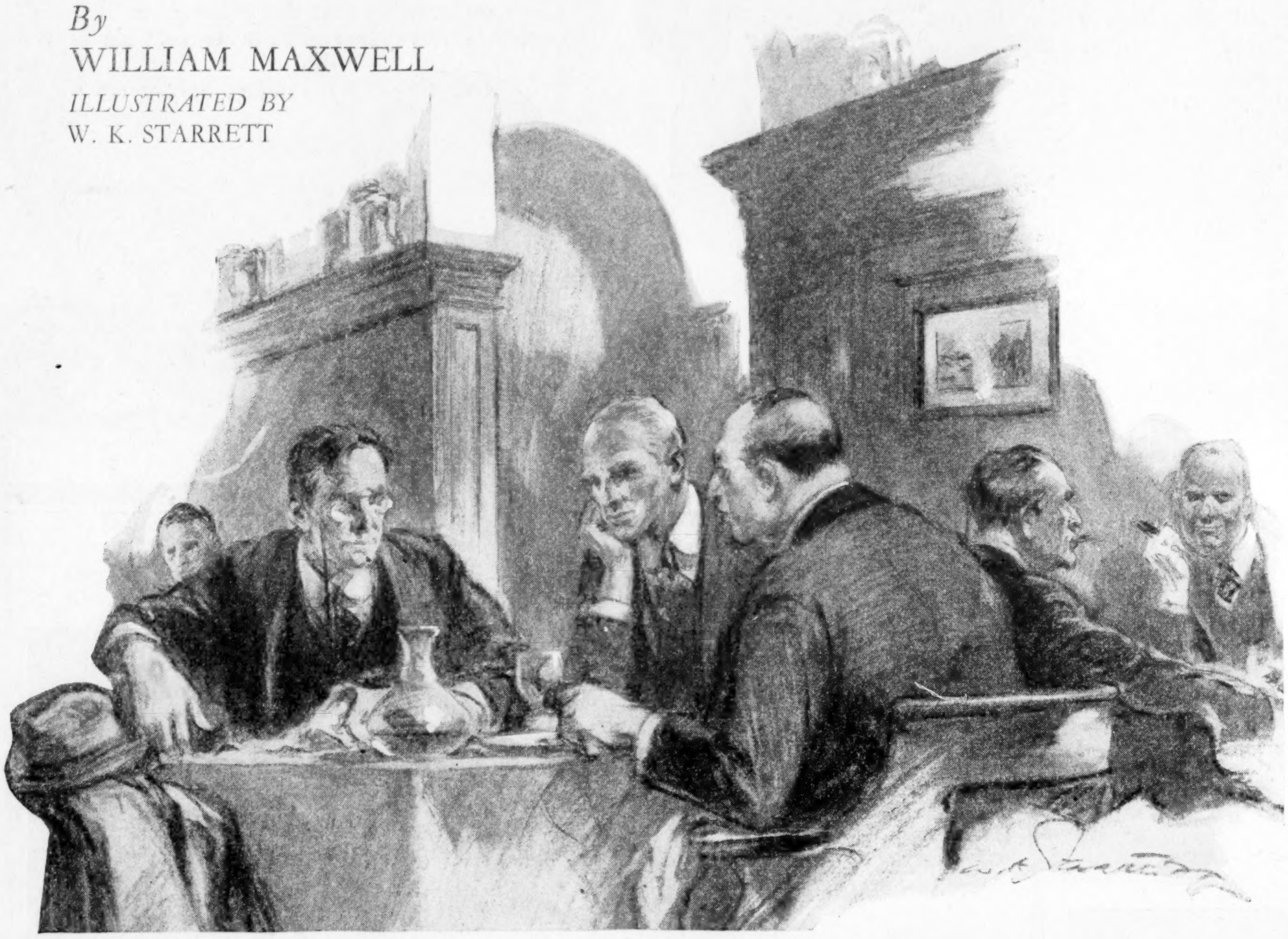
A Pullman coach is the chapel of the Rev. Eugene J. McGuiness (at right). Scattered areas without churches are his parish. The "St. Paul" seats seventy-five; has an organ, confessional, library, stateroom and a kitchen

© *Wide World*

TAKE A TIP *from the Con Man*

The boys learn that crooks are short on brains but long on selling technique

By
WILLIAM MAXWELL
ILLUSTRATED BY
W. K. STARRETT



"By golly," exclaimed McTavish, "I wonder you ain't a confidence man instead of a professor"

PROFESSOR KINGMAN was making a research into the cloak and suit industry and thus it happened that he was lunching with Herman McTavish and Deacon Dudley on a blustery January day.

Various questions had been answered by Herman with more or less constraint, as he was impressed by the probability that his statements would be incorporated in Mr. Kingman's report and, in due time, critically considered by the garment trade—including his own employers.

Doubtless, Professor Kingman became conscious of this attitude. At any rate, he finally asked what might be called a goat-getting question.

"Mr. McTavish, there is one more thing I should like to ask. Data collected by the government and by the research departments of various universities seem to show that the manufacturers of cloaks, suits and dresses would make much better profits if they standardized their lines and manufactured fewer styles than most of them do at present. Recently an economist said he considered the cloak and suit business the most stupidly conducted of all manufacturing enterprises."

Herman bristled: "Lookit here, Professor, I guess you ain't a salesman and don't know nothing about selling, but let me tell you the woman's ready to wear business is something these, now, economists can't figure out. Have one of them bookkeeper fellers take out what he calls a standardized line of ladies' garments and see where he gets off. From the mail-order houses, he might get an order, and outside of that he has to go to Poison Ivy, Ioway, or some such place, and even out there they ain't so dumb—look what they done to them politicians that figured them for suckers.

"I show you how good this standardization idea would work out. We got it a dress factory, as well as a cloak and suit factory. Suits, with us, wasn't selling so wonderful. It was partly the weather, but also it was the style tendency. For a while we are doing a fairly good business in dresses. Then comes them ensembles—a combination coat and dress, you understand—and slows up the regular dress business. If that can happen to an entire line, you can imagine what would happen to a feller that is trying to sell standardized numbers in a line. We find the only way we get any decent volume in dresses and cloaks is to bring out new things that will charm a woman away from the idea of buying an ensemble.

"Then too, Professor, there is another angle to it. You been in Europe, I guess?"

"Yes."

"Well, you seen a lot of well-dressed women, but also you seen more that wasn't well dressed. Over there the poor people don't expect to look stylish—only the rich. Here, everybody, you might say, wants to be stylish, and they can, because us garment people make it possible. They call us pirates when we develop quick moderate-priced copies of expensive things that were created for rich people, but I claim we are doing good when we add to a poor girl's self-respect and happiness—and maybe her chances of getting a fine husband—by making her look stylish at a price she can afford."

Professor Kingman nodded his agreement.

"I believe you are right. It is primarily a problem of salesmanship. If you go far enough, you find the explanation, or solution, of most economic problems in salesmanship. Emerson and Hubbard, with their respective versions of the better mouse trap and a well-worn path to the door of its maker, have very few practical examples of the successful result of that theory. I am greatly interested in salesmanship. In fact, I hope to have the university establish a school of salesmanship."

"How you going to teach salesmanship—ain't it a gift?" Herman inquired.

"Do I look like a salesman, Mr. McTavish?"

The Professor Confesses

HERMAN gazed at the professor for a moment before answering. Mr. Kingman was small, badly dressed, nearsighted and, from Herman's viewpoint, distinctly unimpressive.

"No, Professor, I got to admit you don't look like no salesman."

"Well, I worked my way through college by selling various things during the summer time. First it was crayon enlargements and later county histories. When I look back at it now, I realize what a crook I was—unconsciously perhaps—but nevertheless a crook."

"How was that?" Dudley inquired.

"For example, in the crayon enlargement business, I learned something about every household before I called. A child who had died, a living child who was much adored, or an ancestor who was highly revered, would provide the basis for an effective approach. Whatever the outstanding point happened to be, I made use of it. As you probably know, the framing of the enlargement was where my employers made their profit. Their follow-up was wonderful stuff—if you leave out the question of good morals. Sometimes they came close to extortion by giving the customer the impression that he could not get his photograph back—which frequently was his only print—unless he ordered a picture frame.

"The history business was cleaner because in that I appealed solely to vanity and not to the finer emotions, which usually had to be aroused in order to sell crayon enlargements."

"By golly, Professor," exclaimed McTavish, "I wonder you ain't a confidence man instead of just a professor."

Kingman smiled. "It happens that I have recently concluded an investigation of the methods of confidence men and I shall take pleasure in sending you a copy of the report which I am preparing for the university."

"My gracious, Professor, are they teaching con games in college?"

"Not exactly that, Mr. McTavish, but if we understand the methods of bad men, it is easier to comprehend the motives and impulses of good men."

Dudley remarked: "It happens that I am trying to improve, not only the salesmanship of our own men, but also that of our jobbers' salesmen. Have you any ideas that could be used successfully in legitimate business?"

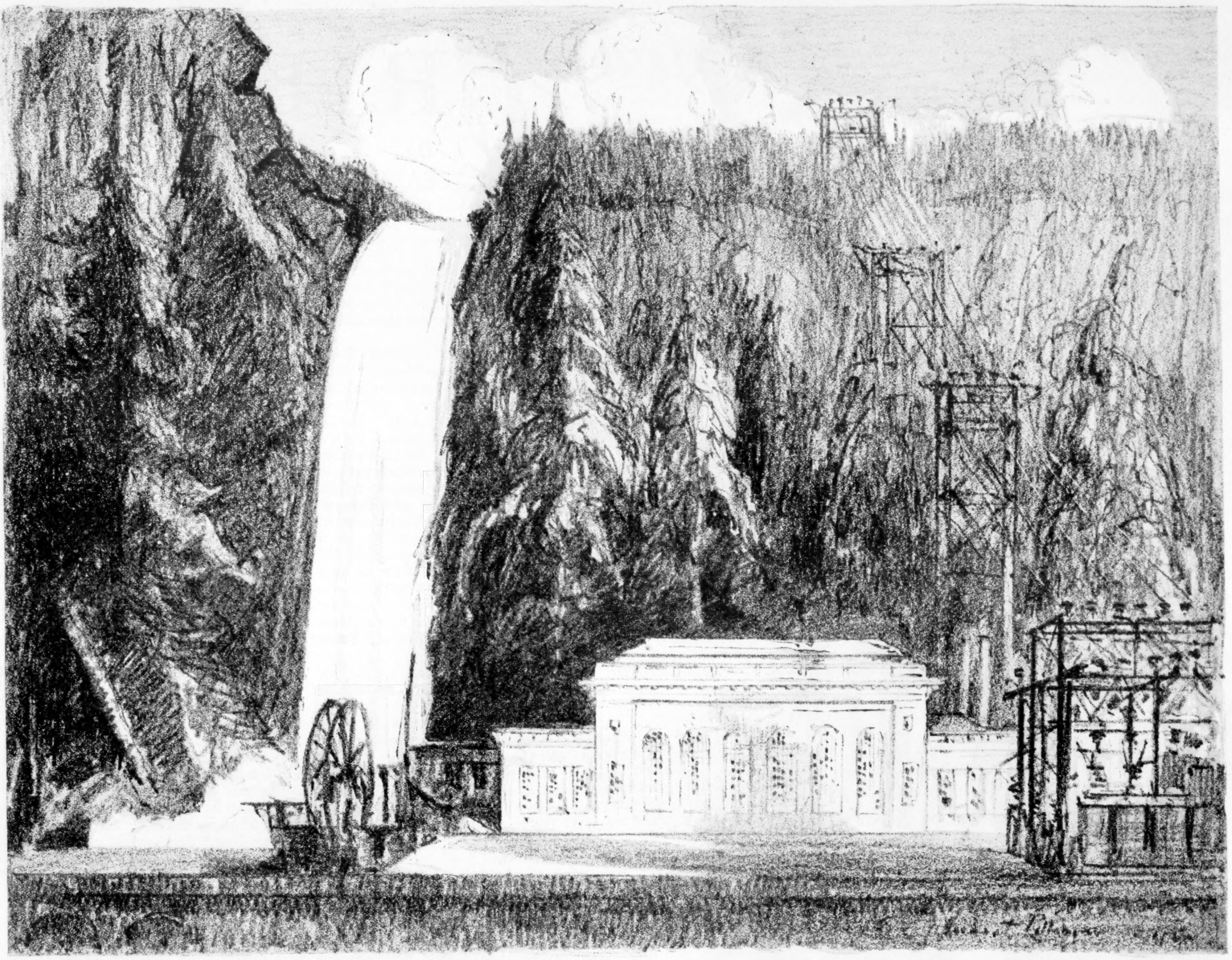
"I think your difficulty rests largely upon the fact that salesmen are slow to recognize salesmanship as a science and are accordingly disinclined to accept instruction in the proper spirit. Although salesmanship is a very old profession, practically no records have been kept, except by confidence men. For nearly two centuries, their various systems have been handed down from one generation to another. They have what is virtually a standardized presentation of each confidence game. Not even in the office specialty business, where so much effort is being made to get salesmen to use the so-called standard demonstration, will you find among legitimate salesmen anything which approaches the logical procedure and finished technique of the average confidence man."

"Maybe confidence men is smarter as salesmen."

"On the contrary, Mr. McTavish, my observation has been that in real intelligence they rate below the average salesman. Their proficiency is due to the fact that they adopt a definite method of procedure and painstakingly perfect themselves in the details of its practice. Nothing is overlooked.

"In my investigation, I was interested to learn that confidence men who occasionally work on farmers have in their manual of procedure two points which I had found important. One is the way you walk. If you have to go out to the barn or into the fields to see a farmer, you

(*Continued on page 40*)



Where wires go, WIVES DON'T STRIKE

By

MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PULLINGER

I KNOW a rich farm in the Great Lakes region. The man who owned it was well-to-do and his attractive daughters loved the country, but being in a position to pick and choose they did not marry farmers' sons and continue the way of life they had been born to.

They chose instead, respectively, a village contractor and builder, a city manufacturer, a college instructor, a physician in a large town, and a commission merchant in Chicago. Town life enticed this farmer's daughters, as it has hundreds of thousands of women, largely because it would stop their endless round of hard work.

But of the nineteen descendants of these women ten are at this moment living in the country. What is drawing this generation of the family back?

Good roads were put in, and they did not return; automobiles came, and they only went on visits; village movies, community centers, rural telephones, and efficient health work appeared, and they remained content with what the towns could do for them.

But when electric power was available the family began to move. The first one bought a New York State farm with a waterfall from which he developed a private hydroelectric plant. On his brother's Illinois farm electricity, though costly, is still available. One of the girls married a farmer in the Hudson River valley: they have an electrically equipped home and farm, and contentment sits upon their banners.

Another has left New York City for the country way of life on a hillside down which a feeder line drops a wire into her house. One has an individual electric plant in Iowa, another is on a rural electric line in Wisconsin, a third is in a state of hopeful anticipation of one in Michigan. But three who have been lured back under the old conditions are playing an unhappy and losing game.

The same thing is going on in widely separated sections.

"There is no question about it," said a woman who has motored over most of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. "I can't give you numbers (you know it takes a long time for things to get into statistics), but where the land's good, where the new roads go through—and they're like the flat of your hand—and where they can have as much electric power as they want, there you find new farmers. A good many of their wives are farmers' daughters who've been to college. They cook and clean and wash by electricity just as we do in Portland—more so, I think, since they haven't any old equipment to get rid of. I don't want to live on a farm myself, but I shan't be surprised if my daughter does. She likes one of the boys from the agricultural college, and with electricity it's a good life. I think Anna would like it better than anything else."

There's no reason why Anna shouldn't like it. Other women do. I know a woman who went from Michigan to a farm in the Yakima Valley—a college woman, with a college instructor for a husband. She continues to like it even though the apple business is said to be shot to pieces. But she didn't go there as a business venture. She likes living on a farm whether the apple crop can be marketed or not, for, as a Colorado woman wrote me:

"Food and housing are no problems at all to a farmer's wife." They are very big problems to a college instructor's wife.

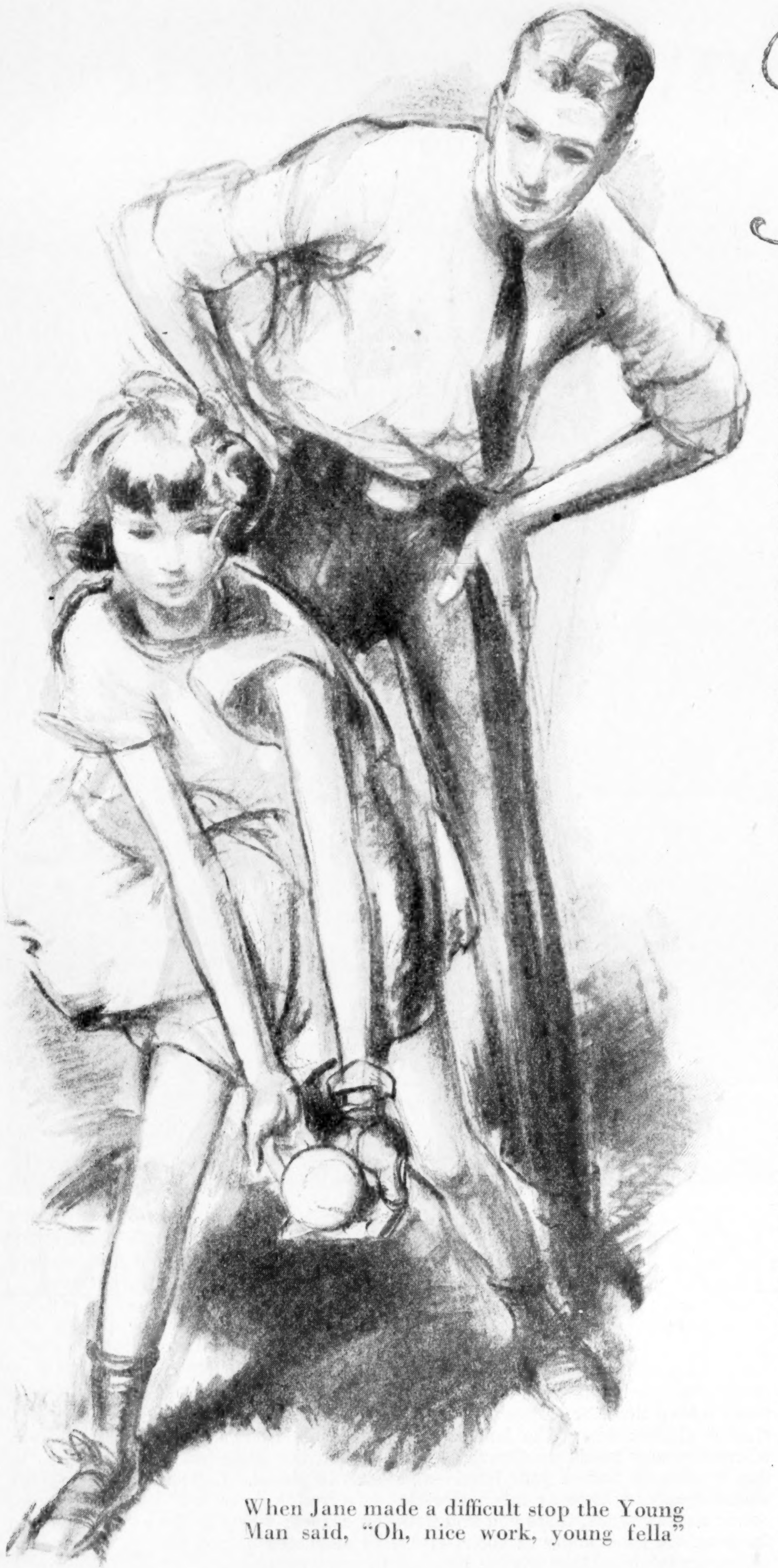
It's this talk of putting farming on a business basis that confuses the issue. Only under exceptional circumstances is farming a business. Usually it's a way of living. The farmers of the Northwest were desperate last spring not because living in the country is unsatisfactory but because the business of growing (*Continued on page 45*)

"THE drudgery of farm life." There's the rub! But when electricity, greatest of our servants, comes to a farm and is set at doing all the jobs in house and barn and dairy that electricity can do, drudgery vanishes. "Put through your wires," says Mrs. Bruère, "and the woman will follow out of the city to the land and take her husband with her."

FRIENDS

By
SALLY HUMASON

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD



When Jane made a difficult stop the Young Man said, "Oh, nice work, young fella"

IT WAS on an evening in early summer that Jane discovered him. Summer evenings carry with them, for the very young, a special magic apart from warmth and light and the robins in the maple trees. For in those all too brief weeks when the morrow does not bring enforced pursuit of learning in the schoolroom, stern parental discipline relaxes a little, bedtime advances a pleasant if insufficient half hour, one is allowed to go out after supper, and with the aid of the admirable daylight-savings plan it is possible to play two sets of tennis or even three or four innings of baseball before the inexorable voice from the upper window calls, "Right this minute. It's nearly half past."

With Jane Fairfield, aged twelve, and the other members (otherwise masculine) of the Frank Street Athletic Club these evening hours meant further pursuit of that national sport for which they chiefly lived and moved and had their being. That they had played baseball nearly all day didn't matter. Tennis was a woman's game, golf an old man's. And these evening games were different. They were less severely organized and in some ways they were more fun. The ranks of the regulars were somewhat depleted by an exodus to seashore and mountains, but those left played one, two or three o' cat as occasion might arise and sometimes even fathers were persuaded to leave off watering the garden or greasing the car or mending the radio and join the game.

Then the rivalry became keen indeed, for while it is essential for Tommy Tucker's happiness that he should play better baseball than Johnny Johnson, it is still more essential that his father should play better baseball than Johnny Johnson's father.

Jane's own father seldom joined these games. He was bound over to golf, and eighteen holes between work and dinner he considered enough exercise for one day. Jane's brother Frank played once in a while. He was substitute catcher on the high-school nine, and the Frank Streeters were almost embarrassed at having so mighty a person in their midst and accepted his gruff criticisms seriously and his equally gruff praises ardently. Jane was very proud when he played. But Frank went away to a camp in early July and Jane was left with no one but herself to offer in the comparison of family skill. That was why she was particularly glad to acquire the Young Man.

HE CAME strolling by one evening when their numbers were few and watched in an interested manner. There were five of them playing two o' cat. One of the five was Billy Taylor's father, who in the golden days of yore had been a crack left fielder at Yale. This made things a trifle uneven because Billy Taylor's father always knocked a home run and stayed up forever. Jane was pitching to him and growing tired of it. She noticed the stranger watching and finally said simply, "Want to play?"

"Sure," said the Young Man and took off his coat. Jane felt responsible for him, having invited him, and watched a little anxiously to see what account he might give of himself. To her delight, he soon showed himself equal if not superior to Billy Taylor's father. They played two o' cat for a while longer, but when it came to the point where Mr. Taylor and the Young Man were up together, it was impossible to put them out, so Billy Taylor suggested choosing up sides—a catcher, pitcher, and first baseman on each side.

"You and Dad choose up," said Billy to the Young Man.

"Heads or tails?" said Mr. Taylor, flipping a coin.

"Heads," said the Young Man, and won.

"I'll take that kid," he said, pointing to Jane. They had a good game in spite of their small number. Once when Jane successfully made a difficult stop, the Young Fella said, "Oh, nice work, young fella," either forgetting her real sex or tactfully ignoring it, in either case thrice heightening the value of the compliment and making Jane completely his slave.

He walked home with her after the game. His house lay beyond hers out in the country a ways, he said. They parted with a "S'long, kid" from him and a joyful "S'long" in return from her, acknowledged friends.

She pondered about him as she got ready for bed. She paused, tooth brush in hand, and gazed at herself in the bathroom mirror. "Nice work, young fella," she repeated joyfully.

"Ja-ane!" came a warning voice from downstairs. Jane rubbed the tooth brush swiftly over those teeth most easily reached, passed one wet hand across her face, wiped it on the towel, and dashed for bed, yelling "I'm in!" as she did so. Her mother came to tuck her in, and Jane told her about the new friend.

"Who is he?" asked her mother, ever alert on the trail of a pedigree.

"*I* d'know," said Jane, simply. "Gee, honest, Mother, he's an awful good guy." She said her prayers in one swift breath, then continued, "I betcha he comes again to-morrow night. He thinks I'm the best player of anybody. He chose me first 'n' everything, 'n' he said—"

"What, dear?"

"Oh, nothing." That magic phrase was a secret, Jane decided, for her private contemplation only. She was left to stare at the ceiling and murmur, "Nice work, young fella," in varied tones of triumph until she fell asleep.

The Young Man did come again the next night and very often thereafter. He proved himself an agreeable companion and an excellent player. Jane was very proud of him in a proprietary way. They all called him the Young Man, not knowing his name.

"Is the Young Man coming?" they would ask Jane, feeling, as she did, her right of ownership. Or "Here comes the Young Man," Jane would sing out joyfully, seeing his slim form in the distance. He always walked home with her and though their conversation was cryptic and limited the friendship seemed to ripen. Jane learned that he was twenty-two years old and worked in a bank. That, she felt, added to his undeniable prowess as an athlete, was enough to know.

One night as they walked home together, Jane announced, "I'm going away to-morrow."

"You are?" said the Young Man in surprise.

"Uh-huh," said Jane, "to the seashore."

"Well, gosh, kid, I'll miss you."

"Will you—honest?"

"You bet I will."

"I don't want to go specially," said Jane, "I like swimming and all, but there's hardly anybody that plays baseball. And there's a bunch of girls around. I hate girls."

"Well, so long, old-timer," said the Young Man, "don't forget me. See you in the fall."

THE summer waned. Jane acquired a coat of tan, the courage to dive off the top step, and the beginnings of an overhand stroke. When she returned to town, the baseball season had passed, and air once resonant with the crack of bat against ball was filled with the deeper boom of hard toes meeting tightly inflated footballs. Jimmy Blake, Jane's special ally, had received a new football on a recent birthday. Jane went out to kick it with him on the first afternoon at home.

"Did the Young Man come and play baseball much?" she inquired. Jimmy had been home all summer.

"No," said Jimmy, "he didn't come hardly at all after you left. Only a couple of times. Lookit—at this—

lookit. This is the right way to forward pass. My father taught me." Jane felt somehow glad that the Young Man hadn't cared to come after she left.

Jane was sorry to have the baseball season go. She was not so good at football and was not allowed to play in games because the enemy, with a gallantry which, to Jane, was entirely misplaced, refused to tackle a girl.

School began again, more bearable in the first weeks, owing to the rather pleasant strangeness of surroundings—new books, a new teacher, a new room with the windows in a different place and a different set of famous men, steel-engraved and chastely framed, over the center blackboard. Evenings were darker now, and football had to be played in the hours between school and supper. Much as she loved her favorite sport, Jane was fully aware of what was ethically correct and would as soon have been seen going to school in a bathing suit as playing baseball in October.

She began to fear that she wasn't going to see the Young Man any more. And she was sorry because she had certainly liked him very much. But one morning, just as she was leaving the house for school, he passed by.

"Why, hello, kid," he said, "I wondered when you were coming back."

"Hello," said Jane happily.

"Walking my way?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jane, traitorously deserting Jimmy, for whom she was supposed to call.

They walked together as far as the corner, where Jane had to turn off to school. Jane told him about the top step and the overhand stroke, and he said he had had a vacation which he had spent in New York and he had gone to some professional baseball games, about which he told her in detail. Jane received a call-down from Jimmy at recess. He had been two minutes late to school because he had waited for her, he said.

"Well," said Jane uneasily, "I guess maybe you better not wait for me any more, Jimmy. I walked down with the Young Man this morning. And I expect maybe he'll come by for me most every day."

"Well, for gosh sakes," said Jimmy, staring at her.

Jane watched for the Young Man the next morning and went out to meet him as he approached the house. So a daily custom was established. Jimmy, hurt and resentful, sought to retaliate by getting the boys to sing "Jane's got a Young Man" repeatedly on every possible occasion. But Jane, who was acquiring wisdom with her approaching teens, foiled all his plans by paying no attention. Then Jimmy tried not speaking, but was forced to retire from that field when Jane's father invited him to a high-school football game with himself and Jane.

EVERY morning the Young Man came by at eight o'clock, and every morning Jane went out to meet him and walked with him to the school corner. Her mother suggested that perhaps she shouldn't walk down with him *every* morning, he being so much older and a stranger, but Jane grew so vindictive in her defense of her friend that Mrs. Fairfield weakly fell back on "Well, I'll speak to your father" and asked Mr. Fairfield to make inquiries. Mr. Fairfield inquired and found the Young Man to be one of a family named Kinsey, that lived in a quiet farmhouse about a mile out in the country. He discovered while making the inquiries that the Young Man appeared to be a respectable citizen enough, a hard-working clerk in the city savings bank. His only apparent vice seemed to lie in the fact that he had a father who drank. That, however, was enough for Mrs. Fairfield. She returned to her objections and asked Jane that she return to Jimmy as a companion on the way to school. But Jane, usually so reasonably obedient, flamed into righteous rebellion.

"Why shouldn't I walk to school with him?" she demanded hotly.

"Well, dearie, you see—we don't know as he's a very nice Young Man," said Mrs. Fairfield, "we don't know much about him."

"Well, I'm telling you about him," said Jane, "and he's the nicest fella I ever knew."

"Well, Father and Mother know best. And, you see, we've found out that he hasn't a very nice father."

"What difference does that make?" demanded Jane with fierce logic.

"As a matter of fact, Mother," said Mr. Fairfield, "I don't know that it does make so very much difference. What do you and he talk about, Janey, on the way to school?"

"Oh, everything."

"Well, what?"

"Well, baseball and things like that. And he tells me stories."

"What kind of stories?" asked Mrs. Fairfield, suddenly fearful, a vague thought of traveling salesmen crossing her mind. To be sure, this youth wasn't a traveling salesman, but his father drank, which amounted, perhaps, to the same thing.

"Well, he told me a dandy one about when he was up in Canada, and a bear came up to the camp and their rifles was way over—"

"Were."

"Were way over the other side of the tent. But a man came up, 'n' anyways—oh, I don't know, but the bear got away and nobody got hurt."

This sounded innocent, though exciting.

"Does he ever talk about his father?"

"Nope. We only talk about things that int'rest us specially," said Jane.

"Does he ever swear or say things that you know Mother wouldn't like?"

"I sh'd say not. Honest, Mother, you'd like him awfully much. He's my best friend."

Mrs. Fairfield sought to appeal to Jane's loyalty by asking if she thought it was nice thus to desert Jimmy, with whom she had always walked to school.

"Pickles," said Jane, disposing of Jimmy, "I see him at noons and after school every day. I don't haf to see him all the time, I sh'd hope."

"Well—" said Mrs. Fairfield, unconvinced but helpless, "all right. You can go on seeing him—for a while."

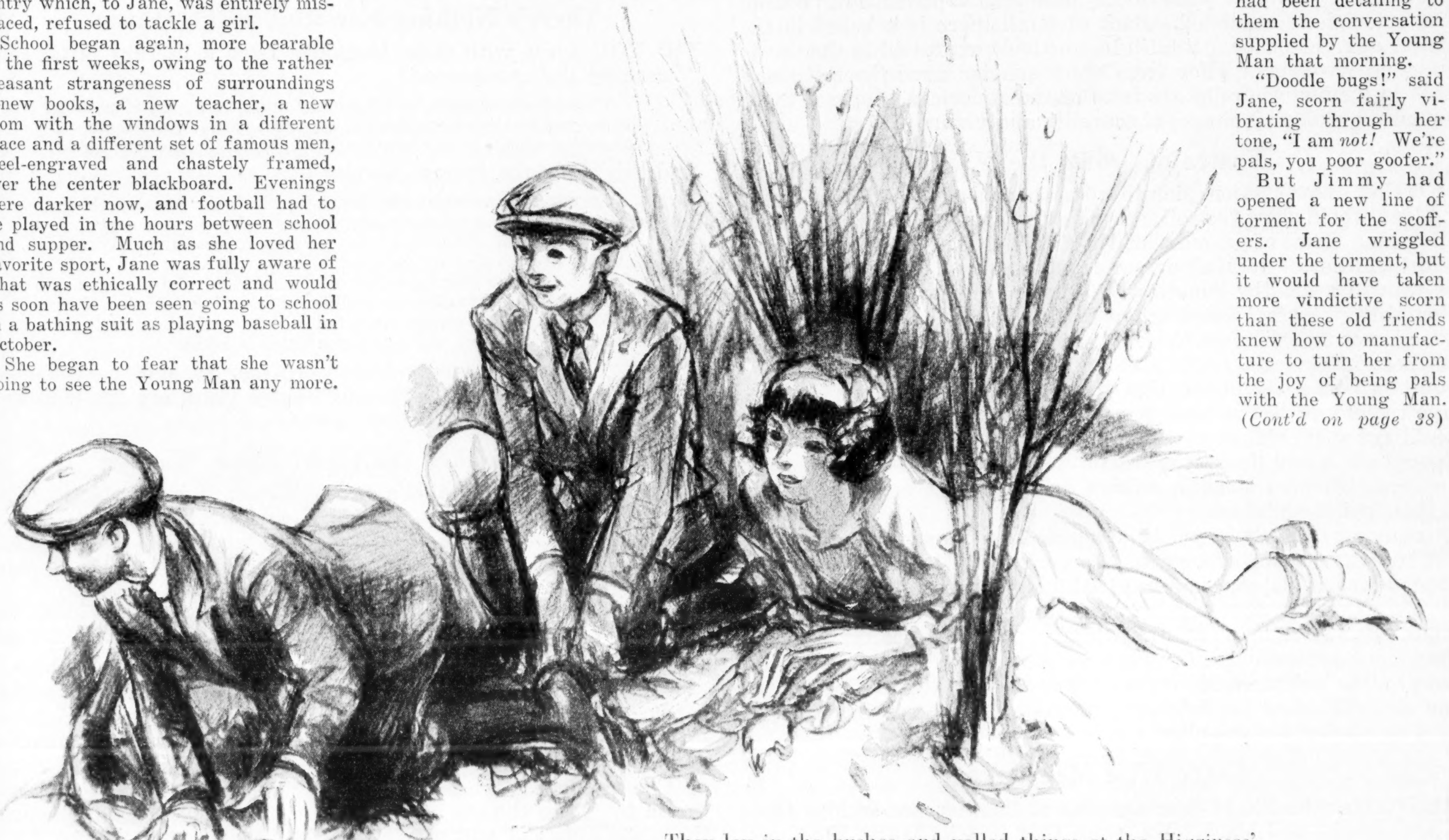
SO THE friendship prospered. It remained for some time limited to that twenty-minute walk in the morning. And their conversation remained within the bounds of things that interested them especially. It was a sound friendship, based on mutual tastes in sports and other things that matter. She never, Jane felt, had had a better friend. He was always kind and often funny, and he knew a good deal about everything. She boasted about him frequently to Jimmy and the others. They were very scornful, being not a little envious. None of them had as staunch friends of twenty-two who were such good ball players and knew so much.

"Jane—she's in love," said Jimmy disgustedly one afternoon when she had been detailing to them the conversation supplied by the Young Man that morning.

"Doodle bugs!" said Jane, scorn fairly vibrating through her tone, "I am *not!* We're pals, you poor goofer."

But Jimmy had opened a new line of torment for the scoffers. Jane wriggled under the torment, but it would have taken more vindictive scorn than these old friends knew how to manufacture to turn her from the joy of being pals with the Young Man.

(Cont'd on page 38)



They lay in the bushes and yelled things at the Higginses' cook that made her come out and jabber in Hungarian

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

IN BEHALF OF YOUTH

THE sight of their child entering school for the first time is a stirring experience for most men and women.

The door of the home has opened. Out toward the wide world the boy and the girl have begun their long journey.

What lies ahead? How will the child manage to steer the hard voyage through the stormy years which separate infancy and maturity?

The great achievement is character. All parents hope that out of the conflicting experiences of life their sons and daughters will emerge safely, clean, sturdy and self-reliant.

As never before, the child needs guidance in the great adventure. How is he to get it?

Thousands of readers coöperating with Collier's have united in a common effort to work out a moral code which may be useful throughout America. It embodies the collective wisdom of parents and teachers, officials and religious leaders, of the great and of the humble. Next week it will be published.

It is the work of those moved by natural ties, as well as worry over present conditions, to give thought and sympathy to the problems of youth. A wide variety of human experience lies behind the principles formulated. Back of it all there is a belief in the power of righteousness, a faith instinctively expressed in the words "In God We Trust." For from every quarter came the testimony that in the historic religious faith of the American people is to be found the enduring citadel of morality and virtue.

Fastening Down the U. S.

A VERY slow motion picture of a stretch of fine mellow farm land would show the soil melting away like salt in a wet saucer. Viewed in terms of years instead of seconds, good soil is perishable. Thirty inches of rainfall a year means nearly three hundred feet of rain in a healthy American lifetime. And every inch of rain that falls washes broken soil a little nearer to tidewater. The time is not far off when America will have to start fastening down its most fertile land.

It has been calculated that the Mississippi River sweeps soil into the sea as fast as nine hundred fifty-car freight trains a day could carry it. Much of the loss is top soil from fertile farms. Spread out a foot deep, it is worth not far from a hundred dollars an acre. Erosion steals a million dollars a year or so from the Mississippi Basin alone.

Some day the theft will be stopped. The Department of Agriculture says it can be stopped. Terracing, the banking up of the lower edges of slopes, combined with pipe drainage, does the trick.

Even now the plan pays on some especially rich and vulnerable lands. Sooner or later, as a growing population raises the value of good loam, protection will pay more generally. What terracing has done on the mountainside farms of Peru and of the Philippines, it can do still better for hundreds of millions of acres in our own country needed for the plow.

Where Wise Men Agree

JUST after the World War a group of Southerners decided that white folks and black folks, since they had to live in the same United States, ought to understand each other's point of view a little better. So they got up interracial committees—one in each Southern state; one, as far as possible, in each community. Through these committees the most public-spirited members of each race learned what those of the other race were thinking and worrying about. Often this led to the removal of little irritations which might have grown into big ones. More than once interracial committees prevented mob violence, saved the innocent and made possible the legal punishment of the guilty.

The idea spread to the North, and Brooklyn, Chicago, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Kansas City, St. Louis and Minneapolis, among other cities, now take up race questions in this way. The lynching statistics tell the rest of the story. In 1922 there were 57 lynchings; in 1923, 28; during the first ten months of 1924, 13. In 1926, it is hoped, there won't be any. Compare these figures with the 255 for 1892 and the 100 for 1908. Our little corner of the world is certainly getting more sensible and more humane.

Of course race questions aren't premanently settled by talk. Perhaps they never will be settled until we all have the same color of skin, eyes and hair, and all like the same brand of cigars, which will be the first Tuesday after the first Monday after Judgment Day. But they won't be fatal if, as the interracial committees are trying to do, we can take the hate out of them and put a little understanding in.

Prosperity's Challenge

AS WE swing into the stride of 1925 let's remember this: One of the positive issues on which the American people voted "Yes" at the November election was *Thrift*. Millions of votes went to Coolidge because of his character as a hard-headed Yankee who would pinch the public pennies and keep the taxes down. And if you'll read carefully what Coolidge says you will see that he also calls for *private and personal* economy. His own life has been one of austerity and frugality, and he aspires to lead the American people along that straight and narrow road.

Now here's the paradox. Immediately after his election a boom started. The stock markets ran wild. Orders being held back by firms fearful of disturbance were immediately placed. Idle wheels began to whir. Everybody began to make money.

That's fine. We all want good business and lots of it. As hundreds of business men have been saying, "We can stand some *prosperity* for a change." But change the accent and it becomes a challenge: "Let's show that we can *stand* prosperity."

There's Nothing New Under the Censor

DO YOU agree with these gleanings from a literary critic concerning the newspapers?

> I sometimes wonder, as I open my morning paper, if nothing did happen in the twenty-four hours except crimes, accidents, defalcations, deaths of unknown loafers, robberies, monstrous births.

And this about the current novels?

> . . . generally immoral in tendency, in which the social problems are handled—unhappy marriages, affinity and passional attraction, bigamy, and the violation of the seventh commandment. These subjects are handled in the rawest manner, without any settled ethics, with little discrimination of eternal right and wrong, and with very little sense of responsibility for what is set forth. Many of these novels are merely the blind outbursts of a nature impatient of restraint and the conventionalities of society.

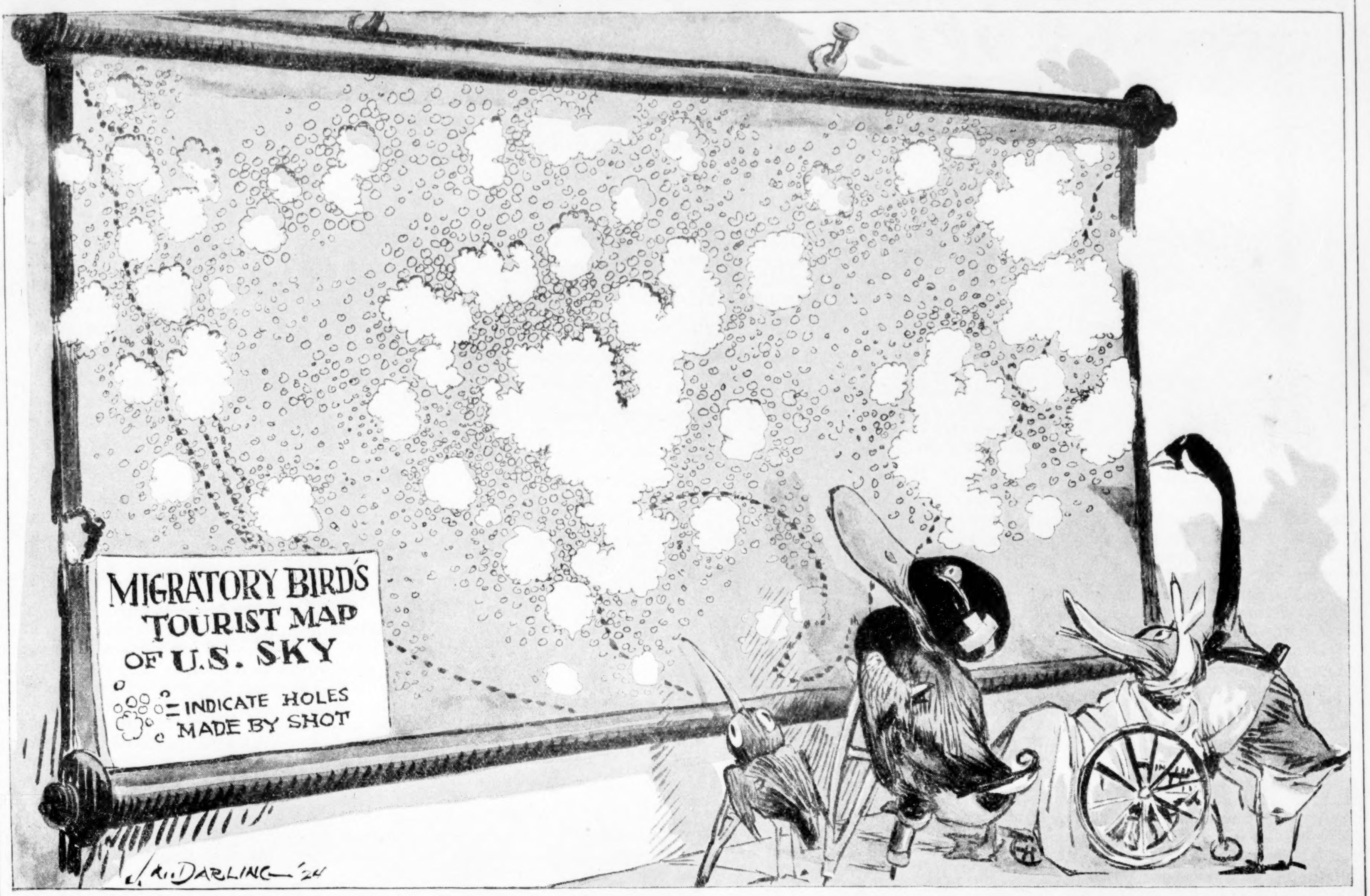
Pretty timely? Charles Dudley Warner thought so when he copyrighted this in 1872. Even fifty-three years ago the whither-are-we-drifting cry was not unknown.

Winter Makes the Heart Grow Warmer

ICE on the ponds—air that's alive. Winter is in our blood, it is part of our inheritance; a turn of cold weather is one of the virtues of our American homeland. The word home itself comes to us from ancestors bred in the north of Europe, where winter has an edge that makes home a real refuge.

Paul Gauguin, the French genius who roamed through the South Sea Islands, painting strange pictures of tropic life, had an enthusiasm for those warm, romantic lands that inspired a throng of other artists and writers. But in the end Gauguin hungered for home: it is said that one of his last pictures was painted from memory—a glimpse of a Breton village with snow in the streets and snow on the housetops—home, and home in winter.

Cold weather is rousing weather, a time for work and for pleasure in it. Then the gleam of clean ice, the thrill of falling snow, the white hills and still woods—at night the glow of lighted windows. For all who have sound health winter is not a time to miss: it is a season to welcome.



The Lame Ducks (and a Killyloo Bird or two) picking out a nice, quiet route for next season's travels

What Life Has Taught Me

By E. W. Howe

As a young man the first general saying I particularly noted was that life is gross and mean; that there is no beauty, no happiness, no hope. And this saying has continued in the stream of conversation and reading until I am old.

I have not found life so bad as represented. I had poor surroundings until I ran away from home and as a boy worked with rough men as a printer, but I found them so kind that the experience remains a grateful recollection. The women where I boarded took an interest in me and tried to direct me in the right way, gently and pityingly.

The strongest impression in the evening of my day in the world is that the people almost universally teach good lessons. I have been in rough company and places, but everywhere have heard good sermons. I do not recall ever hearing anyone bluntly recommend crime. I have noted that when a man goes to pieces, we all remark his preaching was good even while he was engaging in bad practices. There is something in all men that causes them to falter before engaging in folly. It may be the voice of God; it may be recollections of warnings from parents and neighbors; it may be experience with evil and the certainty of punishment, but it is always something, and present.

The strongest suggestions of heaven in my life have come from the tenderness and love of women. The most admirable thing in the world is the young girl of twelve, thirteen, or fourteen; and I have known girls to retain all their admirable qualities to the age of twenty, and longer, and shower blessings on husbands. Such conditions do not always last, but exist long enough to suggest gratitude.

There is great joy in children. When a young married man, I had two, a girl of five and a boy of three. How I loved them! How they loved me! Here was almost complete happiness in the world we criticize so much. But trouble was not far away: both died in a week. That was in the black day before men had made diphtheria less terrible.

I shall never forget the kindness of the neighbor women. And everywhere there are neighbors such as I had in Atchison, Kan., in 1878. And there is no death, in the sense that good women do not decrease in number.

The men were kind too. One of the most vivid recollections of my life is of a rival editor calling and offering to assist in burying my children. He knew I was poor, and he was. We had been bitter enemies, but he forgot it in his desire to be of assistance in a time of trouble.

I have three babies now: thirty-six, thirty-eight, and forty years old. They all ran away to homes of their own, but left memories behind to console me in loneliness. In my long life I have suffered no great wrong; I have been the victim of only small offenses. And I have had many and great blessings. I have been rescued from dangerous difficulties: in the most threatening, my benefactor was a man. What actuated him? So far as I know, pity.

I have heard it said we should look for good. Perhaps we should, but we shall find it in the course of every ordinary day's work without looking; it will demonstrate itself, and make its presence known with helpfulness. How much of this there is every hour! In the course of a day or a life the total is enormous.

And I am so grateful that sometimes I believe we are all too severe with life, and a little unfair with ourselves.

I have heard all my days warning of bad men and women, but known few; and I have reached threescore and ten. I have traveled far, and haven't much farther to go, but upon my honor the rarest thing I know is a completely bad man or woman.

The worst of them would find more peace in being better.

And this isn't preaching, but long experience.

E. W. Howe

Why I Gave Up GOLF

By HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HELD, JR.

GATHER *round, you helpless tee addicts, and admire a free soul. Walter Camp may think him a half-wit, but Mr. O'Brien has given up golf. It was ruining his health, to say nothing of undermining his morals. But before it was too late he saw the face on the locker-room floor. He will never swing a club again. Never? Well—*

To the Editor of Collier's:

SIR: Going out on the 5:10 train last night I heard a man behind me wailing about the state of his health. He was, it appeared, working too hard. His appetite was fitful, his sleep troubled, his memory failing. He was nervous, irritable—the list was long.

His companion listened sympathetically, and then he said: "Bill, you ought to take up golf."

I heard those words much as a man recently recovered from delirium tremens might hear a young man advised to take up drinking!

You see, I used to play golf. But, out of kindness to those who are thinking of going into golf as a cure for overwork, let me say that I gave it up because I needed a rest. I was completely run down.

It was undermining my health and my morals. I am now a better man and a happier man, and when I see a poor creature in knickerbockers with ten pounds of iron under his arm, racing for a train, I feel like a recently released convict must feel toward a man in stripes.

I quit the game for the simple and sufficient reason that I couldn't play it. Oh, I don't mean that I got mad because I couldn't get around in par. As a matter of fact, I wasn't so bad—I had a handicap of 10. I mean just what I say. I couldn't *play* the confounded game—*I worked* at it. I worked harder than I did at my business. I was getting no recreation. I simply couldn't stand the strain.

I am a fairly well-balanced citizen and I have flattered myself that whatever it was I could take it or leave it alone. But last Sunday I decided that in justice to my family I had to take the pledge.

The "Exercise" Myth

THE day began with the best of resolutions. Come weal, come woe, I would remember the majesty of calmness, serene in the thought of the wise old Scot: "Some go in and some don't."

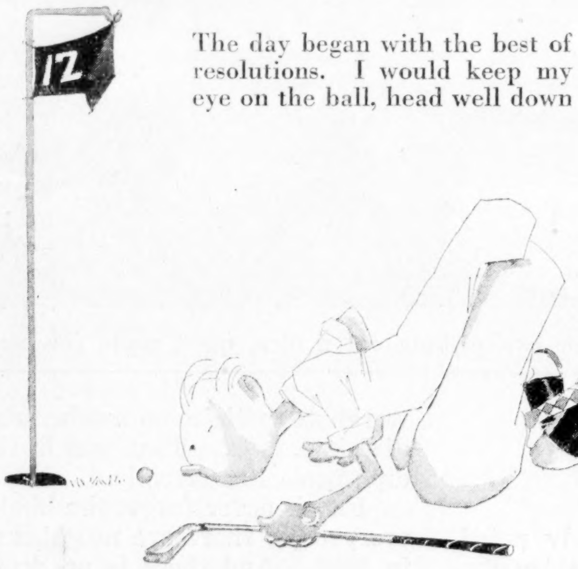
I would keep my eye on the ball, head well down, left arm straight, remembering that long drivers (optimistic professionals to the contrary) are born and not made. Well . . . the ball, with a glacial crevasse in its bright and shining morning face, trickled off the tee into a clump of grass as stiff as piano wire.

This was the beginning and the end of my perfect day.

With the second shot I lost my ball and my temper—both losses proving permanent!

When the game was ended I had one ball left. This I teed up and with a word of benediction drove it out of bounds into a forest. Curiously enough, I hooked, and the ball came to rest in the middle of the fairway—where, so far as I know, it still is.

I did not throw my clubs away—that would be merely vulgar. With the utmost dignity, I walked to the club house, saying no word of my resolution.



The day began with the best of resolutions. I would keep my eye on the ball, head well down

Scripture, you will recall, enjoins upon those released of devils, that they go their way, and "tell no man."

Looking back now over the week since I was a golf addict, I can appreciate the thing I haven't known for years—*leisure.* No longer do I rise of a Sunday morning, to gulp down a hasty breakfast and dash off for an 8:08½ starting time. No longer, except in nightmares, do I scurry to get out of range of the foursome behind, nor fume because the foursome of morons in front enjoys multiple putting. I can even smile now at the killing pace I used to travel in the name of sport . . . express speed through the morning in order to get a quick lunch, so that I could get through the afternoon eighteen in time to catch an early bus.

Thus I took my pleasure, counting myself sane. Thus, in the name of recreation, I made myself a nervous cripple and brought misery to the bosom of my hapless family.

But I can hear some simpleton murmuring of the "exercise" I miss. Well, of all the things ridiculous which are said and written about golf, the exercise myth gets the mahogany niblick. All the exercise one gets out of thirty-six holes of golf, exclusive of walking, wouldn't make a veteran of the Daily Dozen even perspire. Even a Class C duffer doesn't swing a club much more than sixty times during a round, and if that be exercise, dealing cards is dangerous for a man with a weak heart.

As to the walking part of it, it is just as beneficial and vastly more entertaining to stroll three miles across fields, than to toil around the same old golf course, every blade of grass and every grain of sand (particularly the *sand*) of which is an old story to you.

I am now making the acquaintance of my children. They were a little mistrustful of me at first, finding it hard to believe that I was no longer a Sunday-evening misanthrope. But as the furrows leave my brow, the children let me join in their games, and because children have sense enough to keep a game a game, I am learning to *play* again. To children, with their simple clarity of thinking, play is play, and work is work. When they jump rope they jump for fun, unconcerned with stance, grip, or timing.

I am amazed at the time I now have on my hands. I used to go over two or three twilights a week and practice. What hours! 85 per cent dodging people who wanted to play through, 14 per cent looking for lost balls, and the remainder trying to answer the question: "What am I doing now?"

Yes indeed, I "took the game seriously." I was the perfect flower of that finely organized obsession we Americans have made of a good game. I could not understand the calmness of a friend of mine, Peckham by name (what a perfect name for a three-figure golfer!), who said that he had been out in 2 over 9's, but after that had "gone to pieces." It was incredible to me that one could be so shameless in confession.

Why is it, I wonder, that men who wouldn't play with jackstraws or tamper with morphine, become devotees of golf? Well, now that I am cured I recall the theory of a certain non-golfer who declared that golf made people so wretched that lesser wretchedness like smallpox and bankruptcy were forgotten.

It will be objected by those who lack the strength of character to give up a habit they know is hurting them, and are therefore envious, that I am either a disgruntled duffer, or a person of weak moral fiber. The first is not true. The second is only partly true. And anyway if a man is weak it shows strength to recognize it, doesn't it? I never threw or broke clubs and rarely used bad words. But the game got me. I saw the face on the locker-room floor. I let my children lead me home. I've got *some* sense!

The Telephone Rings

SHALL I ever touch a club again? No—never! What, *never?* Well, hardly ever.

That is, I may stroll over, some fine afternoon, and pick up a game, as I'm told they do in England. If the company pleases, well and good. If not, well, I have a good pair of opera glasses, and I can look at the birds—of which I have seen many on the golf course since I stopped playing golf.

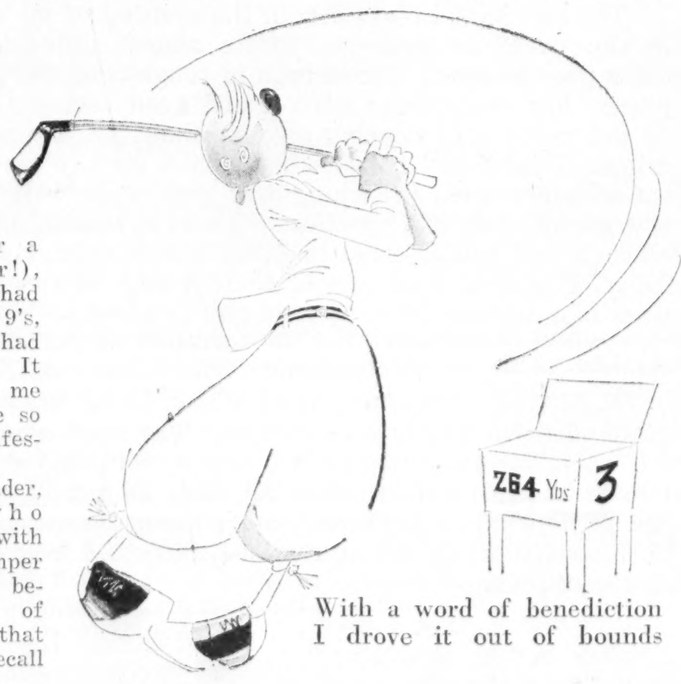
Well, as I was saying, I shall never. . . . There goes the telephone. Please stand by for a moment. . . .

* * *

Note to the editor:

Mr. O'B. left his office in a great hurry, saying that he would not be back this afternoon.

Secretary to Mr. O'B.



With a word of benediction I drove it out of bounds

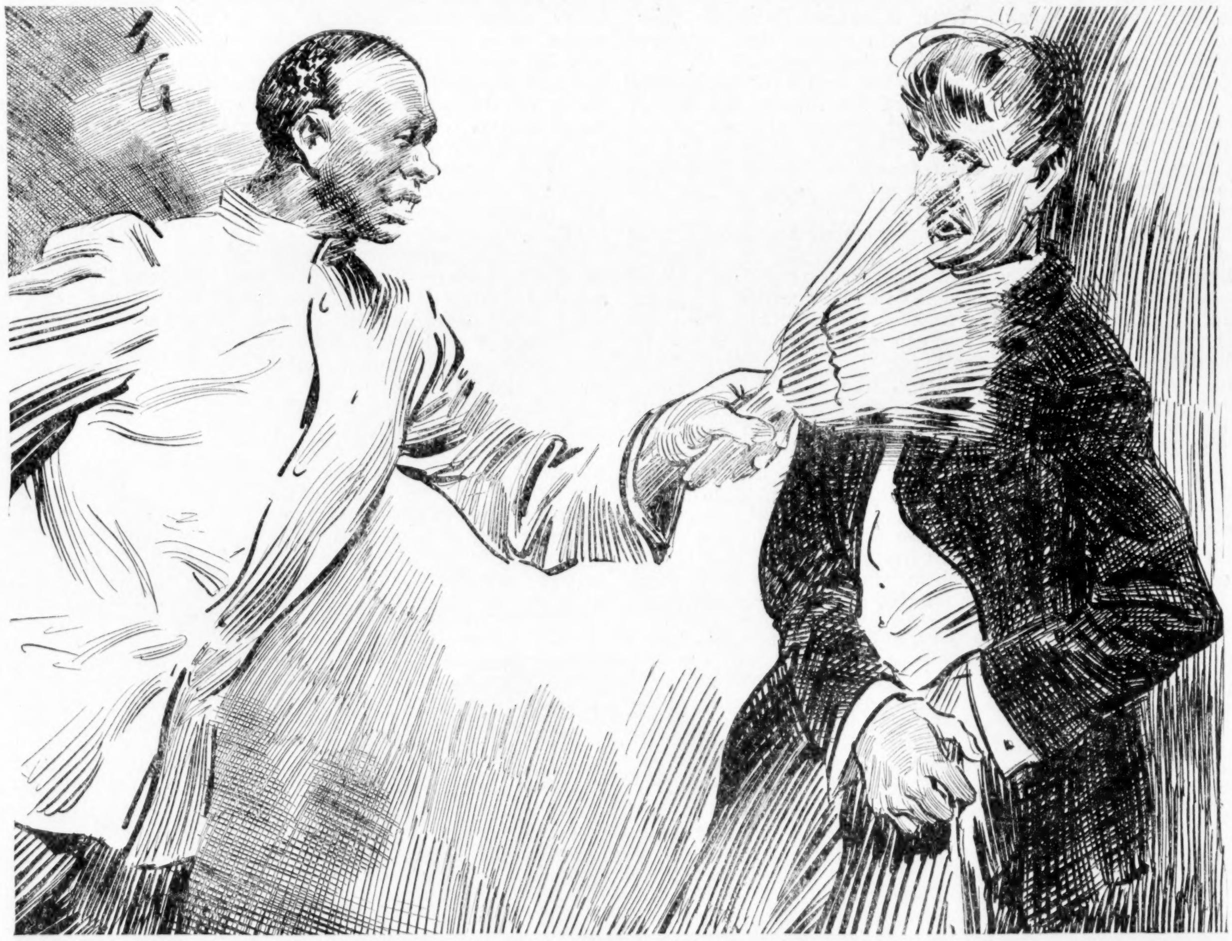
WE'LL GET YOU YET, *George*

If Pullman porters have to run for office, then Uncle Henry is for government ownership

“SAY,” asked Mr. Stubbs as he laid down his paper, “what's your idea on the government ownership of railroads?”

“I'm for it on one ground only,” answered Uncle Henry decisively. “Then we can have the names for Pullman cars submitted to a popular referendum. As it is now, I don't know the meanin' of any of 'em an' can't even pronounce half of 'em. Not only does it give people an inferiority complex, but there's the effect on prospective mothers that we've got to consider. It was all I could do to keep our first child from bein' named Accordonella after the car that took us on our bridal trip to Niagara Falls.

“Government ownership is also likely to help a lot in restorin' the old civic enthusiasm that marked the days when it took the whole police power to keep citizens from votin' five an' six times before breakfast. Now that postal cards aren't bein' used any more, an' there's nothin' for 'em to read, it really doesn't matter who's goin' to be postmaster. But when it comes to decidin' who's goin' to be station agent, men an' women will have a reason for votin'.



He feints you into a corner an' buries his broom to the hilt in your eyes an' face an' throat

“An' there's another an' bigger thing that makes me strong for government ownership of the railroads. If Caucasians expect to remain the dominant race, somethin' has jes' got to be done about Pullman porters. Politically an' socially we've got the Man an' Brother where we want him, but on a Pullman everything's reversed. The minute the submissive African catches sight of red plush, humility falls away from him, an' in his hands the whiskbroom becomes a weapon that ought to be barred along with dumdum bullets an' poison gas.

“Yessir, 'Lonzo, the doom of the Nordic race was sealed the day they invented Pullmans, for at every point the porter has his way with us.

“No corner of the civilized globe remains undiscovered, but nobody yet has been able to find out where Pullman porters spend their days. After ringin' the bell for hours, I've led searchin' parties that went through every inch of the train, lookin' under seats an' in cuspidors, an' never once have I located one. Along about dusk, however, jes' as you've made yourself comfortable, the fiends dash from concealment, an' commence makin' down berths with the demoniac energy of ten thousand devils.

“Fightin' desperately but vainly, you're driven back, berth by berth, until finally the entire white population is makin' a last stand in the smokin' cell, sendin' out S O S messages for oxygen tanks. An' then, when an air ration has been worked out, an' things look brighter, the porter dashes in an' forces you out by the simple expedient of spreadin' his bed over all the available seatin' space. An' so it is that eight o'clock finds you confined in your cozy little cubicle, essayin' contortionist feats in connection with the removal of clothes.

Beware The Yards!

“AS FOR me, I take off nothin' since the time I lost everything but a collar button that happened to become imbedded in the back of my neck. Sleepin' in shoes is hard but necessary, especially if you're in an upper berth. The man in the lower is usually baldheaded an' you can't get a firm foothold with your bare feet. Then there's the temperature. That's one torture the Spanish inquisition never thought of.

“It's in the cold gray dawn, however, that horror reaches its full height. Jes' as you've fallen into that comatose condition that passes for sleep on a Pullman, your mattress commences to plunge an' buck an' rear, an' the hoarse voice of the porter whispers a savage summons to get up at once unless you want to be taken to The Yards. Now nobody knows where The Yards are, or what they are, but a superstitious terror has come to attach to 'em, an' Americans tremble under the threat as though it meant Siberia.

“Mad with panic, an' unable to find the lights, the wretched passenger jams a leg through a shirt sleeve, tries to slip his pants over his head, loses an ear in the meshes of the hammock, gives up the search for his socks, an' utterin' low moans makes a mad dash for the washroom only to find that entrance is impossible without the aid of a shoe horn. At last, however, the various drummers gather up their scented soaps, talcums, mustache combs, manicure sets an' favorable press notices, an' the visitin' Englishman makes a collection of his sponges.

“After you've finished shavin' in a mad burst of speed, for terror of The Yards hangs over you like a pall, you dash back to assemble your belongin's, an' look out of the window to see only virgin forests instead of the garbage dumps an' spires of the city. Pullin' your watch in a frenzy, you find that it's only six o'clock, thus givin' you a whole hour an' a half in which to dodge about from seat to seat while the grinnin' porter makes up the berths.

“Even when it's a transcontinental trip, so that there's no danger from The Yards, the porter takes care that you do not get any good long sleep in the mornin'. A little before daybreak, when vitality is lowest, he takes his position in front of some unoccupied berth an' closes it with a crash that shakes the car. This done, he opens it again, slams it to with an even louder bang, an' at the same time begins to suck the poison out of some barbershop melody.

“You might as well give in at once an' get up, for resistance only adds to fury. If you persist in hangin' to your couch, he shrugs his shoulders as one who washes his hands of the consequence, an' sends a confederate for assistance. In a few seconds a waiter comes back from the dinin' car, creeps up to your berth, locates your ear drum, calls upon the gods of his fathers for strength, an' lets loose a piercin' scream to the effect that it's the las' call for breakfast.

“As the time draws near for escape, rage is your one positive emotion. All that bears you up is the vengeful joy of lookin' the porter squarely in the eye an' givin' him nothin'. He has ruined your sleep, your shoes, an' your disposition, an' the brushin'-off process only adds to hate. Raisin' his deadly whiskbroom, he feints you into a corner an' as you raise your hand to guard your head, he gets home with a violent blow to the stomach. With a cry of pain, you drop the arms to protect the abdominal region, an' with a triumphant shout he lunges forward an' buries his broom to the hilt in your eyes an' face an' throat.

“An' what happens? Instead of the cold eye of utter repudiation, we find ourselves dumpin' loose silver into that outstretched paw, an' actually leapin' away for fear that another minute will find us handin' him a quitclaim deed to the family house an' lot. No, 'Lonzo, government ownership of the railroads might prove a darned good thing—a regular agency of salvation. We could fix the term of Pullman porters at one week, an' make 'em run for office on a specific platform pledgin' the eight-hour night an' other reforms.”

“I haven't traveled so very much,” said Mr. Stubbs, “but I never saw anythin' good in a Pullman car.”

“Well, there's this to say about it,” said Uncle Henry. “A Pullman's about the only place in the world where two can live as cheap as one.”

The Death-Dodger

Continued from page 11

spot which the aard-vark had occupied an instant before, and as he sank his claws in the heaving earth there was a slithering thud at the jungle side of the mound and the vast bulk of the python reared itself over the edge of the hill. Big as the main cable of a suspension bridge, he had swung down from the top of the tree where he had lain hidden, planning to crush the earth-hog in his steel-strong coils, only to find the leopard where the aard-vark had been a moment before.

For an instant the two monsters confronted each other. The raging eyes of the leopard like molten gold scowled into a blood-red pair with strange, vertical pupils which glared from out the Medusa-like head that swayed in mid-air not six feet away. The vast body of the python was mottled in an intricate pattern all sepia and stone-brown, and from behind its recurved and flattened teeth a black-forked tongue flickered like a flame, while its tail twisted around the tree-trunk until the horny spurs at its base clamped into the rough bark.

The leopard knew from experience how swift and fatal are the coils of a rock snake, and giant as he was, with all the courage of his clan, he ordinarily would have avoided any contest with such a monster as now faced him. A surging rage, however, flooded his fierce blood as he felt that the serpent swaying before him must in some mysterious manner have robbed him of his expected prey. And with the horrid, grating snarl which with a leopard means killing, he crouched lower and lower while his long spotted tail lashed back and forth, his erect ears flattened like those of an angry cat and his eyes became pools of liquid flame.

Not for many years had the century-old ruler of the dark places of the jungle met any beast that dared to face his three hundred pounds of steel-like strength. As he lay there poised like some gigantic catapult the deadly, implacable fury of the cold-bloods came upon him and swifter than eye could follow, his triangular head shot forward like a battering ram. The leopard, swift and strong as he was, could neither avoid nor withstand the blow, and was bowled over and over, while the curved teeth of the python pierced his silken skin and a coil of its cable-like body flashed around him before he could recover his balance.

As the great cat struggled to his feet the triangular head of the monster shot back out of reach of fang or claw and, swaying in mid-air, its lidless eyes gleaming like rubies of death, seemed like some demon of the jungle directing the deadly work of the strangling coils.

Right well that day did the leopard live up to the traditions of his fierce clan. Those other great cats of the veldt, the puma, the caracal and the cheetah, are all fierce and dangerous antagonists when aroused, with a strength and swiftness nearly equal to that of the leopard; yet none of them have the splendid, unflinching courage which flares like fire through a fighting leopard's blood. Even a wounded lion will sometimes retreat; but a leopard once hurt wishes only to live long enough to kill.

ALTHOUGH encircled by the serpent's body, it was at first still possible for the huge spotted cat to drag himself loose from the single coil which held him. Yet the stinging smart of the serpent's teeth as they tore through his side had driven away all thoughts of any retreat. With a deep growl, he ripped his black claws through the python's sides with a noise like the tearing of silk. But beneath the stiff, scaled skin were arched muscles, firm as stone, which prevented even the leopard's talons from inflicting a mortal wound.

As the single coil tightened, the leopard bent toward it with gaping jaws, intending to make the four white dirks of his fighting teeth meet in the very center of the snake's spine. The instant, however, that he dropped his rosetted head, another loop of the serpent's body slipped halfway around his neck. With a sudden jerk he freed himself just in time and snapped fiercely at the retreating coil.

Then began the battle of the secutor and retiarius of the arena—the fighter with the sword against the one armed with a net. Held, as if by a link of steel, the leopard could not free himself by piercing the spine of the serpent.

Yet if the menace of his fanged jaws were removed even for a moment, the rock snake would ring him around with the double coil by which a python kills its prey. Against that even his fierce strength and courage would be of no avail, for the tough fibers of the serpent's body, like steel wires, would contract with a sudden force that would shatter every bone in the leopard's body.

Gasping for breath beneath the tightening girdle which held him, the great cat slashed like a mad thing with his long claws until the snake's shimmering skin hung in strips, and bloody rags of flesh showed here and there along its length. As he wrought frantically with his claws the leopard snapped now and then at the second coil which continually menaced him, or struck swift dabbing blows with his armed paws at the snake's swaying head whenever it came too near.

For some time the contest was a stalemate. The python could not kill the leopard with a single coil; nor the leopard disable the python without exposing himself to certain death. It was the cold subtlety of the serpent which finally won an advantage over the fierce craft of the cat. Slashed and torn and tortured, the great snake still tightened the choking girdle which held the leopard fast nor relaxed even a little under the punishment it was receiving. Then when at last the pressure had slowed down the prisoned beast's speed a little the python took the offensive.

Hissing with a sound sudden and fierce as the exhaust from a steam engine, the rock snake's jaws gaped wide, showing an array of flat, lance-shaped teeth within and then darted toward the leopard's head, swiftly, yet not with that invisible speed of stroke which is the birthright of the serpent folk.

From the leopard's standpoint that attack was an error in tactics on the part of the snake. The prisoned animal well knew that the curved teeth of the python, although able to give an ugly gash, had not the venom back of them which makes the bite of a Cape cobra or a puff adder certain death and he was only too anxious to match his own piercing, crushing teeth against those of the snake. As the grinning head darted toward him, with straining neck he thrust himself out as far as he could to meet it and, when within striking distance, snapped at it with his fanged jaws, hoping to end the battle with one fierce grip.

The cool, calculating brain of the hundred-year-old serpent, however, had made no mistake. The slow lunge of the hissing head was but a feint. Just as a trained boxer will slip some crashing blow which would have ended the fight if once it landed, so the lithe neck of the python bent like a flash and its head shot under that of the leopard. Then came the counter. Even as the great cat's foaming jaws clashed together on thin air, a huge coil, cold and deadly as death itself, looped around his shoulders and in another instant had tightened beyond all escape—the bearer of the net had at last ensnared the full-armed fighter.

Sinking its horny spurs still deeper into the rough bark and tightening its twining tail around the tree trunk for a better leverage, the rock snake wound itself so closely around the doomed beast that its encircling loops sank into the leopard's body until they lay almost level with his mottled skin.

Gasping, choking, with the death rattle in his throat, the fierce beast strove desperately, vainly, to release himself from the fatal coils. At last he stopped struggling and lay still.

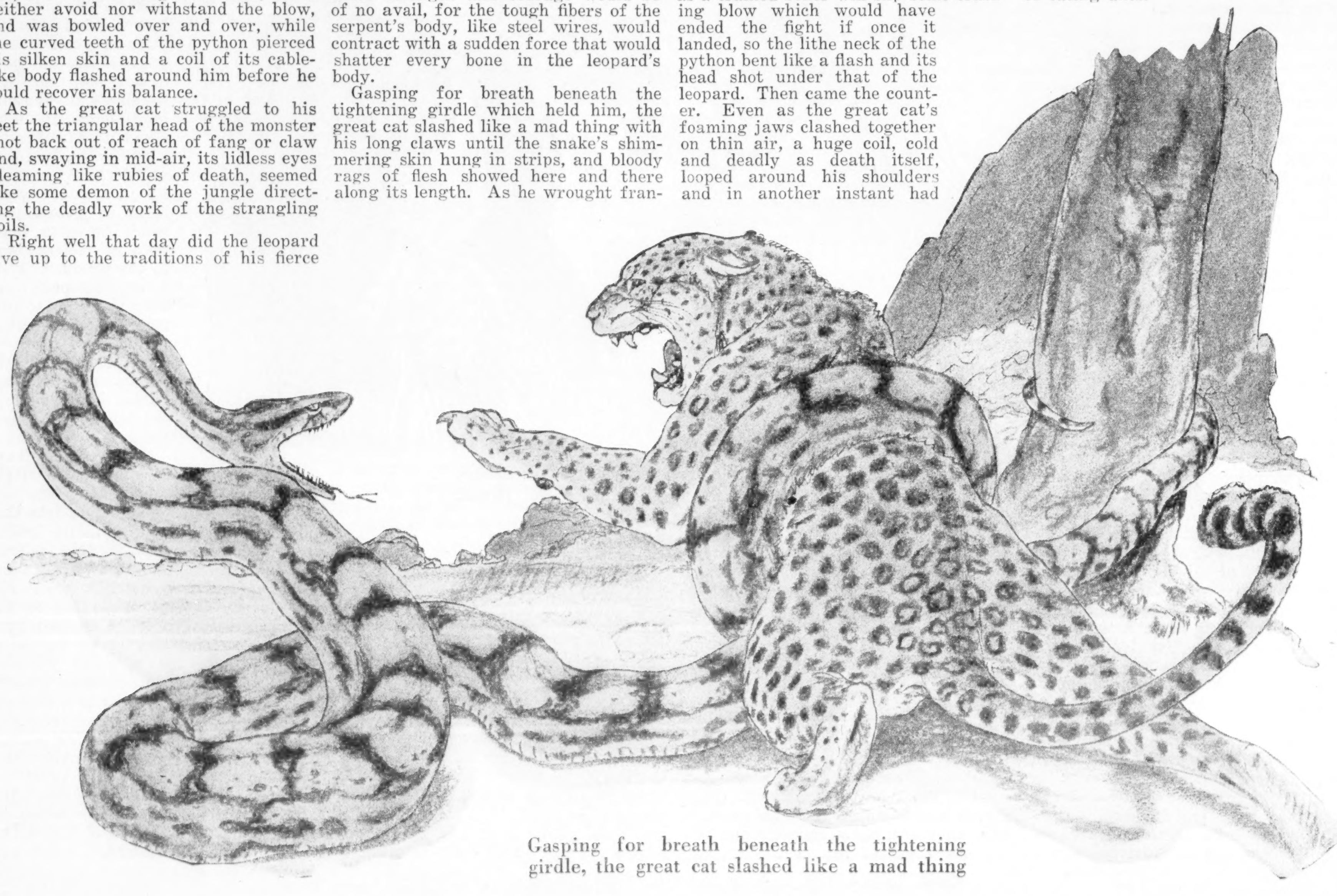
Convinced that his antagonist was no longer to be feared, the python's head and neck swung in close to the motionless figure as its coils tightened for that last sudden, crushing grip which would shatter every bone in the encircled body.

THOUGH the leopard appeared to be helpless and his labored breathing came faint and fainter, his glazed eyes still watched every movement of the monster whose coils were about him.

Taking advantage of the last tick of time left to him, as the python's head swung near, one of the leopard's paws flashed out and gripped the serpent's neck. With a last effort the dying brute dragged the triangular head down to his, and even as the gripping coils crushed him into a shapeless mass his dagger-like teeth met in the base of the python's brain and locked there.

In its death agonies the vast serpent flung its huge body from the ant hill and thrashed horribly, leveling the thickets and crushing the long grass flat. Yet like a trap of death the leopard's grip held fast.

Not until beast and snake alike lay stark and still did the flapping ears and mild eyes of the aard-vark again appear above ground. Disregarding the bodies of his late enemies and without care or congratulation that he had survived the attack of lion, leopard, and python, the earth-hog waddled off to another mound to continue his life work of eating ants.



Gasping for breath beneath the tightening girdle, the great cat slashed like a mad thing

The Boys They Used to Be

Continued from page 15

dare. I felt she'd understand and laugh at me, it seemed so ridiculous—a freckled, awkward, solemn-faced youngster like me, who never had anything to say. But, good Lord! how I dreamed! I lived in little stories where I was somehow different and yet the same too, but always making bright speeches and doing wonderful things that would show her how brave I was.

"You know how Father's place was—down there in the valley, sloping south, with the little stream back of the barn running out through the salt meadows. I used to gather sweet flag and graters there in spring and tie 'em in little packs and leave 'em in her desk at school when no one was looking. And when somehow I found out she loved wild flowers, I hunted the woods for the first ones, and carried 'em up to her house at night and hung them on the door knob. Good Lord! many's the night I've walked two miles to her house and stood a hundred yards off just to see the lights in the windows. Somehow it seemed like watching over her and protecting her. I never knew from what.

"And then at school I'd sometimes put a book down before me and pretend to be working mighty hard at it, but all the time watching her between my fingers. She was wonderful; everything she did was wonderful; and when I'd see other boys laugh and talk with her, for they all liked her, I wondered how they could. I hated 'em for it in a way, but I couldn't do it myself.

"Well, it went on like that for a long time, and then one night about dusk I met her going over the hill by Slocum's old house. It was a quiet place then. My! I can see it all clear: the big black-walnut tree before the house, with only a few yellow leaves left on it; the old gray house itself, with no one about, and just a few chickens huddled up at the back door waiting for their supper to be thrown out; and then, far below, the whole bay and the sound kind o' lighted up, and the dusky country inland rolling away from me for miles; and her head, with a little red hat, just coming up over the edge of the hill.

"I'D OFTEN met her like that, of course, and always beforehand I'd plan it all out how I'd speak and somehow be different. But when the time came, I'd lose heart and go by with a little nod. It was so now. I slouched along with my eyes on the ground, just turning to nod as she passed. But she stopped. "'It's so steep, that hill!' she said with a little laugh that sounded breathless.

"'Yes, it's steep,' I agreed, and looked down the hill. I got in a panic trying to think of something to say, and I couldn't, and so wished she would go; but she just stood there looking over the valley, and finally she said softly: 'You love it up here, too, don't you?'

That made me look up at her quick, and blurt out, 'Why, how did you know?'

She laughed again. 'You always stop here, going to school,' she explained. 'I can see you from our house, you know, and I've got in the way of watching for you. When I see you stop here, I know it's time for me to get ready. You're my clock, you see.'

"Have you ever noticed how the quietest people will sometimes say the boldest things, and the most cowardly will sometimes be the most reckless? Well, it was so with me then, and I said straight out: 'Yes, I do love it. It makes me think of you.'

"'Oh,' she said softly, 'I think that's the very nicest thing that anyone ever said to me!'

"'Well, it's true,' I told her.

"'I know you think so,' she answered; 'that's what makes it seem so beautiful. Do you know, I've always thought you disliked me. You never speak to me if you can help it.'

"'That wasn't the reason,' I mumbled, not daring to look at her.

"'What was it, then?' she asked.

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Give Moses a Chance

By WALTER PAINTER

WHO was the greatest business man that ever lived? Ask twenty men this question and the chances are you will get twenty different answers.

I have my own answer, and it will probably surprise you. I have picked a chap who lived several thousand years ago. He was a supersalesman and a great real-estate promoter. His name was Moses.

Don't smile superciliously. Give Moses a chance. Get out your Bible and turn to Exodus. Then read how Moses put through the Promised Land Company idea.

There were the Israelites, enslaved for centuries by the Egyptians—helpless, friendless, despairing, toiling for Pharaoh, and deep in the difficult occupation of making their tale of bricks without straw.

Then along comes Moses and presents the Promised Land idea, leads them into the wilderness and keeps them headed toward the "land of milk and honey" for forty long years. Remember that promoting had not been developed as a fine art in those early days and that Moses was unable to show the Israelites any blue prints or illustrated booklets. All he possessed was supreme faith.

Read the story for yourselves and, if you happen to be interested, do a little further digging into the best of all the best sellers. In the Old Testament you will find some of the greatest stories of successful salesmanship that have ever been printed.

Speaking at a luncheon of Chicago manufacturers last month, J. L. Kraft, president of a cheese company, made this comment: "One amazing thing about the Bible is that it affords a precedent for almost any business problem which may arise in these so-called modern times. The New Testament lays down the only really practical rule of life, which, if followed, is sure to point the road to success. By success I mean a flourishing spiritually, morally, and financially.

The Big Ones Go to Church

WILLIAM RIDGWAY, of "Hook-'er-to-the-Biler" fame, is another example of the business man who is using the Bible. He is the president of an elevator company at Coatesville, Pennsylvania. As he has about two hundred years of Quaker blood in his veins, "Old Hooker" confesses that when an inquiry comes in that seems to mean business he dictates pretty much as the spirit moves him.

"'Uncle Billy's Bible Class' is what they call a lot of my selling talks," smiles Mr. Ridgway. "But we believe that business and religion do mix. We have discovered that, in spite of the cussin' and swearin' and gamblin' down in the ranks of some of the under-strappers, the big boss of almost every big long-established concern generally belongs to some church. We happen to know that such well-known concerns as these are headed by churchmen: H. J. Heinz Company, General Electric Company, Standard Oil Company, Pennsylvania Railroad, Swift & Company, John Wanamaker, Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, United States Steel Company, and Packard Motor Car Company.

Theodore Roosevelt, a past master in the art of using vigorous epithets to prove a point, got many of them from his knowledge of the Bible.

Perhaps one of his best known illustrations was that of the Battle of Armageddon, the final conflict between right and evil. This he used at the time of the first meeting of the Progressive party at Chicago. "We now stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord," was the way in which he described the need for a new body of political crusaders.

Several years later he began one of his spirited talks for preparedness by quoting the stirring first six verses of the 33d chapter of the prophet Ezekiel.

When our troops were making ready to sail overseas the New York Bible Society distributed little pocket testaments among them. In each was this message exactly as written by Mr. Roosevelt: "The teachings of the New Testament are foreshadowed in Micah's verse: 'What more doth the Lord require of thee than to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' Do justice; and therefore fight valiantly against the armies of Germany and Turkey, for these nations in this crisis stand for the reign of Moloch and Beelzebub on this earth. Love mercy; treat prisoners well; succor the wounded; treat every woman as if she were your sister; care for the children and be tender with the old and helpless. Walk humbly; you will do so if you study the life and the teachings of Christ."

Ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana is another statesman who knows how to turn a Biblical epigram to good account. And William Jennings Bryan uses an effective Bible quotation now and then to lay the lash to an opponent.

Good advertising is recognized to-day as one of the difficult forms of expression. It calls for a literature of brief and interesting statements, clear explanations and compelling arguments. And many advertising men are finding in the Bible a gorgeous chance to break tradition; to get away from selling talk which has a tendency to become phrase-ridden and flabby.

Observe this recent advertisement of a large manufacturer of electrical equipment. Its headline reads, "When there shall be no more Marthas." And in two terse paragraphs we are told again of the two sisters of Lazarus mentioned in John XII; of care-free Mary and of Martha the household drudge, "cumbered about much serving," and how housework burdens today are being lifted by means of electrical motors.

Here's an advertisement whose author evidently knew the second book of Kings.

When You Ask an Expert, Why Not Follow His Advice?

When Naaman asked Elisha what would cure his leprosy, Elisha told him to go bathe in Jordan.

But Naaman got mad. He wouldn't follow the advice. Why Jordan? Abana and Pharpar were far more fashionable watering places. Elisha hadn't studied his case. Naaman had figured out just how it ought to be done. Elisha should come out and strike his hand on the place and call on the name of the Lord. Then he would be cured. Instead he'd been told to go bathe in the Jordan.

Then one of Naaman's servants (probably his advertising agent) suggested that he try Elisha's way. It wasn't very much to do, anyway.

So Naaman washed in Jordan, and was immediately cured.

There doesn't seem to be anything more to be said.

Many of our most successful writers will tell you that they go to Isaiah, Proverbs, and the Psalms for the finest examples of simplicity and vividness of expression. Observe how Isaiah fills a great canvas with plunging horses, trampled vineyards, the walls of a besieged city: *And it shall come to pass that thy choicest valleys shall be full of chariots, and the horsemen shall set themselves in array at the gate.*

Ever Read Matthew V?

SEE what a powerful sermon the Psalmist packed into twenty-nine words: *The mouth of the righteous speakest wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment. The law of God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.*

Consider his succinct description of a hypocrite: *The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart; his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.*

Recently a Kansas City department store owner told a group of business associates that he made it a point to read Matthew V twice a year—said it worked wonders in renewing his courage and tuning up his sense of fair dealing.

Want a vest-pocket legal guide? Read Exodus XX, XXI, XXII, and the first half of XXIII. Here are recorded in full expression the Ten Commandments, together with their varied social applications. For thousands of years those chapters have served as a basic guide of Jewish and Christian morality and legislation.

Insurance men will find many of the fundamental points covering various risks and, also, the extent of liability for damages in Exodus. And I know that one of Chicago's best bond salesmen got many of his most telling investment arguments from the book of Ezekiel.

And you needn't sneak out in the garage, or wait in the library until the folks have gone to bed, for a stealthy perusal of Proverbs or Job.

Mr. Wells rates the Bible as one of the world's greatest books.

Well, it is.

The Boys They Used to Be

Continued from page 29

'I've wondered and wondered what I had done. It's made me unhappy.'

" 'It wasn't that,' I said. 'I—I wasn't fit.'

" 'You!' she cried, with a gentle little laugh. 'Why, you're the nicest boy of them all.' She seemed to be thinking of something then, and all at once asked suddenly: 'Was it you who used to bring the flowers to our house at night?'

"I nodded sheepishly, and she laughed. 'We've had the most fun about them at home,' she said. 'I never thought *once* it was you. Now I can see it couldn't have been anyone else. It was the dearest thing.'

"Well, I guess I was some changed after that. I was too bashful to notice her much before folks, but I got in the way of meeting her on the way home from school, and we came to be the best of friends in a way. In the spring I went to sea; but I hadn't dared ask her to write, and when I came home in the fall she was gone—moved away. No one ever knew where. It seemed like the end of the world, and it was some years before I saw her again. I had just come back from a long voyage, and on South Street I ran afoul of her father. He didn't know me from Adam. He was hearty enough when I told him, and he took me aboard his vessel, and she and her mother were there. They'd gone away from here suddenly when her grandmother died in Delaware and left the home place to her father. She had grown up prettier than ever, and she had not forgotten me, and the long and short of it was that when the old man took them out to New Orleans with him on his next voyage, I went along as his mate. Maybe I wasn't set up and happy.

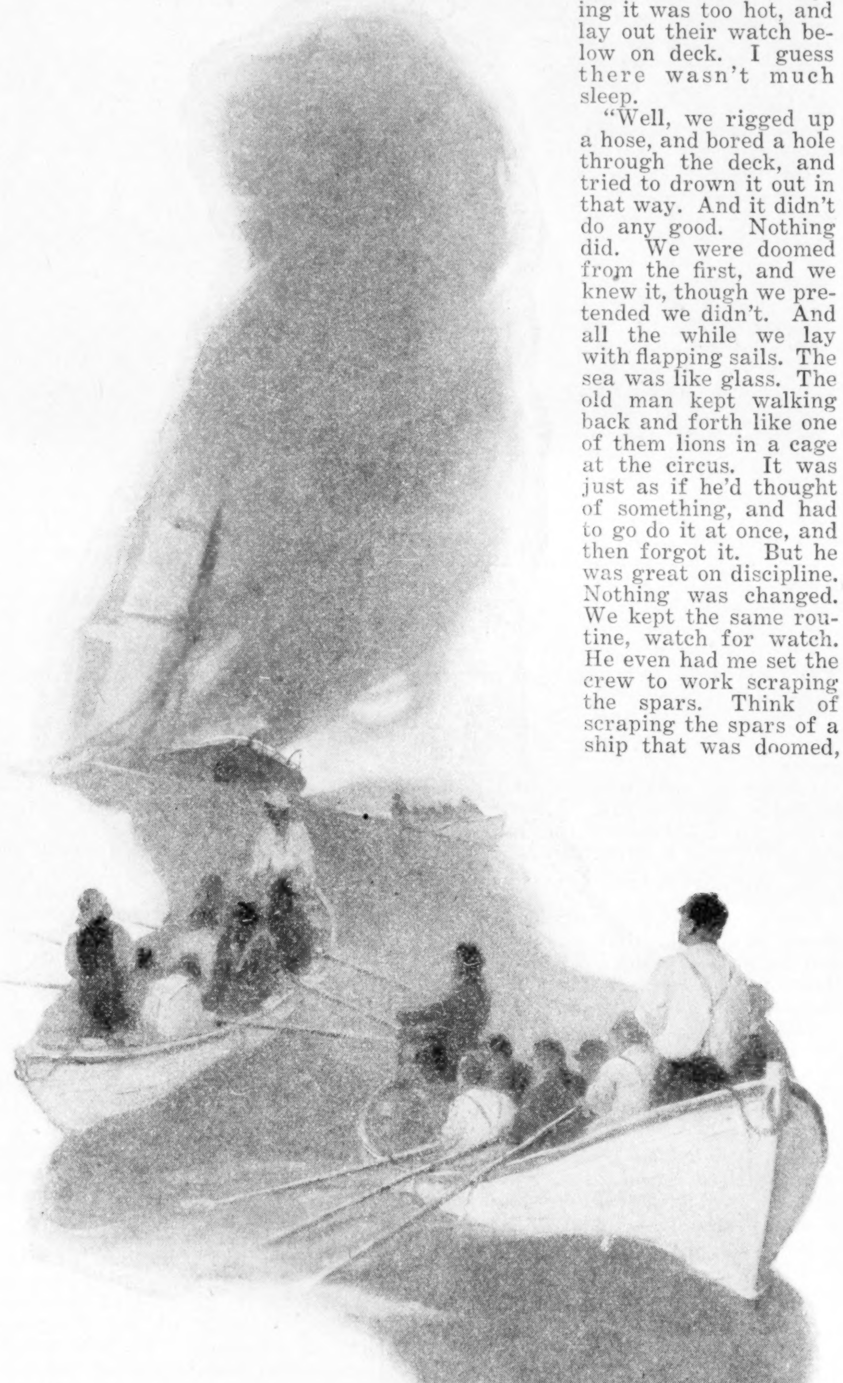
"YOU know how some things never seem quite real when you think of them afterward. They couldn't be; you were too happy. They were all just things you had dreamed. That voyage was like that—the first part of it. There wasn't a cloud or a gale; there wasn't anything but her—her and me. Nothing else counted. And when at last we came to the mouth of the Mississippi, and, entering the river, worked our slow way up, first with the wide stretches of marsh on all sides beyond the raised levees, and then the green fields of cane, with the houses rising beyond the low banks, it was all unreal. And the city was unreal. We went about it in a sort of dream.

"Well, it seemed in a fair way to last forever; when you are happy, you get in a way of thinking that nothing will change, and we were halfway across the Atlantic on the way to Liverpool before they did. It was still fine weather, but a bit sultry and close, when one morning at breakfast she began to cough. She coughed as if she was going to strangle, and I could see her father and mother were scared. She'd been ailing a bit that winter, and they'd taken her out for her health. There was consumption in the family. Now when she began to cough again, it seemed like the day of doom to her folks. But she laughed, and said it was all foolishness; she just strangled—something she was eating—perhaps. But her mother ran for medicine and a shawl. Then her mother began to cough in the same way. They all felt relieved at once, you could see; they couldn't quite believe in an epidemic of consumption. The old man said it was a close morning; it must be the air.

"He went up on deck then, and I went to my room for something, and when I came out the old man was coming down the companionway. I saw him stop short when he was halfway down and his face looked queer and scared like. He gave me one look and turned back, and I followed him, wondering.

"He beckoned me to the rail, and as I came close he said hurriedly, 'Notice anything queer. Don't say anything, but come back and tell me.'

"I went with my heart in my throat. Of course I thought at once he'd seen something queer in her face—some whiteness, as if she'd been struck with death. I felt sick. I paused at the door, dreading to go down. It was a clear, still day, with air like wine, and I remember that I wondered bitterly how folks could get sick anywhere in it. Then I stepped over the sill. I guess I stopped short on the same step the old man had stopped on. There was no need to go farther. The air was hot, close, and sickening, and in it was the unmistakable tang of smoke. The cargo of cotton was afire.



As we moved away we saw the mizzentopsail catch fire

"I knew it was hopeless, but I guess I prayed as I'd never prayed before that I might find something true that I knew wasn't true; for I went to the stove and casually opened the door, hoping to find that the steward had started a fire early that morning, though I knew we had had none for days. The stove was stone-cold, of course, and I went back to the deck.

"I just looked at the old man; it was enough. He led me to the main rigging. 'And we're in the middle of the Atlantic!' he said bitterly. 'Good Lord!' Then he shook himself together and went on calmly enough, 'Get a staging over each side in the main chains, Mr. Webster, and close down to the water's edge. We'll bore auger holes below the water-line, and try to douse it. No use to take off the hatches; we'll only make a draft.'

"It was smooth that morning, though a long swell was running, and it was no easy job to bore through both skins of the vessel below the water line; but I did it at last, though I was under water half the time. And it did no good. Long before night the smoke was seeping through in thin spirals in half a dozen places, and the cabin floor was growing hot to the touch. The men came coughing up out of the forecastle, saying it was too hot, and lay out their watch below on deck. I guess there wasn't much sleep.

"Well, we rigged up a hose, and bored a hole through the deck, and tried to drown it out in that way. And it didn't do any good. Nothing did. We were doomed from the first, and we knew it, though we pretended we didn't. And all the while we lay with flapping sails. The sea was like glass. The old man kept walking back and forth like one of them lions in a cage at the circus. It was just as if he'd thought of something, and had to go do it at once, and then forgot it. But he was great on discipline. Nothing was changed. We kept the same routine, watch for watch. He even had me set the crew to work scraping the spars. Think of scraping the spars of a ship that was doomed, while we were trying to pump her full of water, and the crew went about it as though it was the most sensible thing in the world. Men are queer creatures.

"Well, the third day we got our boats over the side and provisioned them, and then we took off the main hatch, as a last resort. We just made the flue that unbottled the flames below. They got up at once in a great cloud of smoke, and as we pumped water in and frantically threw it on in buckets, the only difference was that we got steam as well as smoke and flames. Then came a change.

"I was dipping a bucket over the side when I felt a pull at my sleeve, and turned round sharply. It was my dear girl. 'It's broken out through the cabin floor,' she said hurriedly.

"I rushed down at once, and there by the sill of the captain's room a little tongue of flame was running up by the door, licking at the varnished wood like a thirsty dog lapping water. I dashed the water on it, bucket and all, in a kind of blind rage, and ground my heel in the spot. I wanted to get it by the throat, like a human creature.

"Well, I rushed up to the deck to tell the old man, and the first thing I saw was a great sheet of flame coming up through the smoke at the hatchway, and the crew falling back with their hands before their faces. Then I heard the old man: 'Turn your hose on the mizzen topmast stay! Quick, you!'

"They had dropped the hose as they jumped back from the heat, and now as they fumbled about for it in the thick smoke, I saw, as I ran forward, the stay catch fire and a thin line of red flame like a snake run round and round up the tarred rope. Of course we fought on for a bit longer, though we knew it was useless, and then we took to the boats; and as we rowed away from the ship we saw the mizzentopsail catch fire, and almost quicker than I can tell it the whole mizzen was ablaze to the royal. It was like a big torch.

"THERE was no wind, and we lay by till she'd burned to the water's edge, hoping the smoke would draw some vessel near and pick us up; but none came, and in the middle of the afternoon we turned back. Of course she had gone in the boat with her father and mother, but as I had helped her over the rail she had looked up and smiled. 'You'll keep close to our boat, won't you?' she said. 'I shall be unhappy and anxious if I can't see you always when I look up.'

" 'I'll always be near,' I promised.

"The old man gave us the course, and we sailed away, the three boats huddled together. When dusk came on, we hung out lanterns and held the faster boats back to keep from getting separated.

"There'd been a long swell all day, and it had steadily grown heavier, so we knew we were in for a bit of foul weather. By sundown the wind shifted, coming out of the southeast. You know how sou'easters are, sharp and short, and by two bells we were plunging on through wind and rain. Once the old man warned me off for keeping too close. 'Steer due west, and keep the same tack till morning,' he called. 'It'll be over by daybreak.'

"It was—and everything else. There was a nasty sea, and it kept us bailing pretty steady, and the rain was so heavy and the night so black that we couldn't see half the length of the boat. Of course I was anxious, and with the first coming of light I stood up by the mast and looked for the other boats, but saw nothing. Then I went aft.

"I'd put the compass in the stern sheets at starting, packing it in safe in an old sail, well away from all iron; but now as I glanced at it, there close to it lay an iron pot that someone had used for bailing and had carelessly thrown down. I caught it up and threw it forward, and the compass swung round six points! For hours that iron had attracted us six points off from the course the old man had given. No wonder I'd seen nothing of his boat. I could have killed the fool who had done it, and though I raged I never found out who it was.

"I tried to work back to the other boats, putting the crew to the oars, and driving them till they were ready to drop; but it was all useless. I never saw the boats again. And, what's more, no one did. Somehow, somewhere, every soul on them went down. And I was saved. For forty-three years I've been wondering why."

"I never knew, Zeb," Captain Amos said softly. "And she was at the lighthouse that day fifty years ago."

"Yes," said Captain Zebulun; "that was her—Mary. . . ."

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR

By JACK BINNS.

A Real Super-Station

THE most powerful radio station in the world is being erected at Hillmorton, near Rugby, England. The towers which will support the gigantic aërial are so high that elevators have been built in them. These will carry workmen to the top whenever inspection is necessary. It is expected that this station, when completed, will share with "Radio Central" at Rocky Point, L. I., the fame of establishing the first commercial telephone system across the Atlantic Ocean.

Silent Vote Wins

THE French Post Office Department has unexpectedly ordered Radio Paris to stop the singing lessons which have been a feature of its programs for the past year. Evidently the silent vote has at last made itself heard above the din.

Warm Reception

WIRELESS operators aboard ship often sit for six or seven hours with the telephone receivers on their ears. In our own experience we found that the receivers became much more sensitive after they had been worn for fifteen minutes than when first put on. Probably as they get warmer the heat affects the permanent magnets inside the receivers.

Underestimated

A NEW YORK CITY newspaper makes the assertion that radio has made more liars than fishing. We go further and declare that it has already beaten golf.

A Five-Cent Tube

EVERY day in all sorts of ways we travel home to the wilds of Flatbush on the so-called Brooklyn "Rapid" Transit, more familiarly known by its initials. As if this martyrdom were not enough, along comes J. Ward Leonard of South Boston, Mass., and inflicts this upon us:

"Henry: 'Yes, George, I had over a dozen stations last night on one tube, no tuning or nothing; they just came, one after another.'

"George: 'What kind of a tube, Hen?'

"Henry: 'B. R. T., George.' "

B. Sharp Majority

A STATION in Iowa recently had a harmonica concert competition with its listeners as judges. More than 23,000 votes were received. William Sharp of Craig, Mo., won first prize, and B. Sharpe of Shenandoah, Ia., second prize. Apparently B. Flat was not in the running.

Left-Handed Hearing

OWNERS of one-tube sets can verify an interesting fact concerning the hearing. Many observations have shown that the left ear is much more sensitive to weak sounds than is the right ear. That's the reason why all telephones are constructed with the receiver hook on the left side. Even chronically afflicted right-handers have to use their port-side wing to take the receiver off its hook.

Another Good Mark for Radio

RECENTLY there came to us the most remarkable letter we have ever received. It was written by a woman who has been blind since the age of six—a woman who is now the mother of two children. The laboriously formed square-shaped letters—each almost perfect—are mute testimony to the indomitable will which has overcome the most terrible of all human afflictions. The writer, Mrs. A. C. Dean of Holyoke, Mass., tells her story thus:

"I have a reflex tube set, but in spite of my physical handicap I operate my set with very little difficulty, and I don't find it necessary to use Braille writing on the dials. I have always tuned my set just as any sighted person would do. I would suggest that radio stations broadcast programs given by blind artists. The public needs to learn that we are not helpless but very useful if they will only give us a chance to show what we can do. I am married, and I have two children. I do all my own housework, cleaning, cooking, washing, and sewing. I also sing in public performances. I have also sung for station WBZ. I am to sing again soon."

Paying to Know

SOME genius has hit on the idea of broadcast stations awarding special stamps to distant listeners who write in verification of reception. A charge of ten cents will be made for each stamp.

This may eventually solve the problem of who is going to pay for broadcasting, but in view of the assessment there is no doubt it will seriously interfere with Uncle Sam's Post Office receipts.

Where is the Best Broadcasting?

HERE'S a chance for local pride to assert itself and for three persons to win prizes.

Where are the best radio programs being heard? What station or group of stations is coming closest to giving the listeners what they want?

Here is a man who shouts for Chicago. Maybe he is right, or maybe he doesn't know what the wild ethereal waves are saying in other parts of the country.

We'd like to hear what others have to say—from the South, the East, the West, Canada—from everywhere. Read this letter and the subjoined announcement.

DEAR SIR:

Every time a radio nut talks to me about his set I have one great laugh. Don't misunderstand me, because I'm one myself, but in one respect I've reformed. I'm no longer a DX hound. Everybody I know with a radio set always talks distance to me, that's why I laugh.

I've had nearly every kind of set there is. After a long experience I became disgusted with the hick programs from other cities. Besides, you can never get these distant stations without a noise such as the coal man makes when he delivers a load of anthracite down the chute.

No, sir! no distance for me. Right here in little old Chicago we've got the best talent in the world, the best programs and the best announcers. Tell 'em to "laugh those off."

Yours very truly,
CHARLES KINGSTON.

For the best letters, of not more than 200 words, answering the question: "Where is the best broadcasting?" $100 will be paid, divided as follows:

First prize, $50.
Second prize, $30.
Third prize, $20.

Letters must reach the office by January 31st. None can be returned. Address Jack Binns, in care of Collier's, 416 West 13th Street, New York.

Gathering Talent

SECRETARY HOOVER suggests an association to corral talent for broadcasters, similar in scope to the Associated Press, which picks up news items for the newspapers of the country.

Tickets, Please

GERMAN government railroad express trains have been equipped with radio receiving sets. Special tickets have been printed, which passengers buy from the conductor. Each ticket gives a traveler the privilege of using the set for a specific period of time during the trip. Whether there are any extra charges for DX work is not known.

Better Transmission

WE ARE now entering a period which will be marked by constant and increasing improvement in transmission. There is just as much possibility of distortion at the broadcast station as there is in a receiver. No matter how perfect a receiver may be, it will reproduce a distorted program if the transmitter is not good. The Bureau of Standards has devised new methods of measuring frequencies. This is important in helping to keep the broadcasters on their appointed wave, and will eliminate much of the heterodyning between transmitting stations which causes a constant whistle in receivers. Improvement of various parts employed in the transmitting equipment is also proceeding apace.

Short Waves

STARTLINGLY new developments in radio transmission and reception based on the use of short waves are predicted, but the man who waits for the ultimate apparatus, like the man who waits for the perfect motor car, will *never* have one, and in the meantime he misses everything.

Wouldn't It Be Great

C. L. B. of New York City makes this grand and glorious suggestion: "When a soprano becomes excited and goes beyond her range with noise like the wail of some poor lost soul; when the microphone is so close to the piano that it imitates pots and pans falling down a flight of stairs; when the carrier wave echoes the potatoes Mother is frying on the stove—wouldn't it be great if a fan had his own broadcasting apparatus so that he could tell the world how it should be done." Oh! boy.

Must Be Original

EVER since the first offer of ten dollars for acceptable contributions covering experiences or suggestions was made, we have been flooded with letters from readers which obviously were rewritten from other sources, and could not possibly have come from the writer's own experience, observation or imagination. Only original matter can be considered.

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 7

your little trap for Connemara isn't quite air-tight."

"Ah, a loophole, eh?" said Mr. Brewster with an indulgent smile.

"An enormous one. She has to announce her engagement before the end of June, and she has to marry by October. Very true. But it doesn't have to be the same man."

Mr. Brewster grunted.

"I wonder if Connemara has noticed that," mused Miss Glenn, brightening visibly at the thought of how easily she could make a little trouble. "I think I'll have to go and tell her."

It was really to detain her there with him that Mr. Brewster went on talking.

"But panic?" he asked. "If she's already decided, why—"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Brewster, you've never known any woman except Miss Celimena, which misleads you frightfully. Of course it's because she has decided that Connemara is so frightened now. Busily pushed from behind by her aunt and her aunt's lawyer, she has shut her eyes, jumped over the precipice—and then—well, behold her hanging by a slender branch."

Mr. Brewster seemed unaffected by the picture. "She will have to drop before twelve o'clock," he said.

"But that's nearly three hours away," mused Miss Glenn. "And so many things can happen in three hours."

"As for instance?"

"Well, the world might come to an end at 11:30. Or Miss Celimena might weaken."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Brewster, "that those two events are likely to occur at about the same time."

"Or a beautiful young ruffian might step out of the syringa bushes and carry her off in his arms."

"I should think," said Mr. Brewster, "that she would rather perfer crashing on the rocks below."

"I told you," retorted Miss Glenn, "that you had never known any woman except Miss Celimena."

MEANWHILE, this good lady, along whose path in life the syringa bushes had given forth nothing but a refined fragrance, was restlessly on the prowl. The dances at Moorelands had begun at 8:30 in her youth, and they still began at 8:30 even if she alone was ready at that hour. Usually she drifted on the fringe of the dance floor, indicating with a skillful shoulder blade and an expert eyebrow that the daughters of her old neighbors were disporting themselves in an unseemly manner. But this evening she was alive to nothing but the discomfort caused by the fact that, partly through her own unacknowledged fault, the peace of Moorelands was disturbed by the rowdy commotions of melodrama. The heroine of this gaudy play was dancing with simple earnestness. As the orchestra paused for breath and just as the two suitors were starting to waste theirs on the hidden ears of Connemara, her aunt advanced upon her formidably, detached her from some limber but socially negligible partner, and led her out on to the veranda. A young and affectionate couple, who had retreated to its shadows in response to some primeval instincts, scented the approach of a family scene and scuttled obligingly into the house.

Connemara, outwardly serene in the mild garb of the nun, sat on the rail of the veranda, leaned her secretive head against its weather-beaten pillar and looked out across the acres that could be hers at the drop of a hat—or at least of a bandeau, cap, and veil. The local fireflies were doing their best to make Moorelands seem festive. A mile or so away there was a faint glow in the sky. That was Stamford.

Nearer by there was an occasional twinkle in the darkness—one of the several battered farmhouses where tenants had once toiled for old Daniel Moore, but which had been taken over of late years by refugees from the pueblo cliffs of New York. The once orthodox countryside, dotted with something like peasantry that had doffed respectful hats to young Miss Celimena as she drove smartly along the roads in her shining phaeton, was now infested with a strange riffraff of column conductors, feminist agitators, comediennes, and music critics. These not only did not doff their hats. They didn't wear any. And even Miss Celimena knew that the pretentious names which adorned their reclaimed cottages were affixed in derision of that delusion of grandeur which had possessed her revered father when, after accumulating his fortune, he turned ducal on a surprised neighborhood and named his estate Moorelands—for all the world as though it were a shooting box in Devonshire. Thus one of these new neighbors had named his tottering cottage "The Ricketts" and another—a brilliant young Jew from Harvard—had sardonically hung out a sign which announced to the offended Miss Moore that the name of his house was "The Hebrewst."

"MY DEAR Constance," her aunt began in a tone which suggested that by "dear" she meant "expensive."

"Yes, Aunt."

"You are so like your dear mother to-night. She could never merely come into a room. She always had to make what that actor friend of yours calls an entrance."

"Yes, Aunt."

There was a pause. Miss Celimena broke it. "I would like to know what is under that headdress of yours."

"Thoughts, Aunt Celimena."

"What a change!" observed her aunt gloomily. "I think a penny would be an exorbitant charge for them."

Connemara chuckled. "You're quite right," she admitted cheerfully. "I was thinking, as it happens, about that Mrs. Buxton who got into one of your luncheons by mistake. That Mrs. Malaprop. You remember. She was the one who said her daughter had gone to a masquerade in the garbage of a nun."

There was another pause—an acrid pause. This time it was the old grandfather's clock in the hall which broke it. Both of them counted as its sweet bell rang ten times.

"Well," said Miss Celimena, gathering her shawl about her, "you have two hours in which to indulge yourself in this fiddle-faddle. I suppose it would be asking a good deal to expect anyone of your generation to repay a lifetime of affection by a little courtesy, but it would add to my somewhat impaired enjoyment of this party if you would assure me that you intend to take off that contraption before you hear that clock strike twelve."

"I promise, Aunt," she said, and added speculatively, "before I hear that clock strike twelve."

Miss Celimena's resentful skirts swished against the French window, and Connemara was alone on the veranda. The orchestra had subsided with a final snort and the only sound came from the lawn, where a sprinkler whirred in the darkness or from across the hedge where a streak of light told of some automobile heading for Stamford and New York. The night air was sweet with syringa.

And at that moment one of those cars slowed down and stopped—stopped alongside the road as if its driver had begun to have suspicions about its internals and was minded to peer under its hood. That, as a matter of fact, was just what had happened, and when young David Lacy finally straightened up he was aware that someone had stepped out of the darkness and was standing in the dusk that lay beside the path of light his lamps were making. It was a woman in the garb of a nun and, in a voice which he later decided was the loveliest sound he had ever heard, she spoke to him thus simply and to the point:

"If that car will run now, I think I'll go with you. Where are you going?"

"To Paris," he replied happily.

"You can't go all the way in that."

"Sad, isn't it?" he agreed. "But I hadn't thought of attempting it. I was planning to transfer in New York to a boat which sails to-morrow morning."

"Well," said the voice, "I'll be leaving you before that."

For a fleeting instant Lacy thought of all the tales he had heard about the wicked folk who ask you for a ride and who, just when you are obligingly speeding along the road, press sudden revolvers against your ribs and then make off with all your portable wealth. This apprehension had short shrift. For the potential brigand stepped forward into the light of his lamps and he saw he was talking with a young and beautiful Dominican.

"Excuse me," he murmured, in vague apology for a dozen unspoken thoughts, and helped her without more ado into the seat beside his own. They had been driving steadily for twenty minutes and were slackening their speed in a small snarl of traffic in the outskirts of Greenwich when they looked at each other and smiled.

"You are running away, aren't you?" he ventured.

"How long have you known that?" she asked.

"For quite a time back. But I didn't know how to address you. I don't yet. I practiced saying: 'Where are you going, Sister?' But it somehow sounded rowdy. And I don't feel rowdy. You see, I don't know much about nuns. Don't you all have Latin names? Like Sister Benedictine, or something like that?"

"Yes, something like that," she agreed, smiling. Then she added as an afterthought: "They call me Con Amore."

"Well, then, Sister Con Amore," he began, and lapsed at once into another silence. Out of his jumble of thoughts, several questions kept rising to the surface and lingering there unspoken. Wasn't Con Amore Italian, anyway? And why had he thought he wanted to go to Paris? And why—above all, why—should the same slim and lovely person put on not only the dismissive cloth of the Dominican nun, but also a perfume? It was a wicked and worldly perfume—a beckoning perfume.

"I hope you're not going to ask me any questions," she put in gently. "It is so pleasant to ride along like this. It is so pleasant to ride in silence along the road that leads away from Trouble."

"I am glad," he said, "if that's what we are doing. To think that I drove past Trouble and never saw it in the darkness. I suppose I might have known?"

"How might you have known?" she asked, for she really did not care much about silence.

"I had been told," he explained, "that it was not far from New York."

Chapter III

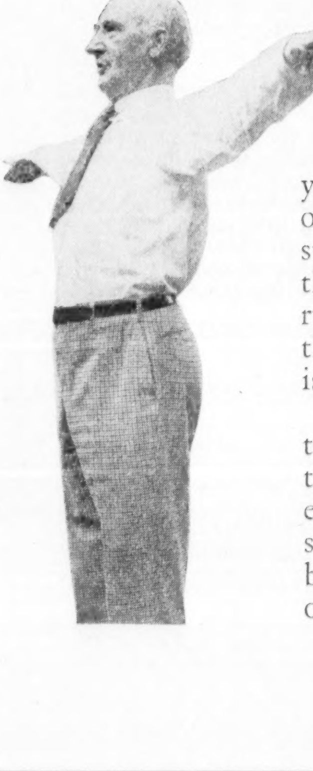
By Louis Bromfield

IT WAS a night filled with a sense of the imminent, one of those nights when the very air, for all its softness and the frail, trailing scent of syringa, was vibrant with the unexpected, the remote, possible, even the tragic. Even to Lacy, a man sophisticated, worldly, experienced as neither the boisterous Bing nor the intellectual Adams were experienced, understood this. There was in him nothing of the primitive which colored the rude gestures and the passion of the Southerner, nor anything cold, fishlike, of the intellectual penetration which distinguished the Bostonian. He was, in short, a man who lived by his senses, without reflection, without worrying very profoundly about the reasons or the motives of any action. He took what came his way, and in this fashion he had taken a great many ladies, of one sort or another.

Now as he sat at the wheel of the purring Isotta-Franchini, with a perfumed and renegade nun by his side, his mind slowly turned over adventures of the past. One by one he recounted his conquests. . . . Not all of them perhaps, but at least the major ones—those which might have been underlined in red. . . . Blanquita, the Argentine dancer; place, London; time, in full season. Frau Sembacher; place, the Black Forest; time, late spring, harebells and columbines flowering among the black trunks of the trees, an elderly husband in the background taking the cure celebrated far and wide for its purgative qualities. The Honorable Mary Wallop, second daughter of Lord Squint, D. C. F., K. Y. B., a tall pale girl with gold hair, slightly marred by the protruding teeth that were the mark of her direct descendance from Oswald Scuinente, first baron who came over with William the Conqueror; time, late autumn; place, Vallombrosa; falling leaves strewing the brook, etc., etc. Yvonne (what was her other name?), to whose room he had climbed from balcony to balcony of a gaudy Venetian palace; time—he couldn't quite remember—probably in season. Nobody was in Venice at any other time of the year.

He had a head for detail, Mr. David Lacy. He began already to construct in his imagination the probable course of this present adventure. A nun, perfumed! This adventure resembled one

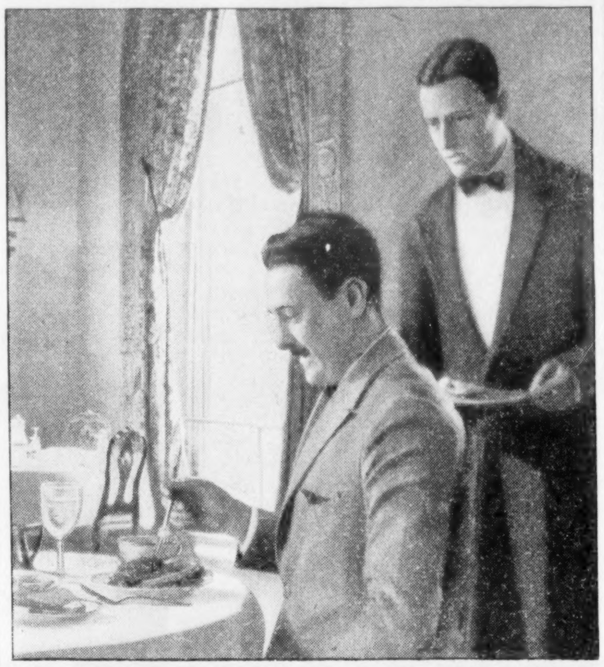
(*Continued on page 34*)



The Man Who Never Grows Old

TRY to guess Walter Camp's age without the aid of "Who's Who." Even using this picture as a guide, you wouldn't guess right. And if you saw Mr. Camp you'd be farther off than ever. His step is quick and springy; he doesn't have to wear a belt that stretches; his skin is clear and ruddy and his eyes snap. It's only in the record books that Walter Camp is a person of years.

Collier's readers, who were the first to see his famous Daily Dozen, know there isn't a man in America better equipped than Mr. Camp to write a series of articles on the method and benefits of keeping fit. Read the first of the series in next week's Collier's.



(At left)

"A physical wreck—I was irritable, nervous, debilitated. I tried the rest cure, the milk diet, and nearly every curative treatment known to science, but to no avail. I was simply depleted of nervous energy. When I heard of Fleischmann's Yeast I was skeptical of the wonderful results attributed to it. In a week's time, after using the yeast, my digestion became better, my complexion brighter, and I slowly regained lost vitality. Is it any wonder that I am a convert to the curative qualities of Fleischmann's Yeast?"

(Extract from a letter of Mr. Clair C. Cook of Los Angeles, California)

(At right)

"We restaurant eaters must force greasy, quickly fried food into our stomachs in a hurry. No wonder they get sluggish and refuse to perform their duties. And our next move is 'take one of these pills each night!' Even the best stomach cannot stand such treatment. It must soon stop functioning and instead of taking nourishment and health out of our food, it becomes semi-active and just passes it on.

"On the advice of a friend I ate my first yeast cake. Now I feel like the man who puts coal on a fire. He gets heat units, while today I'm enjoying health and vigor units, and am glad to be out of the 'glass of water and pill' class."

(Mr. Thomas Leyden, of Elizabeth, N. J.)

❧

(At left)

"I knew my headaches and unwholesome complexion were caused by constipation. To take frequent cathartics was my regular program and even by doing this I was tired and dopey. 'I like what yeast does for me' said one of my customers and asked if I had ever tried it. I acted on this suggestion and began to drink yeast in milk regularly. Soon people began to comment on how well I was looking—my husband said I grew younger—the mirror told me my complexion and eyes were clear and bright. Cathartics are now a thing of the past."

(A letter from Mrs. Mabelle Conomikes of Marathon, N. Y.)

(At right)

"'And my Fleischmann's Yeast cakes as usual.' For almost three years I have given this order to my grocer several times each week and will continue indefinitely. Three years ago as a young mother in a run-down condition, with boils rendering me almost helpless, I felt that the end of my endurance had been reached. In desperation I sent for Fleischmann's Yeast cakes. The boils began to dry up. I slept better—had a keener appetite, felt better and by Spring had regained my strength and vivacity. Now I eat Fleischmann's Yeast cakes to keep me feeling 'top notch'."

(A letter from Mrs. Helen M. Raup of Linthicum Heights, Maryland)

FOUR KINDRED ILLS ~ ~ ~

Lowered Vitality ~ Stomach Troubles Constipation ~ ~ Skin Disorders

One simple food to banish them ~ ~

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write for a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. E-12, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

EAT YEAST FOR HEALTH
FLEISCHMANN'S
Not Genuine without our Facsimile Signature
The Fleischmann Co
YEAST
CONTAINING
CEREAL OR TAPIOCA FLOUR
U.S. PAT OFF

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 32

of Casanova's. Yes, he could see already that it must be underlined in red.

"Purrr-rr-rr," ran the motor, singing along beautifully. On either side of the road the marsh grass lay spangled with fireflies. The scent of syringa still clung to his companion, but with it there mingled another scent, more subtle, yet even more penetrating. What was it? Ah, mimosa, to be sure! The nun used mimosa perfume. Clever of her. None of these TNT perfumes called *l'air embaume'* or *l'air insupportable.* Mimosa. . . . Mimosa. . . . Of course, he'd overlooked one red-letter affair—that one with the Princess Droscki-Impermeable, at the Hotel Negresco.

"The carburetor sounds better now," he observed presently.

"Yes," said the nun.

It must be said that the all-conquering Mr. Lacy was not entirely at his ease. He had talked to many women. Carrie Nation would have appalled him no more than Ninon de l'Enclos; but here was a nun! What did one say to a nun? Only once before had he been reduced to such a condition of helplessness. It was an American girl; at least the old dowager at the Ritz told him so. He had seen her beside the paddock at Auteuil, the day Haricot came in fourth and cost him fifty thousand francs; a girl grave, beautiful, red-haired, calm among the painted courtesans and manikins at the race track. "American," Mrs. Murgatroyd had said, "from New England—stinking rich."

BUT what the devil was her name? Slowly there came over him once more the same feeling of mingled warmth and awe, the same sensation of being refreshed, of losing all the sense of cynical weariness which had enveloped him for so long. Vaguely the scent of mimosa was mingled with the memory.

Why, he thought, should he suddenly remember that American girl, seen but once, who had had the power of upsetting him? It was a long time ago that he had seen her and spoken to her for five minutes—more than two years—and yet there she was, stuck in his brain. By Jove! A girl like that! One might marry her and be satisfied for life. That would be an experience to be underlined three times in red.

All at once, moved by an overwhelming impulse, he turned and said, "I say, Sister Dannemora—"

"Connemara," she corrected him in a cool, level voice.

"I say—" But he did not continue. One glance at her was enough. The nun had outwitted him. At some time or other during the past ten minutes she had slipped from somewhere in the folds of her robe a mask of white silk that now hid her face, all save the eyes, which regarded him with a roguish air out of all keeping with her shining garments. And her hair. It too lay hidden beneath the veil. Why hadn't he noticed that until this moment?

"I say," he began again, "you can't wear that thing—the mask, I mean. We'll be in Greenwich in a moment or two, and the police will hold us up. They'll take you for a bandit! We'll be arrested!"

For a moment Sister Connemara hesitated. Then in a voice like a choir of innocent angels, she said, "I throw myself at your mercy, sir. I dare not show my face. There are reasons. I trust you to protect me."

Again he turned to look at her, so sharply that the car veered suddenly and very nearly collided with a vegetable stand which stood before the gate of a roadside farmhouse.

"We just missed the tomatoes," observed Sister Connemara. "What a smash they would have made—and me all in white too."

On the road before them the lights of Greenwich began to appear, little lozenges of light twinkling through the faint mist which had begun to drift up from the salt marshes.

The redoubtable Mr. Lacy grew sulky. He resolved not to speak to this sophisticated nun by his side. For a time he drove without paying any heed to her. She might have been a part of the motor itself, the speedometer, or the transmission, for all he cared. Yet, after two or three minutes, he said, quite unwillingly:

"But what am I going to do with you when I get to town? I can't turn you loose in the streets. You'd be arrested in that rig."

From behind the mask came the faintest gurgling sound, as if Sister Connemara were laughing at him. "Just like a man," she murmured, "putting all the blame on the woman."

CAROLYN WELLS
Humorous Author

Lacy swore. "My God!" he said. "Are you saving me or am I saving you?"

"My Aunt Celimena," retorted the mimosa-scented mask, "says there is no more chivalry in the world. I've had two proposals to-night and I believe her. You would too if you had heard their language."

A nun having two proposals in one evening! A nun . . . ! Lacy decided this adventure must be underscored twice in red. There had never been anything quite like it.

The villas were now whizzing past in a stream of neat lawns, well-trimmed privet hedges, porch swings, and canna beds.

"I have an apartment in town," he began helplessly. "On Park Avenue. It's closed, but I've kept a room open for myself. I might take you there and hide you until you got some other clothes."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," cooed Sister Connemara, "that would compromise me."

This time Lacy swore violently and not altogether under his breath. Then, remembering the figure beside him, he checked himself in time to hear a voice say sweetly, "I don't know what all those words mean."

And then into the midst of Lacy's fury came the sound which was an omen of the worst that could happen. Steadily from somewhere behind the big Isotta-Franchini there rose with increasing volume the chug-chug of a motorcycle. He turned fiercely to his companion.

"Now you see what you've done," he muttered. "There's a motor cop after us."

"Blaming it on the woman again," came the sweet voice.

He couldn't increase his speed, for they were now in the heart of Greenwich. If they had been on an open country road. . . . chug. . . . chug. . . . chug-chug! The fatal sound came near and nearer until David Lacy, swearing silently this time, drew up to the curb and the motorcycle came alongside. It was hopeless.

"What the hell d'you think this is?" began the policeman, balancing himself on the motorcycle. "A speedway?"

"I hadn't thought much about it," replied Lacy. "I had my mind on other things." And he gave his companion what is known as a dirty look.

The motor had stopped in the shadow of a great elm, so that it was impossible to distinguish the face of himself or his companion. With the air of one accustomed to such episodes, he had switched off the tail light.

"It'll cost you twenty-five—" began the cop.

"Here," said Lacy, drawing his wallet from his pocket.

"None o' that stuff either," retorted the policeman. "Don't you read the papers? They've been digging up dirt on us."

The wallet slipped back into the pocket just as the policeman switched an electric torch full into the motor.

"Ah," he began, with an exasperating drawl, "What's this? A woman in a mask. . . . Some kind of dirty work. So that's it."

Now the glib and worldly Lacy had faced in his time many trying situations. For days he had held at bay a band of head hunters in wildest New Guinea; he had negotiated the escape of the notorious Baroness Simkovich, across the Russian border, through the very teeth of the Bolsheviks into Finland; he had stabbed to death a gorilla with a table knife when the monster invaded his tent during a shooting expedition in the wild regions near Mount Hokmoji; he had. . . . All these things flashed through his mind, but none seemed the proper solution of this difficulty. There were no disguises at hand and no cutlery.

"I— I—" he began, stammering. The subtle frail scent of mimosa smote his nostrils. "I—mean to say. . . ." But he was unable to get any further.

Then the soft, insinuating voice of the nun beside him reached his ear. She had removed the mask and was now facing the full glare of the policeman's light, but her back was turned: he could not see her face.

"Don't stop us, officer," she was saying in a voice that would have wrung the heart of a stone idol. "We're on our way to see my sick aunt. I'm sure she can't stand much longer what she has been going through. It's—" Here her speech was interrupted by a heartrending sob. "We must get there. Why, Aunt Celimena has been more than a mother to me."

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
Dramatic Critic

In the reflected glow the face of the policeman altered its expression slowly. It ran from anger, through surprise to bewilderment. Still, Lacy could not see her face, yet from the effect upon the policeman he understood that it was no ordinary face. An ordinary face couldn't possibly have had such an effect.

"It's not a mask I'm wearing." Again she was interrupted, this time by a sneeze so violent and so realistic that Lacy was tempted to slap her, regardless of her dignified robes, well in the middle of the back. "It's not a mask I'm wearing," and again a sneeze. "It's a thing—a sort of thing to keep out the dust. I suffer so from hay fever."

The cop yielded, but he was cynical. "Well, it sounds fishy to me, but I guess it's all right. But look out for Hogan at the Portchester line. He won't let you off so easy."

Lacy started the motor, and when he turned again, the face of his companion was once more hidden by the mask. She was sneezing, delicately this time, with just the proper effect. The car moved off, leaving behind it in the shadow the policeman whose face made so good and yet so tantalizing a mirror.

"Where is this sick aunt?" growled Lacy.

There was a faint laugh. "Why, she's the one I'm running away from."

"We can't go on like this," he continued in the same gruff voice, "being stopped at every crossroad. One of these cops will arrest me for abduction."

At that moment they passed the tower of Pickwick Inn, and Lacy, noticing the clock, said, "It's ten minutes to eleven. We can just make the last ferry. We'll turn off here and go over to Long Island. I've a house not far from Glen Cove. You can change into some other clothes."

Before his companion was able to protest, the big car swung around the corner, turned into the main street, and swept with a catlike, insinuating purr beneath the railway bridge.

IN THE little harbor the tide was low, and the muggy, miasmic smell of the bare mud hung over everything. Somehow it was an ominous smell, hinting of stranded ships, of pirates, of wild adventure . . . the smell of salt marshes at low tide, of rotting ships. Through the gathering mists the tall masts of the fishing boats stood against the dull gray blue of the sky like black pencils. The car drove down, down, down along the cobblestone streets, until at length it turned into the ferry way.

At the end stood the waiting boat, its gateway yawning black as the mouth of a sea monster. When at last Lacy turned to regard his companion, he found that she had gathered about her the blanket that lay in the back of the car. She was hidden now all save the beautiful shapely head with the hair so tightly concealed, and the eyes so bright now with a sense of mystery and adventure. She still wore the mask.

Lacy regarded her and thought to himself, "No, there has never been anything like this. And to happen in Connecticut, of all places!"

To the grizzled gatekeeper Lacy muttered: "How long before you start?"

"Five minutes," the fellow replied.

Somehow Lacy felt nearer suddenly to this strange woman beside him. Perhaps it was the sense of their being bound together by the same peril, the same adventure.

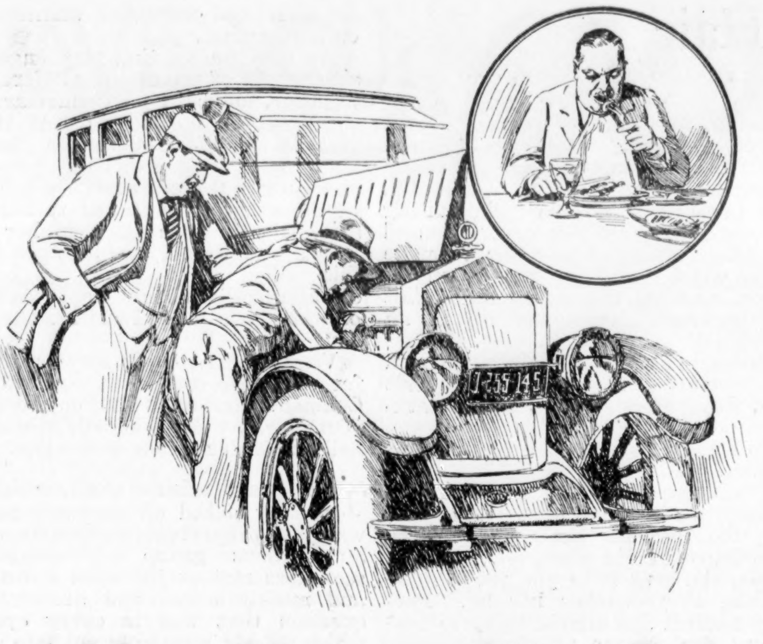
From the depths of the ferry house he heard the grizzled gatekeeper spit suddenly and exclaim, "It's a great night for bootleggers. I reckon this fog'll thicken up steadily till morning."

And then the same voice lifted to shout to the pilot high up on the ferry deck, "Don't be running any of 'em down tonight, Sam. Can't afford to waste good liquor on fishes."

Sister Connemara laughed softly. "If you knew from what you had saved me—"

It is impossible to know what sort of picture Lacy had of the world from which she escaped. It must have been a strange one, and certainly it was different from the picture in the mind of his companion. She saw a ballroom filled with excited people, two lovers hunting desperately among the syringas and perennial borders, and through it all Aunt Celimena moving about, angry

(*Continued on page 35*)



Adding Years to Your Life

By DR. ALLAN CRAIG

NO TWO of us are exactly alike. We are all born with different features and different dispositions. Each of us has some bodily weakness, for none is perfect. The wear and tear of everyday life has its effect upon the human machine—our hair becomes gray, our teeth begin to decay, our arteries harden, we tire more easily on exertion, and our step loses its elasticity. We are liable to break at our weak point, and the great question is —do we know our weak point?

Do you know that you can add years to your life and help to increase the average length of life in this country by ten years? A careful physical examination by your family doctor once a year and a careful following of his instructions would do the trick. Please note that I have said "careful examination," which means a thorough examination and not a mere "stick out your tongue" affair.

A friend of mine recently purchased a new automobile. With his car he received a book of instructions. The agent particularly warned him against certain indiscretions in its use and said that the car should be carefully gone over by one of the company's mechanics at least every six months. If this is so important to the life and usefulness of a machine—and we all know that it is—how much more important is it that our human bodies be kept in working order.

You cannot always judge your physical condition by how you feel or by your appearance. Most people think they can, but this is not so. Go to almost any sanitarium for the treatment of tuberculous patients and there you will see large numbers of healthy-looking individuals with brown skin and in good nourishment who are tubercular.

Recently an outstanding business man of my acquaintance, slightly past middle life, full of ambition and apparently healthy, was examined for life insurance. To his surprise the examining physician found that his blood pressure was considerably higher than it should be for his age and that his kidney activity was not the best. By observing the careful instructions and advice of his physician, this man is able to carry on his work in comparative safety. He is exceedingly thankful for the occasion which led him to have that physical examination.

There is no necessity for our being frightened by these things, but we must learn to face the facts of life and to use at least as much common sense and judgment in the care of our own bodies as we do in looking after our automobiles or our prize cattle.

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 34

and composed, in a black ball gown trimmed in 1880 jet.

"I say," said her companion presently in a puzzled voice, "haven't we met somewhere—before you entered a nunnery?"

Chapter IV

By Elsie Janis

IN THE two hours following that brief, altogether unsatisfactory talk with her niece, Miss Celimena was guilty of forgetting several times the rigid code of hospitality in which she had been trained and staring openly and anxiously at the painted face of the big grandfather's clock in the hall.

If she could have done it without being seen it is not at all certain she would not also have gone so far as to push the hands forward, to lessen the sheer nervous torture of those dragging minutes until midnight.

This latest escapade of Connemara's was not only utter foolishness, but it made the girl and Miss Celimena herself seem undignified. It was unthinkable that a Moore of Moorelands should resort to such cheap buffoonery for the announcing of her engagement —which ought, properly, to be a serious, not to say ceremonious, occasion. Thus, over and over, back and forth in the same track, like frightened and feebly indignant mice, ran the thoughts of Miss Celimena.

And even oftener than she studied the clock this much-harassed lady studied the faces of the two other people most concerned in Connemara's outrageous behavior.

It was easy to see that Saltonstall Adams had little liking for the sudden blaze of limelight in which he found himself. Salt, like Miss Celimena, had been brought up to see dignity weigh much more heavily in the scales than romance. Or perhaps his definition of what constituted romance differed from spoiled young Connemara's. At any rate, as any and every one could see, he looked very stiff and disapproving indeed as he danced, correctly and dutifully, with one after another of Connemara's guests, gallantly trying to live up to what was expected of him, but—as only the discerning noticed—with a faintly wistful bewilderment underlying the disapproval, as if his rather slow brain had not yet entirely caught up with the meaning of what was happening to him.

(*Continued on page 36*)

How do your last two years compare with his?

Mr. T. F. PEIRCE
President of the Pacific Desk Company, writes:
"When a man clips a coupon from one of your advertisements he puts himself into touch with the strongest lifting power in modern business."

THERE ARE two kinds of managers. (Just as there are two kinds of superintendents, engineers, salesmen and accountants.)

One says: "I am so busy that I cannot possibly do any outside reading." He does none.

The other says: "I am so busy that I do not see how I can possibly find time for outside reading, *but I must.*" He does.

T. F. Peirce, manager of the Pacific Desk Company, was very busy. "Altho I know that the Alexander Hamilton Institute's Course must have great merit, because of its national reputation, I am not in a particularly receptive mood," he wrote. "My work is quite engrossing; I do not consider that I have time. . . ."

But there is a difference between having a *busy mind* and having a *closed mind*. Mr. Peirce was not afraid to face the facts about himself. He investigated the Institute as a kind of test—to see just wherein his own training fell short. "I very quickly discovered one thing," he wrote frankly, "and that was how little I actually knew about the science of business."

Within a few weeks Mr. Peirce had found information in the Institute Course which had an immediate cash value to him. A few months later he had persuaded twenty-five of his principal associates to enrol with the Institute.

In one of the advertisements of this company in the Los Angeles papers Mr. Peirce announced these enrolments as evidence that the Pacific Desk Company was in a position to give better service to business men by having, in its organization, men thoroly trained in business.

The next step follows naturally and inevitably.

On October 31, 1922, Mr. Peirce wrote: "I want you to be the first to know the good news, and that is that I have been elected to the presidency of the Pacific Desk Company and have taken over the entire control of its stock. . . . . I believe your Course has had much to do with making me ready to grasp this wonderful opportunity when presented to me, and I desire to give full credit where credit is due."

Perhaps you are a department manager or a salesman, or an accountant, or an engineer. You have your eye set on the high places of business, but they seem a long way off. The Alexander Hamilton Institute *can shorten the distance between the place where you are and the place where you want to be.* It has proved that in the careers of many thousands of men. Will you take their word for it that "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress" is a guide book worth reading? The price is your promise to give it just one hour of your time. Clip the coupon. The decision, after that, will rest entirely with you.

Where will you be five years from now ?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
218 Astor Place New York City

Send me the book, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," which I may keep without obligation.

Name ....
Print here
Business Address ....
....
Business Position ....

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 35

Bingham Carrington, on the contrary, was carrying the awkward situation off with a high hand. Inwardly he resented it, if possible, even more bitterly than his rival, for Bing was an emotional youngster and very genuinely in love. But he held his handsome blond head well back, with his chin lifted a half inch or so more than usual, and with a drawled comeback for every innuendo of the overcurious.

Bing would have died rather than let his eyes follow Miss Celimena's to the slow-moving hands of the old clock, but all the same he knew at the precise instant she did when they pointed, after centuries had passed, to five minutes of twelve.

Whether the entire, queerly garbed assemblage had been watching the clock also, there are, of course, no means of knowing, but the fact remains that there was a sudden, concerted halt of the dancers, and—after a straggling, diminuendo wail from the blaring saxophone, and an uncertain thump or two from the drums—the orchestra followed their example and fell into abrupt and motionless silence.

A hundred pairs of eyes were turned expectantly from one entrance of the ballroom to the other, in search of a slim, straight little figure in the robes of a Dominican Sister, minus the veil and head covering, coming to end the evening's play with the all-important announcement.

Poppy Glenn, in particular, seemed unusually nervous, twisting her pretty neck to crane inquisitively over first one plump bare shoulder and then the other in her efforts to keep both doors in sight at the same time.

A full minute ticked itself away laboriously, and the strain grew. There were stifled giggles here and there in the room, and an impatient tapping of high heels that had the restless, staccato tempo of castanets. The whole scene was like a play—unreal, effective, and conveying a sense of leading up to some carefully planned climax.

THEN, suddenly, as if in response to his cue, in the right-hand doorway appeared the stately figure of Judson, Miss Celimena's white-headed butler, carrying a small tissue-paper package in his hands.

And with the eyes of the room upon him, straight up to Saltonstall Cabot Adams went Judson, as unhurried and matter of course as though about to announce that dinner was served, and laid the package in Salt's astonished hand.

"Miss Connemara told me early this evening I was to deliver it at midnight, sir," quoth Judson, and, his part played, departed discreetly.

Bing, with his face as white as Saltonstall's was scarlet, held his chin high by sheer instinct of pride, for, like the other man, he was past conscious analysis of his actions.

Poppy, who happened to be beside Salt, leaned forward with impertinent assurance and read aloud the clear, black handwriting of the package's superscription:

"SALTONSTALL CABOT ADAMS, Esq.,
According to Agreement,
(Signed) CONSTANCE MARY MOORE,
June 30th, 12 p. m.

"My gracious, but she's being legal and exact. Congratulations, Salt, old top! Now hurry and open it up!"

It is probable, so great was Miss Glenn's curiosity and eagerness, that if her suggestion had not been promptly acted upon by the successful suitor, she would have snatched the little package out of his hand and opened it then and there herself.

But, recovering somewhat from his astonishment at the girl's energetic command, Salt ripped off the silver ribbon tied about the small, limp white bundle, and rather cautiously began to unroll the paper covering.

A little gasp of released breaths went up about him as a long, silky *something*, sinuous as if actually alive, warmly red—no, auburn; excuse us, Connemara—with a surface sheen of gold where the light touched it, lay across his open palm, the discarded tissue-paper wrapping slipping to the floor at his feet. A thick, deliciously curling lock of Connemara's famous hair, clipped off by vandal shears, and then romantically and daintily tied up in tissue paper and silver ribbons and sent to her lover, for all the world like the heroines of picturesque but out-of-date days when knighthood was in flower.

And Connemara the most up-to-the-minute and rebellious of moderns too!

LOUIS BROMFIELD
Novelist

Still, it undoubtedly was a dramatic touch and went rather well with the fantastic costumes of the audience.

They broke into a storm of applause that was almost hysterical in its relief at the ending of the strain. And Salt, carried out of his usual grave pomposity of manner by this proof of his triumph, forgot that he hated the limelight, and actually had made a stiff little speech before he could stop himself.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he said seriously—"Ladies and Gentlemen, it has been, very fittingly, left to me by Miss Connemara Moore to make the evening's anticipated and happy announcement."

After which he went on and made it, formally, correctly, as one who was at once a Saltonstall, a Cabot, and an Adams might be expected to do, and it was neither a bad enough nor good enough speech to be remembered ten minutes after he made it by anyone present, if it had not been for the unforeseen dénouement just before the next to the last sentence as he had it outlined in his mind.

SOMEBODY'S very muscular hand closed unexpectedly on Salt's arm, and spun him right about face with a suddenness that jarred his teeth together violently.

The voice of Bing Carrington, entirely shorn of its lazy Virginian drawl, fell in furious accents upon the close and startled air of the packed ballroom.

"How in thunder," it inquired with ominous restraint, "do you get that way? Didn't you take in the very plainly expressed agreement that if Connemara bobbed her hair it meant she was engaged to *me?*"

With a quick gesture he snatched the auburn lock from the other's hand, and held it aloft before all the eyes.

"*Well!*" demanded young Mr. Bingham Carrington, his chin up at least an inch and a half as he faced the room with his challenge.

"Why—why—" It was Poppy Glenn, on the verge of hysterics from sheer excitement. "That *was* the agreement. Of course it was, Bing!"

Stunned silence—broken giggles—staring eyes—

"I," said Bing, in his most magnificent manner, which could be very magnificent indeed when he had an occasion to rise to, "have the honor of announcing, for Miss Moore and myself, our engagement." His eyes gleamed with reckless laughter that picked up answering smiles, warm and friendly, from those nearest him. "I'm waiting for congratulations, everybody, and it'll take a darn lot of them to make up for what I went through when old Judson marched over and handed Salt that package," he wound up in an ingenuously youthful outburst.

"Perhaps you can explain why, in that remarkable eventuality," Salt asked icily, "Connemara sent the package to *me?*"

"To let you know you were out of it, of course," Bing Carrington said, with easy assurance, still holding on to Connemara's disputed curl. "And possibly, too, because she's a generous, warm-hearted child who's sorry to hurt anyone, she sent it to you for a little keepsake to remember her by. Perfectly natural and simple thing to reason out for anyone who understands Connie Moore."

"What makes you think *all* her hair's been cut off?" Salt asked angrily.

Poppy broke into the discussion before the Southerner could answer. "She told me she had planned one last puzzle," she announced, "and that she'd come in and untangle it as soon as you'd given up."

They all looked expectantly at the doors again, but this time nothing happened except the sudden and solemn booming of the grandfather's clock in the hall, sounding the first stroke of twelve. And, though no one attempted to put it into words, they were all vaguely aware at the same instant of a queer little sense of finality, of the definite ending of something, and the beginning of something else, nobody knew just what, as the old clock continued to strike, slowly and matter-of-factly.

Elderly, withered little Mr. Brewster, Miss Celimena's lawyer, broke the silence the clock left.

"The announcement had to be made before twelve to be binding," he said in his thin, throaty voice. "Two announcements have been made, but both cannot, of course, hold. Miss Connemara had better stop the play now and come forward to tell us which one of them is true. Otherwise—" He held out his hands, and shook a disapproving gray head.

ELSIE JANIS
Actress and Playwright

"Oh, she'll be here in a moment," Poppy assured him confidently. "And she's safe, either way, because one of the announcements *has* to be legal, hasn't it, Mr. Brewster? Let's just go on dancing. She'll get tired of teasing us if she sees we're not waiting for her."

So the orchestra was commanded to resume and everyone began to dance again, though in rather a half-hearted and desultory manner, with one eye on the door and the other uninterestedly on his partner.

An hour passed that was longer than all the rest of the evening before it put together, and still no Connemara with the promised untangling. At the end of that time Miss Celimena, her face very pale, beckoned both Saltonstall and Bing into a corner of the ballroom.

"Something's happened to her," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "She'd never carry a joke as far as this. Won't you—won't you both go out and look for her? Poppy and some of the girls and I will search the house."

Very soberly, their former hostility forgotten, the two went out, and Miss Celimena, her hand in Poppy's strong young arm, walked heavily toward the hall and the staircase at the end.

THE grandfather's clock, which had already ticked off so much anxiety, was just preparing to sound two when an anxious group of unsuccessful searchers met at the open front door, and mutely asked and answered the question that was in every eye, but which nobody wanted to put into words.

"Perhaps," suggested the withered little lawyer croakily, since there seemed to be no other offers of advice as to the next step—"perhaps we had better telephone the police at Greenwich."

Miss Celimena found her voice at that, and screamed: "*Police!* What for?"

"Why—eh—it's the customary thing, Miss Celimena, when a person is missing. Nothing to be alarmed about—quite the contrary, I assure you."

His eagerness to reassure was more alarming than openly expressed doubt. But Miss Celimena's long years of repression stood her in excellent stead now. She was up against something frightening and unpleasant, but after that first terrified outcry she had herself well in hand.

"The telephone is on that table behind you," she said quite calmly. "Will you call them, please, Mr. Brewster?"

She stood at his shoulder quiet and controlled while he talked over the wire for several minutes. At length he turned to her to ask, "They want to know how she was dressed when you last saw her?"

Then, indeed, for a flash, a quiver passed across the set face. It hurt Miss Celimena, even in the midst of her fears for Connemara's safety, to tell an outsider that a Moore had so completely forgotten family tradition and dignity as to disappear in the unfitting garb of a Dominican Sister at a fancy dress ball.

"Tell him," she gasped faintly, "it was a masquerade—nun's dress."

Brewster did so, describing the costume with painful conscientiousness. They saw him listen intently, while a look of dawning horror and incredulity slowly spread over his face. Then he said jerkily into the mouthpiece, "Thank you—yes, I'll tell her," and hung up the receiver.

"What is it?" Miss Celimena asked, with feverish eagerness. "He had some news; I saw it in your face."

"A traffic officer held up a car about eleven in Greenwich for speeding, and let them go when he found there was a nun in it, on her way, she told him, to an emergency case," the lawyer said. "My description and the officer's tallied exactly. Fortunately—or unfortunately, I'm not sure which—" he put one thin hand confusedly to his head—"the man took the license number. There was no one in the car but the nun and a well-dressed young man who was driving."

"Go on," Miss Celimena said hoarsely. "Can't they look up the number and find out whose car it was?"

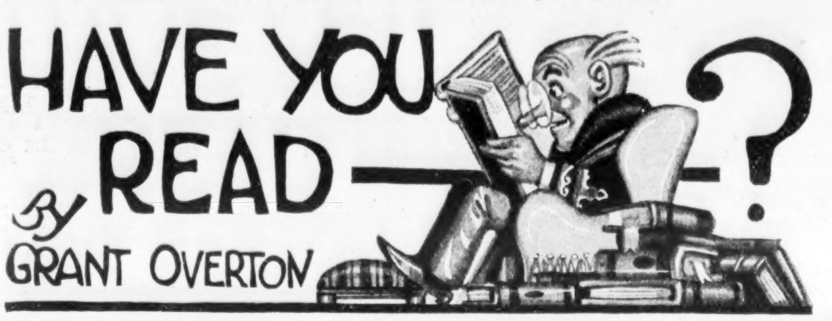
Brewster hesitated. "They—did," he said; then, brusquely: "The number was that of a car reported stolen yesterday morning from New Haven."

(*To be continued next week*)

Chapter V of "Bobbed Hair" is written by Ed Streeter, Chapter VI by Meade Minnigerode and Chapter VII by Dorothy Parker.

HAVE YOU READ—?

By GRANT OVERTON



A FEW years ago a young American, Van Wyck Brooks, wrote a book about Mark Twain that greatly upset many who read it. Mr. Brooks, on the evidence of incidents in Mark Twain's life and on the strength of some of his writings, made him out to be a more or less unhappy, embittered, frustrated man.

"The Ordeal of Mark Twain" said that the author of "Huckleberry Finn" was a great natural genius warped and twisted by his family and friends, half-destroyed by the circumstances in which he lived. It charged that his wife and his friend William Dean Howells tried to make Mark a genteel and prettified writer. It asserted that Mark was driven to make money and more money by being a humorist when he had it in him to be something much bigger.

What was the truth? We have had to wait these several years to get it, but now, with the publication of "Mark Twain's Autobiography," there is some chance of knowing.

In many ways I have found these two volumes disappointing. Mark chose what he thought was a novel method; and when he selected it, probably it was. He dictated his memories and impressions as they occurred to him. He talked about the thing that interested him at the moment, whether it was something from his boyhood or something of yesterday.

In this way he felt that there would always be a freshness and sparkle in what was put down.

But the result is not as good as he evidently expected. Joseph Conrad, the novelist who died last summer, also wrote an autobiography in which he disregarded the order of events. But Conrad let one thought or memory or association lead him to another; his mind flew back and forth over the years like a shuttle combining shining threads, and the resulting book was like a strange but beautiful pattern. Mark's story lacks just that sense of connection; it is more like an unedited diary or an unweeded garden. There are tedious pages and trivialities, although it is true that even trivialities from a man like Twain have a certain interest.

It Hasn't Been Censored

THERE are a few wonderful passages, some of them at the very beginning of the book. A fair share of Mark's boyhood was spent on his uncle's farm. Here is the picture:

"I can see the farm yet, with perfect clearness. I can see all its belongings, all its details; the family room of the house, with a 'trundle' bed in one corner and a spinning-wheel in another—a wheel whose rising and falling wail, heard from a distance, was the mournfulest of all sounds to me, and made me homesick and low-spirited, and filled my atmosphere with the wandering spirits of the dead; the vast fireplace, piled high on winter nights with flaming hickory logs from whose ends a sugary sap bubbled out but did not go to waste, for we scraped it off and ate it; the lazy cat spread out on the rough hearthstones; the drowsy dogs braced against the jambs and blinking; my aunt in one chimney corner, knitting; my uncle in the other, smoking his corncob pipe; the slick and carpetless oak floor faintly mirroring the dancing flame tongues and freckled with black indentations where fire coals had popped out and died a leisurely death; half a dozen children romping in the background twilight; 'split'-bottomed chairs here and there, some with rockers; a cradle—out of service, but waiting, with confidence; in the early cold mornings a snuggle of children, in shirts and chemises, occupying the hearthstone and procrastinating—they could not bear to leave that comfortable place and go out on the wind-swept floor space between the house and kitchen where the general tin basin stood, and wash."

Now about Van Wyck Brooks's theory: "Mark Twain's Autobiography" seems to me to make it untenable. I have been assured on sufficient authority that the autobiography has not been censored in any way. It is admitted that much material remains unpublished, and no doubt all or nearly all will be brought out later.

Mark Posed for Susy

BUT, on the evidence of these two volumes, Mark was in the main a happy man. He had one of those profound natures that have their natural sunniness clouded over quite often by doubts, disbeliefs, and a kind of sadness at the spectacle of life. His sense of mankind's littleness—of what I may call mankind's insectitude—was as strong as that of any prophet in the Bible. Such things as the death of his daughter Susy made the awful "Why?" of human existence ring terribly in his great mind and his tender heart. But if he was essentially unhappy I can find no clear trace of it.

In a noteworthy passage he says of his wife: "During the nine years that we spent in poverty and debt she was always able to reason me out of my despairs and find a bright side to the clouds and make me see it." And he praises her truthfulness, honesty, candor, charitableness; her limitless affection constantly expressed toward him; her "heart-free laugh of a girl." This passage in the autobiography was written a year and eight months after Mrs. Clemens's death. It is not the utterance of a man whose life had been scrimped by his marriage.

The most charming thing in "Mark Twain's Autobiography" is certainly the biography of him written by Susy Clemens. Susy, who died at twenty-four, commenced at the age of thirteen an ambitious life of her father. With its imperfect spelling and naïve details this record is both funny and touching. Mark quotes a sentence or a paragraph from Susy's composition and then embroiders it with his own amused recollections of the time and place.

After Susy's secret became known, her father says: "It is quite evident that several times, at breakfast and dinner, in those long-past days, I was posing for the biography. In fact, I clearly remember that I *was* doing that—and I also remember that Susy detected it. I remember saying a very smart thing, with a good deal of an air, at the breakfast table one morning, and that Susy observed to her mother privately, a little later, that Papa was doing that for the biography."

Here is a bit of Susy's description of Mark:

"Papa's appearance has been described many times, but very incorrectly. . . . He has a very good figure—in short, he is an extrordinarily fine looking man. All his features are perfect, exept that he hasn't extrordinary teeth. He *has* got a temper, but we all of us have in this family. . . . Papa's favorite game is billiards, and when he is tired and wishes to rest himself he stays up all night and plays billiards, it seems to rest his head. He smokes a great deal almost incessantly. He has the mind of an author exactly, some of the simplest things he can't understand. . . ."

"MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY." *With an introduction by Albert Bigelow Paine. Two volumes. Harper & Brothers, New York.*

Lester Ralph

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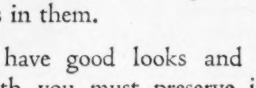

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Name ....
Address ....

Friends

Continued from page 23

One night the channel of companionship suddenly widened. The Young Man appeared at the door just after the Fairfields had finished supper. Jane, who opened the door, said "Hello" in glad surprise.

"Hello," said the Young Man. "Is your mother in?"

Jane let him in and called her mother. The Young Man stood in the hall, holding his hat in his hand, and smiled at Mrs. Fairfield. He was a very polite Young Man, and he had a nice smile.

"Good evening," he said. "I don't know as you people know my name. It's Kinsey. I live down here on Lincoln Road. I'm Jane's friend—at least, I hope so. She's mine, anyway."

"Well—golly!" said Jane vaguely, suddenly grown shy.

"I wondered," the Young Man went on, "if maybe you'd let me take Jane to the movies to-night. It's 'Robin Hood.' We'd get home fairly early, and I thought—it's Friday night, you know."

Mrs. Fairfield was on the point of refusing when, unfortunately for her own purposes, she happened to look at Jane. And there was that in Jane's eyes which stayed her purpose.

They were wide with wonder that such a thing might be, and they were desperate with pleading that such a thing should be. And this was such a polite Young Man. Mrs. Fairfield liked his coming to her directly, she liked his manner, she liked his smile, she said Jane could go.

Jane, advancing proudly down the street under the clear fall stars by the side of the Young Man, was keenly aware that life was pleasant, and chatted very fast. The Young Man smiled back at her and answered her questions satisfactorily, as always.

In the dark of the movie theatre Jane became silent and enthralled. The thing was real. At times she laughed out loud and at other times she clutched the Young Man's sleeve and cried. And during the romantic behavior of Mr. Fairbanks and the beautiful Maid Marian on the turrets of the castle, Jane had an idea. It was an idea born of Jimmy's insinuations and fostered by her present surroundings. Maybe she—Jane—was in love. She was a little vague about love, "Little Women" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" being her two most familiar, if somewhat diametrically opposed, treatises on the subject. But certainly she liked the Young Man better than she liked anybody else—except of course, she added conscientiously to herself, Father and Mother and Frank and—Jimmy? No. She discarded Jimmy from the exemption list. Always heretofore he had come right after the family. She must be in love.

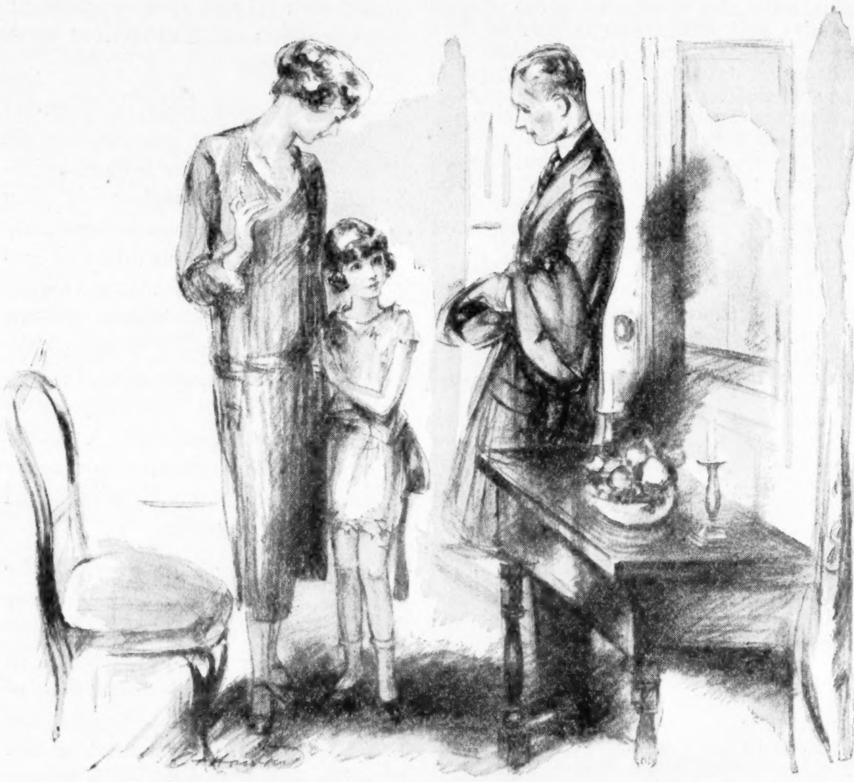
THE Young Man took her to a drug store after the picture and bought her ice cream.

On the walk home she did not disclose her new discovery. Their talk was still of things that went on in the world of sports. But Jane still pondered. At her door she thanked him rather shyly. In bed, she told her mother in detail about the picture. It took some time because she got lost in the intricacies of the plot and had to go back a good many times, to put in things she had forgotten. After her mother had kissed her and shut the door, Jane, staring into the darkness, remembered that if she were in love she would probably marry the Young Man some day. Well, why not? Who would be nicer to marry? With whom would she rather spend all her life?

He would take her to professional baseball games—the world series even—and she could go on his camping trips with him and help kill bears. Suddenly across these musings flamed a still more alluring prospect. They would have seven children, thus conveniently making a complete baseball team within the family.

Jimmy came over the next morning, idling in the front door, just to see what was doing.

"Where were you last night," he asked. "Whyn't you come out and help raise Cain; it was Friday night, 'n' everything?"



"I'm Jane's friend," the Young Man said. "At least—she's mine, anyway." "Well—golly!" said Jane, suddenly shy

"I went to the movies," said Jane.

"Who with?" demanded Jimmy skeptically.

"The Young Man," said Jane.

"Aw, heck," said Jimmy in a tone of profound melancholy. "Well, c'mon out now, and let's make some horse-chesnit slings and things."

"Nope," said Jane. "I'm gonna ask Emma to teach me how to cook."

"Well, for gosh *sakes*," said Jimmy, helpless in the toils of his amazement, and went away.

Jane's cooking lesson was not an unqualified success. Her fingers were more used to crooking around a ball than around kitchen utensils, but she kept at it until Emma's patience gave out and she chased her away.

Over Sunday, she had no chance to see the Young Man. And on Monday, though she waited for him until she made herself late to school, he didn't come. Nor on Tuesday. Tuesday evening, when she went to get the paper to read the sporting page, she couldn't find it, and everyone turned her away with evasive answers. It was plain enough to Jane that they didn't want her to read the paper.

"What's in the paper that you don't want me to see?" she inquired at supper.

"How do you know there's anything?" asked her father.

"Why else would you all be hiding it for, then?" asked Jane. "But I only read the sporting page. I don't ever read about murders and things. What good are they?"

Mr. Fairfield looked at his wife appealingly. She sighed and nodded, and after supper she told Jane, as gently as she could, that her friend, the Young Man, was in trouble. He had, some months ago, stolen some money from the bank. It had just been found out. That was what was in the paper. Jane swallowed hard. "Golly," she said, appalled. Then "Is he going to *prison?*" she asked, sudden horrible recollections of the dungeons and tortures of Robin Hood coming to her mind.

"No," said Mrs. Fairfield, "the officers—the men at the bank—have been very kind to him. It's all very complicated and you wouldn't understand, but he put some of the money—a large part of it—back before they found it out. So they're going to let him go. He'll go somewhere else to live, I think, and, Janey, you must forget him as soon as you can. And if you should meet him before he goes, you won't talk to him, will you?"

"I don't see why," said Jane, "and if he put it back I don't see why he's got to go away."

"Mother told you in the beginning that he wasn't a very nice Young Man."

"He is *too*," said Jane, staunchly aware that he had been, as far as she was concerned, a very nice Young Man indeed, "and I don't know as I believe he stole any old money."

"It's been proved, dear," said Mrs. Fairfield sadly.

"Well then, it was to support his dying mother or something," said Jane, "and I'll bet he's sorry. And I'd like to see him and—"

"Jane!" said Mrs. Fairfield desperately, "you mustn't see him—please. And don't talk any more about it. Or think any more about it."

BUT Jane thought about it a good deal. She was, as twelve is apt to be, both tolerant and intolerant. Where her likes and dislikes were concerned, she was decisive, almost brutal. But where matters were beyond her own realm of experience she was not inclined to pass judgment. She knew that the Young Man had been friendly, that he played baseball, that he went camping, that he had been kind to her, that he had taken her to the movies and bought her ice cream, and that he had never, in her presence, done or said a mean or unkind thing. That made him, for her, a gentleman and her friend.

She tried to talk about him to her family, to plead for him, to find out facts. They were kind, but they wouldn't talk about him. Even Frank wouldn't. Jane had sought him in his room, hoping that he at least would be tolerant.

"He stole the money, didn't he?" Frank said brutally, "and any guy that steals money is a thief. You'd better forget him."

"But, Frank—"

"Shut up. I got to do this Latin. It's tough on you, old top," he added more kindly. "You thought he was all right. But, honest, you'd better just forget him."

Jane went sadly back to her room to brood alone. She couldn't just forget him. She supposed that any guy who stole money *was* a thief. She couldn't get around that. It made her sad—and yet that wasn't all there was to it—just to say he was a thief and forget him. Back of the sadness was still this unquenchable liking for the Young Man. She had forgotten about being in love. She didn't know much about that, and it seemed unimportant, somehow. He was her pal—and as a pal she burned with this tremendous desire to see him and tell him that he was, as far as she was concerned, still a good guy.

At school the next morning she was absent-minded and listless. She was wondering about him, whether he had gone, what he thought about her. She dreaded what the boys might say. Out in the yard at recess, one of them started to tease her about it.

"Oh, Jane—you and your Young Man—" he began.

"Shut up!" said Jimmy's voice. Jimmy had come to the rescue. Jane walked away, leaving them in altercation.

"Yeah, I know, but he's a *friend* of hers," she heard Jimmy protesting. She was very grateful. Jimmy understood.

"Why don't you go out and play, dear?" asked her mother, coming to her room that afternoon.

"I do' want to," said Jane. "Mother—please, Mother—if I could just see him—just for a minute—"

"Oh, Jane," wailed Mrs. Fairfield, "are you still thinking about him? Don't you understand, darling? He's *bad.*"

"He is *not!*" Jane shouted, tears in her eyes, tears of anger. "I don't care if he did steal the money. I don't care if he stole all the King of England's money. He's a good guy." She was openly crying now, and her mother let her cry it out on her shoulder until she was quieted. But still she wouldn't understand. She didn't know, perhaps, what pals they had been. She didn't appreciate, perhaps, what being pals meant. Jane heard her talking to her father in the hall downstairs later on.

"Only make her worse—" was all she caught.

Jane heard people talking about him. She heard two teachers talking about him at school. She heard Mr. Taylor talking about him that night when he and Mrs. Taylor came over to play bridge. She was in bed, and they didn't know she could hear. And Mr. Taylor had played baseball with him nearly all summer. Why did they forget all the times he had shown his good sportsmanship? And he would think she had forgotten too—that she didn't like him any more—that she wasn't still his pal. She cried herself to sleep.

THE next afternoon she was reading in her room—she still didn't feel like playing football—and suddenly jumped at the sound of a familiar voice at the front door. "Just leaving for the station—just like to say good-by—" Her mother was being kindly but firm in her refusal. Jane dashed for the door, to find it shut. Her mother stood with her back against it, and the Young Man was gone.

"Please, Mother," said Jane desperately, "just let me say *good-by* to him. You got to."

"I'd so much rather you wouldn't, darling. He's gone now, anyway."

Jane, stormily silent, went back to her room. There she decided to resort to rank but desperate disobedience. She sneaked softly down the back stairs, waited until she heard Emma in the pantry, then was through the kitchen and out the back door and running down the street—hatless, coatless—running for the station.

Rounding the corner of the platform, she saw him at the other end, sitting on an empty baggage truck—alone. A little knot of people in one corner were looking at him and talking in low voices. Jane didn't notice them. She slipped up quietly and sat down on the truck beside him.

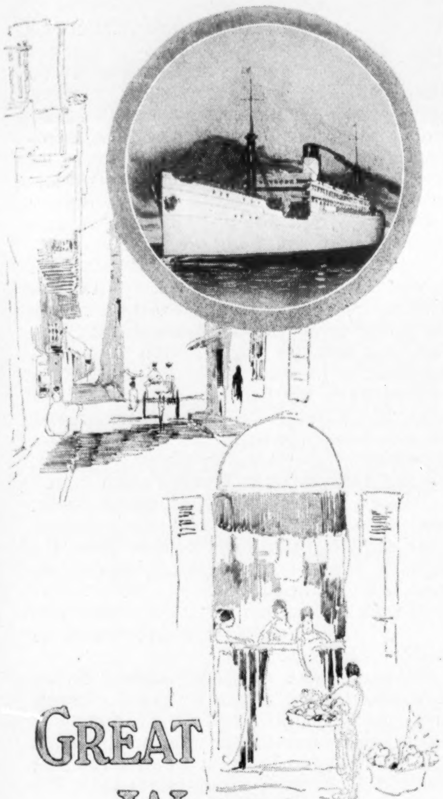
"*Hello*," he said, looking down at her in surprise. "Did your mother—"

"Nope. I sneaked out."

"Good—good for you."

There was a long silence. They were both a trifle self-conscious. Jane noticed that the Young Man had funny lines around his eyes. He looked older.

(*Continued on page 39*)



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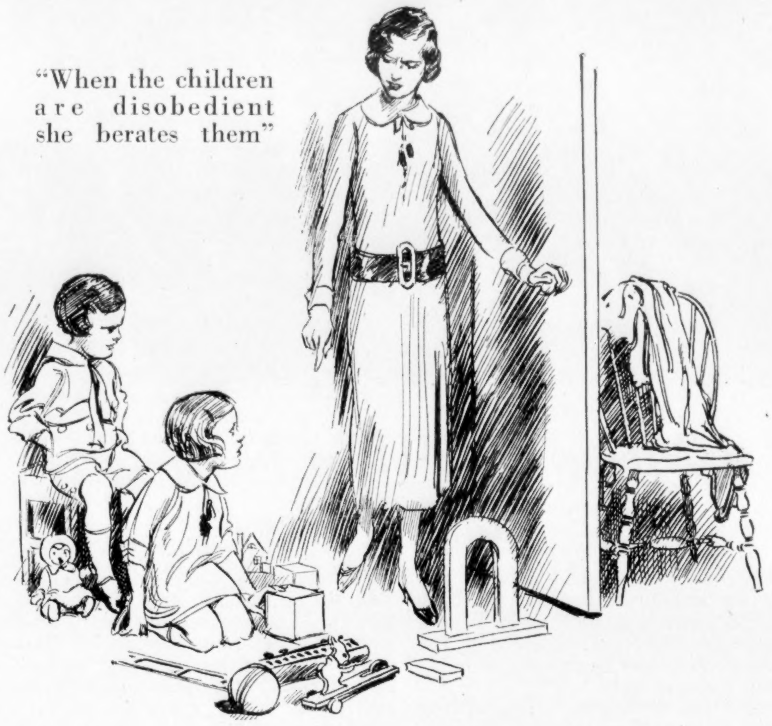
Are Stepmothers Mean?

By FRED C. KELLY



"When the children are disobedient she berates them"

PEOPLE often ask: "Why is a stepmother mean to her husband's little children?" As a rule the answer is: She isn't. The chances are that the belief in the churlish attitude of the average stepmother is just one more of the old notions that aren't true. Probably just as many stepmothers lean backward and are overindulgent as are unduly severe. Still others may not have the patience to deal with children intelligently and would be just as quick-tempered with their own. Many mothers are not any too kind to their children. But considering the exceptional case where the stepmother is good to other children but not to her husband's, it is almost certain that she is jealous of her predecessor—of her husband's previous wife. She may be jealous of the earlier wife even though she never knew her. It makes her angry to think that her husband ever loved another woman enough to marry her.

Now, there are two ways of gaining superiority. One is to put yourself up; the other is to put the other fellow down.

This woman may be anxious to satisfy herself that the children's mother was of poor quality—of such ordinary quality, in fact, that many of her faults have been handed down to her offspring. The stepmother is pleased to find misbehavior in the children because it confirms what she believes or is trying to believe about their mother. When the children are disobedient, as all young ones are, she berates them, wishing to convince them that they are exceptionally unruly. She secretly isn't fully convinced of this herself, and if she can make them believe that they are bad eggs, naturally wicked, it will make it easier for her to think what she wants to think—that they inherited their no-account qualities from their mother.

Friends

Continued from page 38

"You haf to change at the junction?" asked Jane, making conversation.

"Yep, for the express. I change again at Chicago."

"You goin' out West and begin again?"

"Yes, kid," said the Young Man, "that's just what I'm going to do." He looked down at her and his eyes, in spite of the lines, seemed to smile.

"D'you really steal the money?" asked Jane.

"Yes," he answered sadly, the smile gone from his eyes. "There were all sorts of things—you wouldn't—home—oh, well—it was pretty much of a mess all round." He stared at the ground, silent, troubled.

Then Jane did what she had come to do. She put all of her fierce loyalty, her trust, her friendship, into one sentence. She fumbled with a piece of loose metal hanging on the edge of the truck.

"Well, anyways," she said briefly, "anyways, *I* don't care."

The Young Man suddenly slid off the edge of the truck and walked down the platform, pulling the visor of his cap down over his eyes. The train rounded the curve, grinding and roaring. People stirred, came out of the station. The Young Man came back and picked up his bag. Then he put it down again and took off his cap.

"Good-by," he said, gripping Jane's hand hard, "good-by—old pal."

"So long," said Jane. . . .

She walked home with a lighter heart. She was serenely unconscious of having done anybody any good. She had merely done what she wanted to do, and she felt much better. She would miss the Young Man awfully, of course, but they might write to each other, and she could think of him as out West making good, and be glad she had had time to see him before he went, and make sure they were still friends. The thing was settled now, and there was nothing more to worry about.

AT THE corner of her own street she met Jimmy and Freddy Pearson.

"Hey, Jane," said Jimmy without much hope in his voice, "c'mon with us an' have some fun. The Higginses have got a new cook. She's Hungarian and don't know any English. We lie in the bushes and yell all sorts of things at her, and pretty soon she gets mad and comes out and jabbers like anything in Hungarian. She's funny as a crutch, honest."

Jane came back to normal with a sudden thud. Half an hour later, when rectangles of light were crossing the November night from windows, and slightly impatient voices were calling laggards home to supper, there came the distant whistle of an express, speeding westward.

But Jane, deep in the Higginses' shrubbery, occupied in irritating the Higginses' Hungarian, didn't hear it.

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Take a Tip From the Con Man

Continued from page 20

are likely to be under observation for some time, and the manner in which you walk and carry your body gives him his first impression of you. The other point involves your voice tones. One successful confidence man said to me: 'When you're working on hicks, walk like a senator and talk like a preacher.' "

Deacon Dudley interrupted: "How am I to develop this devotion to detail on the part of our salesmen?"

"It would not be difficult, if you could get them to admit that salesmanship can be taught effectually. It is a singular fact that confidence men and those engaged in the sale of worthless securities are usually better salesmen than the men employed by reputable houses. Even the intelligent bootlegger is studying salesmanship."

The Crook is Worth Studying

HERMAN McTAVISH did not appear to be greatly impressed. "I tell you, Professor, what I think. You got good ideas, I admit, but I don't see how they could be fitted to the garment business or the piece goods business. From the way you tell it, to be a confidence man is easy, compared to selling cloaks and suits."

"I concede, Mr. McTavish, that the confidence man has certain advantages. Probably the chief of these is the fact that he usually appeals to the basest form of cupidity. When that phase of the green emotion is excited, it is comparatively easy to produce a credulous state of mind on the part of the 'customer.' Another advantage is that he doesn't have to come back. He is strictly a 'once over' man. But please bear this in mind: The confidence man must first establish confidence in himself on the part of his proposed victim. Practically every confidence game has been repeatedly explained and exposed in the newspapers. Virtually no one, with any considerable amount of money, is ignorant of the various bunco games, yet many of them are swindled because the con man makes it look different."

"But I thought you said that all of them use standardized methods."

"Yes, Mr. Dudley, I did say that, and it is quite true. Bear in mind that the full details of the procedure which a confidence man employs in trapping his victim are rarely disclosed in the subsequent newspaper accounts. For that reason, the approach can remain basically the same. The variations might be compared to the selection of form paragraphs in the correspondence department of a mail-order house to meet the various kinds of inquiries and complaints.

"Just at present there is a new and cheaper version of the old 'Spanish Prisoner' swindle. It has the same theme as the old scheme, namely the call of kinship, coupled with an appeal to cupidity. In this new game, the plan is directed to Americans of German descent. A resident of Germany claims relationship, describes conditions there and offers to work a year for nothing in this country, if the price of a steamship ticket is advanced. Sometimes this demand is reduced to the alleged cost of a passport, which supposedly includes a certain amount of bribery. Strangely enough, the bribery idea seems to intrigue the interest of many who were cold toward the proposition of advancing the cost of ocean passage. Remember this is all done by letters."

"But," objected Herman, "nobody except a dumb-bell will fall for that game."

"Mr. McTavish, your remark suggests a mental attitude that is possessed by many salesmen. They lack confidence in their own ability to put over an idea. They seem to minimize their own abilities and unduly magnify the resistances which they may encounter. As a consequence, they are inclined to become peddlers instead of salesmen. This is frequently true of salesmen who bear every outward evidence of self-esteem and self-assurance. Consider the wire-tapping scheme. It is old and has been reported hundreds of times in the newspapers, yet supposedly shrewd men are frequently robbed of large amounts by this swindle. Expert salesmanship seems to be responsible.

"Legitimate salesmanship must, above all else, be honest, and I am thankful to be able to say that I think it is becoming more so every year. But I believe there is something we can learn from the high-pressure salesmen—and even the crooks—if we properly analyze their methods."

Mr. Kingman looked at his watch and declined dessert. "I am sorry, but I must be going."

"Before you go," Dudley said, "I should like to ask you to get in touch with me when you have sterilized the sales methods of confidence men so that they can be applied to the sales force of one of the most conservative and reliable houses in the world."

"I shall be glad to do that, if I am ever able to separate the good from the bad."

As Dudley and McTavish returned to their dessert, the latter said: "It's a funny thing, Deacon; there is a feller that knows all about crayon enlargements, confidence men, bootleggers, and even I think he knows a lot about business, but I guess he ain't hardly making a decent living. Should he dress up and keep his hair cut, I bet he is an A-number-one salesman. But look at him. Unless he is wearing expensive underclothes, he couldn't get two dollars for his whole outfit down on the East Side. Can you tell me why a man like that should stay in the college business?"

"I suppose it's the way the good Lord made his mind. He likes to learn and impart his knowledge to others. It's somewhat like the preaching spirit. We are fortunate in having such men."

"Maybe that's right. I guess it is. Say, Deacon, my Isidore got turned down all those places you sent him. He says in some of the places they was positively insulting."

"Weren't they insulting everywhere?"

"Maybe they was. I didn't make no detailed check-up on it."

"If they were not, they didn't do as they promised. I am trying to break down his infernal egotism. I have ten more sales managers who will insult him next week. In fact, I can have him insulted as long as his egotism lasts."

"Maybe you break his nerve."

"He hasn't any nerve now. It's all bluff. When he starts to weaken, I'm going to send him to a doctor."

"You don't think there's nothing wrong with the boy's health, do you?"

"No, I don't believe there is, but this doctor will put him on a diet and send him to a gymnasium. He will be treated rough there—don't think he won't."

"Will he, maybe, get hurt?"

"Nothing but his feelings will be hurt. He will be picked on by everybody."

"How you going to make him stick at it, Deacon?"

"If he doesn't stick, I shall bawl him out in a way he will never forget, and in that case I want you to throw him out down at your house. We will have him watched and not let him go completely on the bum. That will cost you about sixteen dollars a day."

"Is there anything else you aim to do?"

Isidore's Future is Insured

"YES, if necessary, I am going to have him submitted to several mentality tests. I have a pretty good idea as to how he will show up in these tests. The boy has a mathematical mind. He can make figures talk, but he is slow on everything else, except bragging about himself. I want him to realize that he is a big boob except on figures."

"Then what you going to do, Deacon?"

"When he develops the right mental attitude, if he ever does, I am going to put him into the fidelity and surety insurance business."

"Is that such a wonderful business for a young man?"

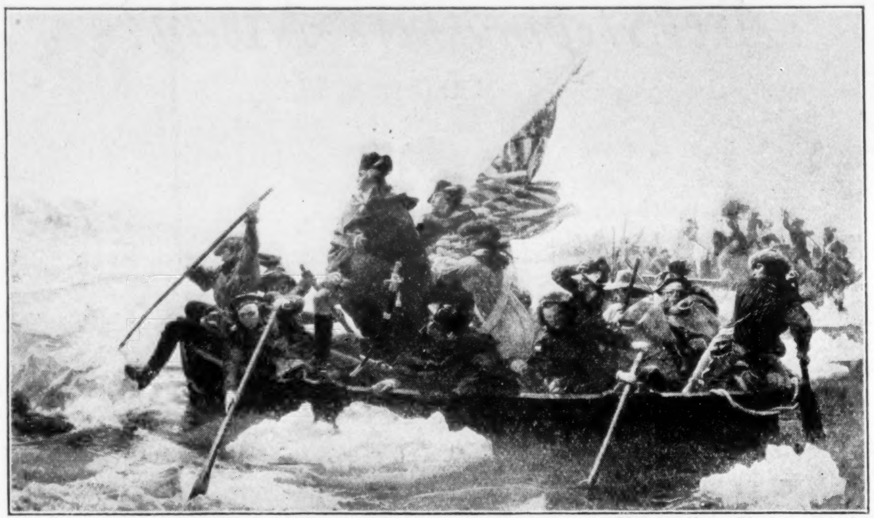
"It is growing faster than any other business I know of and they tell me that some of the companies can't get enough men of the right sort. If we can tame Isidore, I think he will make good in that branch of the insurance business."

"Any kind of insurance looks like a funny business for a Jewish boy, unless he is a loafer."

"You forget that one of the greatest of all life insurance salesmen—a man who made hundreds of thousands of dollars—was a Jew."

"Yes, that's right," Herman agreed. "I know the feller you mean. He's dead now. I guess, maybe, you got it right about Isidore. Anyhow I gave you the job, and I ain't going to interfere, unless he should start to be a gunman or something like that."

Joe Clopton is a wise old bird. He's a veteran super-salesman. Not long ago, in the dining car of a New York-to-Pittsburgh train, he said to Deacon Dudley, "Most of our men have their price"—but it had nothing to do with graft. Mr. Maxwell will tell about it in an early issue of Collier's.



Metropolitan Museum of Art

A Movie Hero Who Never Gets Mash Notes

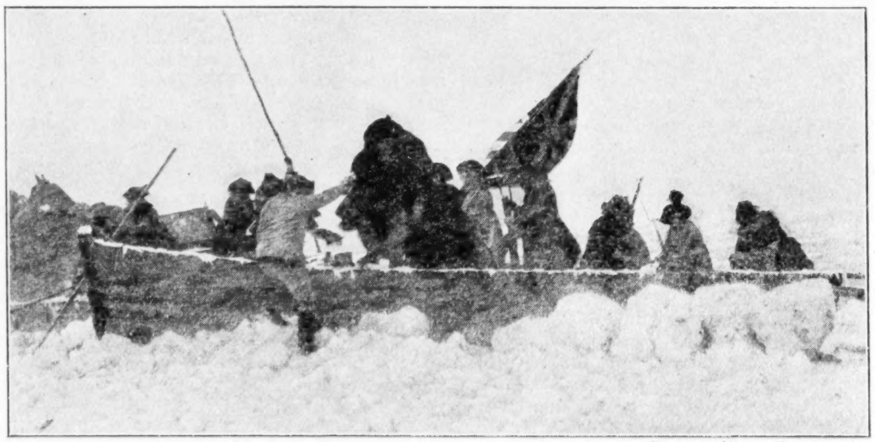
THE cross-word puzzle solvers are far outnumbered by those whose chief delight is to pick flaws in motion-picture productions. Authority for this statement comes from several movie "research departments."

Just as the Property Man of the studios is supposed to have in his possession any article on earth which any lunatic author or director may demand, the Research Man is supposed to possess authentic knowledge of the costumes and backgrounds and habits of life of all peoples in all ages of history. If he "slips up" on any noticeable detail and a bushel of mail from flaw-pickers discloses his error he has to hunt a new job. Not long ago, for example, as many letters as ever were submitted in a prize contest deluged a studio which produced an ancient Roman mob scene in which many of the rabble appeared with "feather-edge haircuts" and with their bare arms showing vaccination marks.

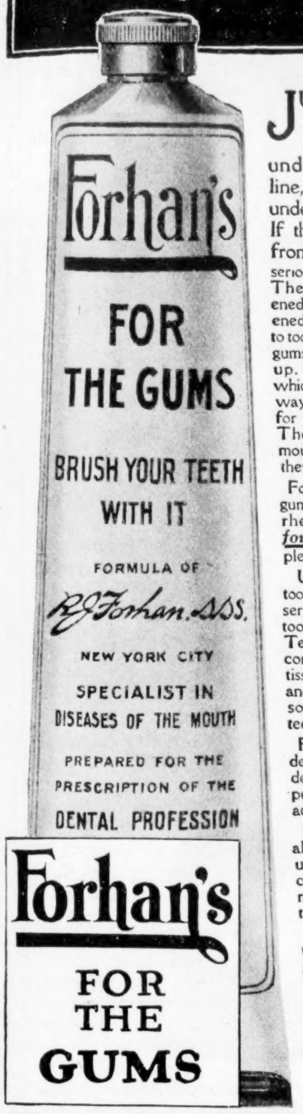
But the flaw-pickers suffered one of their worst defeats this summer when they assaulted the motion-picture version of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" as shown in "Janice Meredith." They pounced upon the fact that the boat in the film was at least two or three times larger than the one celebrated for seventy-three years in E. Leutze's famous painting, and they further called attention to a banner of strange device supplanting the Betsy Ross flag. The Research Man was lying in wait for them this time. He was right; Leutze a faker; and here was the proof: Washington crossed the Delaware on Christmas Eve, 1776; that was some six months or more before the flag of Betsy Ross was adopted. As for getting a dozen stalwart men into a rowboat of the size shown in the painting—it simply couldn't be done!

Paul Revere's ride in the Griffith film "America" brought up the difficult question: what kind of horse was used, and what color? The flaw-pickers would descend like locusts if the Research Man got it wrong. The artists who had painted that ride by night had shown a natural preference for a white horse. But artists are not always to be trusted. A white horse was the final choice because, after nearly three months of work, nothing definite on the subject could be found.

Not all of the harassing problems of the Research Man have to do with things far away and long ago. A modern scene being filmed on shipboard had a distracted Research Man stumped for several hours. He had furnished his sailor-lad "extra men" with clothing guaranteed to be absolutely right, but the costumes didn't look right and he couldn't tell why. He had the scene held up until he got from New York a set of news snapshots of real sailors. Then at a glance he spotted the trouble. Real salts don't tuck their blouses *inside* their trousers. A little matter—but important!



Cosmopolitan Corporation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Protect your gums and save your teeth

JUST as a ship needs the closest attention under the waterline, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink from the tooth-base, serious dangers result. The teeth are weakened. They are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves tender up. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They disfigure the mouth in proportion as they recede.

Forhan's prevents this gum-decay called Pyorrhea, which attacks *four out of five* people over forty.

Use Forhan's every tooth-brush time to preserve gum health and tooth wholesomeness. Tender gum spots are corrected. The gum-tissues are hardened and vigored to support sound, unloosened teeth.

Forhan's is used as a dentifrice, though no dentifrice possesses its peculiar gum-tissue action.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

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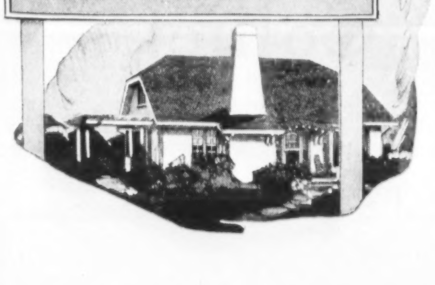


WE SEE BY THE PAPERS
RAY
ROHN

FROM London comes the story of Sir James M. Barrie's first meeting with Robert Louis Stevenson.

They were young men then, and strangers. Stevenson bumped Barrie on a street in Edinburgh. Barrie glared. Stevenson glowered.

"After all," he said, "God made me."

"He is getting careless," said Barrie.

Stevenson shifted his cane from one hand to the other.

"Do I know you?" he asked.

"No, but I wish you did," said Barrie.

"Let's pretend that I do," suggested Stevenson—and arm in arm they started for a tavern.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. J. C. BARRANG of Colchester, Conn., have crossed the country with an ox team.

It took them three years, four months and sixteen days to make the trip.

One more journey for "the covered wagon." The Barrang family reports no Indians along the route, but had a daily battle for a parking space.

* * *

IF YOU have seen "She's Wild" or "Garden Gold," you have seen Uncle Sam in his latest rôle, directing moving pictures. Six of the ten departments in Washington are now making movies of material that used to go into dry-as-dust pamphlets.

Films range all the way from short "fillers" to seven-reel features, and from pictures of animal life to stories with plots and villains. The government employs its own stars, pays them average wages, and uses its pictures to interest people in the government's activities. One film made by the Department of Agriculture, "Behind the Breakfast Plate," has been shown all over the world to an audience of 250,000,000 people.

* * *

"SPIDER'S web stockings" are a novelty in Germany.

It is said to take 279 miles of thread to weave a pair and one modern dance to wear them out.

* * *

CHINESE soldiers have very definite ideas of the way a war ought to be fought, and refuse to go to the front without an umbrella.

Witnesses say that when one soldier digs trenches in rainy weather another holds a parasol over his head, and that two take turns when troops are marching. Some 8,500 umbrellas were shipped from Peking for the Kiangsu soldiers during the fighting at Shanghai.

* * *

THE New York "Times" asks its readers to remember the days when steam for the country's first locomotives was furnished by burning wood fences found along the right of way and the completion of a run "without losing a wheel" was hailed as an omen big with promise for the future of transportation.

There was the first fleet of weird locomotives, for example, that appeared on the Reading System in 1837. They were all "sunshine engines," which is to say that they never ran when the skies were threatening. All of them burned wood. None of them had brakes. Each had one lever only, and that was the throttle. All the way ahead, and you got full speed; all the way back, and you backed. If the engineer found himself gaining on a train ahead, there was nothing to do but start reversing.

Little in life has changed so remarkably in a few score years as the comforts of a railway journey.

* * *

ONE of the most prominent Negro scientists in the United States, in charge of the department of scientific research at Tuskegee Institute, declares he has no use for books and that his researches are inspired.

This man is Dr. George Washington Carver, winner of the Spingarn Medal and member of the Royal Society of Arts in London. "Who's Who" tells the story of Dr. Carver's life and begins as follows:

> Born of slave parents on farm near Diamond Grove, Mo., about 1864. In infancy lost father, and was stolen and carried into Arkansas with mother, who was never heard of again. Was bought from captors for a race horse valued at $300—

Surely, from a start like that, this man knows what he means by inspiration.

* * *

ALEXANDER KRASNOTCHEKOFF, who is serving six years in a Moscow penitentiary for mismanaging a bank, has written four books on finance while in prison. The Soviet authorities have offered him $2,000 for each of his volumes and a position in a state bank. The latter he refuses—finding it more profitable to stay in jail.

* * *

YOUNG gentlemen at a school in Oxford, England, have been given a test along the lines of the famous questionnaire of Thomas Edison.

If they can answer some of the questions fired at them—to wit, "When did Good Friday fall on Tuesday?" "Why does a horse get up forelegs first?" "Why does a tail coat have two buttons behind?" and "Do shrimps make good mothers?"—we are prepared to suggest that there is something to be said for an Oxford education.

* * *

IT IS not so long since "Woman's place is in the home" met little disagreement. Now Señora Reverte heads a delegation of Spanish feminists who make application to become matadors and declare that if she wants it woman's place is in the bull ring.

* * *

SLEEP records of many years' standing were broken in New York recently by Jacob Kiriminski, of 231 East 96th Street.

Falling asleep in his car in front of that address, Kiriminski slept when his foot accidentally hit the self-starter, slept when the motor started, slept while the car raced him eastward toward the river, and slept when it jumped off the foot of 96th Street and landed on a barge.

He was still sleeping when a party of rescuers who had seen his motor take its leap arrived on the scene and woke him up. Then he went to sleep again.

* * *

DR. JOHN J. CRONIN of the department of education in New York declares that bad teeth are responsible for 94 per cent of the truancy in public schools. This goes Collier's articles by John Amid one better.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* Rexall DRUG STORE

DON'T shiver in bed! Warm the sheets with a Kantleek Hot Water Bottle.

And remember, a Kantleek *can't leak.* Because it is moulded in one piece. No seams, no binding, no patches, no splices. Even the stopple socket is moulded right into the rubber.

A Kantleek bag is made of live para rubber, scientifically treated so that it will not harden and crack.

Guaranteed for two years. Any Rexall store will replace a bag that leaks before that time even if you bought it at some other Rexall Store.

Sold only at your Rexall Drug Store.

"There is one near you"

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY
BOSTON

Rebels in Retirement

Continued from page 17

instructor in the department of biology at New York University.

Like "Sweet Marie," she has been domesticated. She has a small son who attends a private school in New Jersey while the mother assists her husband in the pursuit of his Ph. D. degree at Columbia.

It was she who originated the hunger strike in this country. She did this following her imprisonment for denouncing the flag when war with Mexico seemed imminent. In the famous Union Square riots she stepped into the face of charging mounted police and took blows on her head from clubs intended for "Wild Joe" O'Carroll, and was almost killed. Her husband had just come out of Cornell University. He took part in most of the riots and mob scenes of those days.

The Battle of Union Square

"MY VIEW of things from 1914 to 1917," he now says, "was that of the biologist or scientist. I was interested in people and things and social systems as molecules and atoms. The other radicals derived their emotional energy from their natures and fed it upon literature. Consequently my background was always different from that of Mrs. Plunkett and the other radicals. Curiously, I now find that almost ninety per cent of scientists are radicals in thought when, indeed, they should be most conservative, knowing that human progress is a matter more of mechanics than anything else. Machinery will ultimately free the poor from their present economic thralldom. I know now the futility of the methods we employed and the defects of our thinking. I suppose it may all be attributed to emotionalism of the young and to general restlessness."

Thus the parade of rebels in retirement continues.

Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman are in Europe, barred from returning to this country. "Big Bill" Haywood, who operated mostly in the West as the head of the I. W. W., is in Russia, whither he fled when out on $20,000 bail following his indictment by federal authorities for seditious actions in war time.

Elinore Fitzgerald, secretary to Berkman when he was editing "Mother Earth," is now general manager of the Provincetown Players, south of Washington Square in New York, and her sister Cora is treasurer. Both have contributed to the rise and development of Eugene O'Neill and other brilliant young playwrights.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, another active figure in the riotous days of restlessness, is associated with the Civic League in New York and helps to edit a magazine of protest which is patronized by "fine names." Her methods have also changed. Though still in intellectual revolt she uses the written and spoken word as a means of expression.

"Wild Joe" O'Carroll, a fiery young Irishman who precipitated the Union Square riots and was run down and almost killed by the police, is, according to his friends, in California, dying of tuberculosis. He was a fiercely sincere radical whose philosophy was derived from an emaciated system and an empty stomach.

Frank Tannenbaum, formerly another spectacular addict of violence, is living in scholarly activity; is married and the father of a child. It was he who served a year at Blackwell's Island for leading a mob of unemployed in an invasion of a church and demanding food, clothing and shelter for his followers. Upon conviction he bitterly denounced the judge, jury and all the instruments of the law. After serving his sentence he attracted attention by heckling Thomas Mott Osborne, former warden at Sing Sing Prison. Later he had himself admitted to the prison for the purpose of observing the institution. While there he was shot at when he undertook to test the vigilance of the guards by trying to escape. Then he created astonishment by entering Columbia University. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa on graduation with highest honors in history and economics. He was inducted into service in the war and organized a class at a military camp in Georgia. He discussed the ideals and issues of the war and attracted much attention. Several times he was called to Washington. After the war he returned to Columbia. Now he is a specialist on prison reform and has written a book and essays on it. He, too, is a rebel in retirement.

"Do you feel the same way about social problems now as you did when you led the unemployed into the churches in 1914?" he was asked.

This was his answer: "I have broadened considerably since then. I have added many things to my intellectual make-up. In 1914 I was convinced I had the key to heaven and that no one else's key would fit the lock. Now I know that others will.

"I am still a Socialist. The social problem is not a Gordian knot that can be cut by one sweep of the sword. In 1914 we had great unemployment. So far as unemployment is concerned, to permit starvation is a greater crime than is the property crime of stealing. It's not only criminal but preposterously stupid. I believe that society ought to provide the unemployed man with an opportunity to make his own bread with the sweat of his brow. However, I think it is pretty definite that we are progressing."

To this it may be added that Tannenbaum is now described as a liberal rather than a radical—a change which seems to have come over most of the rebels of 1914-1917.

It was because of their loyalty to Tannenbaum and their appreciation of his zeal and sincerity that a number of his companions had their skulls cracked in a pitched battle with the police in New York during this period. Tannenbaum, at that time, was in prison, and his associates held a meeting at which they waved red banners bearing the words, "Tannenbaum must be freed!" and "HUNGER!" at the police. More than 400 patrolmen, detectives and mounted police combated the radicals and the thousands of curious bystanders sucked into the whirlpool of the fray.

Among those arrested for participation in this riot were Arthur Caron, Vincenza Minella, and Adolph Wolff, "The Hobo Poet and Artist." Of these Caron is dead; he was killed, with Louise Berger, Marie Chavez, Charles Berg, and Carl Hanson, by a bomb believed to be of his own making.

A Hero of the Legion

MINELLA'S ardor has subsided and he is now "doing the best he can" as a writer. Wolff, never much of a poet, is painting. Floyd Dell, Leonard Abbott, and Arturo Giovanitti are finding outlets for their social emotionalism in writing. Indeed, the theory is advanced by "Romany Marie" Youster, sister-in-law of Abbott, that the rebels of yesteryear, instead of attending "meetings," may now be found at the art galleries along Fifth Avenue.

Arthur Caesar, playwright, was at one time a mild rebel. He is a graduate of the Yale Law School and studied at several universities abroad. Before America entered the war he enlisted with the Foreign Legion and was one of five men who volunteered to submit to inoculation of the mysterious and deadly trench fever germ. Of these he was the only one to survive.

"Most of the radicals," he says, "were unquestionably sincere, but the trouble with them was that they suffered, subconsciously at least, from an exhibitionist complex. They thrived psychologically on publicity and excitement. Still, they had a deep and genuine sympathy for the poverty-stricken submerged tenth and really did some good. They exposed conditions which needed exposure."

Old Man Vanderbilt

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT will cut your wood, burn your brush, and tidy up your place for $2 a day! He will appear at your door at 7:30 A. M., scythe over his shoulder, ax in hand.

He's Alfred Cornelius Vanderbilt, seventy-three years old, and he has lived in Valley Cottage, N. Y., a tiny hamlet in the back hills of the Hudson, all his days. The Vanderbilt "mansion" of Rockland County, a topsy-turvy structure of three small rooms, rents for $8 a month.

Old Man Vanderbilt, as he is known to his neighbors, comes by his illustrious name honestly.

"I'll tell you about the relationship," he will say to you. "My grandfather, my father's father, that is, and old Commodore Vanderbilt were first cousins. He come from farming people like the rest of us—Dutch people we were—and he started his fortune with a rowboat. He uset to row folks over from Staten Island to New York, which was the trading post. He saved his money, and bought a second-hand steam launch, and he didn't stop till he had made hisself $90,000,000, which was quite a sum for those days."

When I asked him if he didn't wish some of this tidy sum had fallen to his side of the family too, Mr. Vanderbilt shook his head. "Oh, I guess there's plenty of grandchildren," he answered. "And I'm uset to workin'. Ain't never stopped since I was born."

Both he and his wife—Mrs. Vanderbilt is sixty-eight—have worked hard all their lives. Mrs. Vanderbilt for years has washed and ironed for summer boarders. She turns the most commonplace house dress into a thing of shining beauty. She herself, as she comes up the road, in her stiff white sunbonnet, blue calico dress, white apron, and broad, white, newly starched kerchief, looks like a drawing in an early edition of Shakespeare—Dame Quickly, she might be. AGNES DE LIMA.

What Sort of Man Will He Be?

HOW to live upright, useful, happy lives—that's the most important thing our children can learn in school, and that's the very thing many of the schools are not teaching them.

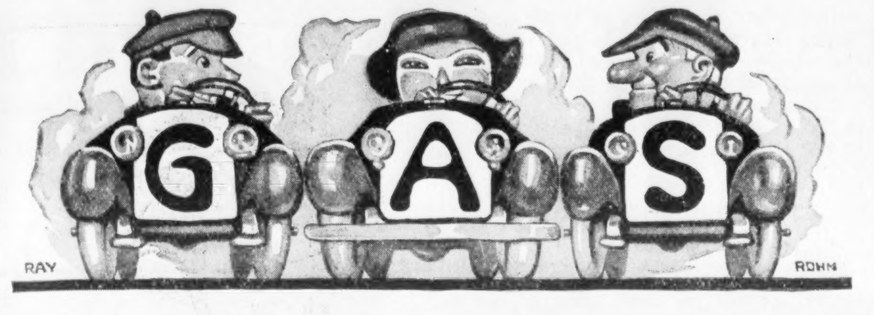
Thoughtful men and women know this is true. Nineteen weeks ago Collier's set about getting them to send in ideas that could be used in a Code of Morals which would help the children to a better chance in life.

Letters came from persons of all faiths and creeds. The work has gone steadily on. It was a delicate task and now it is completed.

We believe that the Moral Code, as it will appear in these pages next week, sets forth in simple language the fundamentals of right living upon which Catholic, Protestant and Jew can unite, and which all men and women of good will can support.

Collier's

January 17th



HERE is the wind-up of Collier's poll on the suggestions of the U. S. Senate Committee for traffic regulations in the District of Columbia, many of which we believe might be profitably adopted all over the country.

Send in your vote on these senatorial thoughts:

1. "All titles to automobiles should be registered, and every owner given a certificate of registration."

2. "Dealers selling new or used cars should be required to certify to the correct adjustment of all headlights at the time of sale."

3. "Driving with improperly or poorly adjusted brakes should be considered careless or even reckless driving."

For Uniform Motor Laws

FROM many quarters, simultaneously, there is coming an insistent demand for the adoption in this country of uniform motoring laws for all the states and Collier's is glad to lend its voice in furtherance of this movement. For instance, only thirty-five states require the licensing of professional chauffeurs and only fifteen license automobile drivers.

There will be better motoring for everybody, less confusion and, above all, a lower accident rate, when the same system of motor laws applies from New York to California and from Chicago to New Orleans. The latest organization to come out with a definite and vigorous campaign toward this end is the National Association of Women Lawyers. Let's see if the hand that rocks the cradle can also rock the politicians.

Using Other People's Space

WHAT answer would you expect if you asked a garage proprietor to let you store your car in his building free of charge? And yet that is exactly what the motorist does who parks his car in the public streets—only he doesn't ask. Nobody begrudges the automobile driver reasonable time to stop for errands, even in a congested district, but the all-day parker is encroaching on the rights of all other motorists and unreasonably depriving them of space for which they have paid their share in taxes, license fees, and other imposts. But what is a reasonable time for parking?

Roadside "Art"

WHAT do you think of the nation-wide campaign to regulate advertising billboards? You can't eliminate them without destroying the substantial industry which erects and maintains them. Perhaps the proper results would be obtained by removing them where they interfere with a beautiful view and by encouraging their use in places where they would hide a disagreeable scene. But then, who would do the artistic deciding?

Righteousness by Edict

UP IN Rhode Island they're considering new motor legislation, some of which is hot stuff. They plan to put on each license card the photograph of the car owner or operator; to stipulate that "no vehicle shall overtake and pass or attempt to pass any other vehicle proceeding in the same direction at an intersecting highway or bridge or a sharp turn or curve or a steep ascent or descent;" to make it compulsory for all drivers to stop before going over railroad crossings, and to prohibit a motorist from leaving his place in line to pass more than three vehicles ahead. Most of these rules are already observed by careful drivers. Whether they will convert the other kind is problematical. What do you think?

Below the Age of Discretion

JUDGE STANLEY L. ORR of Cleveland has made a careful check-up and discovers that sixty-five per cent of the speeders brought before him during a long period have been under thirty years of age and that, of these, sixty-five per cent were under twenty-four. He blames most traffic troubles on young drivers. Well, youth will be served. In this case, however, after hearing the judge's sentences, youth has done some "serving" itself.

Start While They're Young

IN SEVERAL parts of the country great chunks have been taken out of the automobile accident percentages by intensive campaigns of safety education among school children. The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce offers prizes of $12,000 in its fourth annual contest for safety essays by children and safety training lessons by teachers. Good stuff, this.

That Spare Tire

TEN to one, you haven't given that spare tire a thought since you hung it on the rear of your car. Five to one, it's flat, and two to one it's either damaged by sunlight or water or both. Tires not in use deteriorate faster than those in normal service and new spares on a car are tempting morsels to thieves. To help keep your tires in shape and the crooks honest, give your spare a whirl of real motoring. Put it on one of your rear wheels and shift both rears to the front to diversify their wear. Use the extra front as a spare. Lightfingers won't touch it with a ten-foot pole.

How About These Crooks?

To the Editor of Gas:

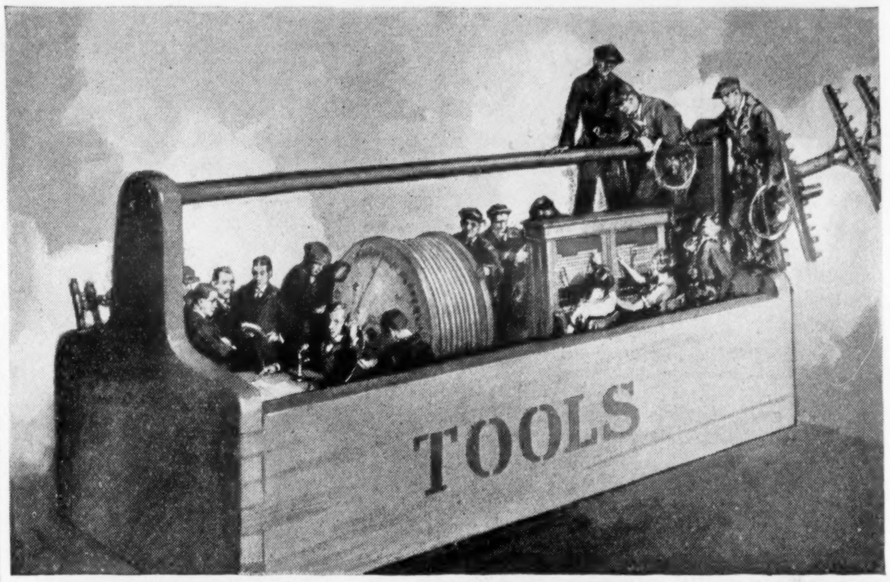
HOW about the people who, in congested districts, deliberately walk in front of a slow-moving car and fall down the minute they are touched by a mudguard so that they can hire a shyster lawyer and present a claim for heavy damages? A lot of motorists have suffered from this brand of crookedness. Go after them, if you can.

Yours for better motoring,
JOHN ROUSE, JR., Waterloo, Iowa.

The only way we know to avoid these particularly bothersome criminals is to go very slowly through the districts where they swarm and watch like a hawk. Good, strong liability insurance is the best policy. The companies know how to fight this bird better than you do. A few reliable witnesses, either in the car or in the street crowd, are useful but not always available, and he usually has his witnesses all "planted" and primed. This galoot is a bad actor and hard to catch.

The Motoring Weed

EXPERIENCED drivers don't smoke when negotiating heavy traffic. The traffic interferes with the operator's enjoyment of the smoke and the cigarette or cigar in the hand takes some of his attention and interferes with the quick-maneuver ability which is so essential to safety and good driving.



The tools of national service

The American people lead the world in the efficiency of industry. Who can say what part of their success is due to the superior implements they use. This much we know. They have the world's best telephone system as an instrument of communication, and they use it without parallel among the races of the earth. To this end our telephone service must be equipped with proper tools.

The tools of management. Bell System executives, rising from the ranks of those who know telephony, must share our responsibility to the public, most of whom are telephone users, shareholders or workers.

The tools of service. The national, two-billion-dollar Bell System, handling fifty-eight million telephone calls a day, must be enlarged and extended while in use.

The tools of forecast. We must continue to know the rapid and complex growth of communities and make provision in advance, so that the telephone will be ready when needed.

The tools of supply. The Western Electric Company, our manufacturing and purchasing department, its factories manned by 40,000 workers, assures us that extension of facilities need never be interrupted.

We must have the best tools of finance, of invention, of everything else, in order to continue serving the American people.

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(Original letter in our file)

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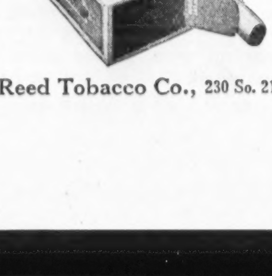

Reed Tobacco Co., 230 So. 21st St., Richmond, Va.

Costly Blunders

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

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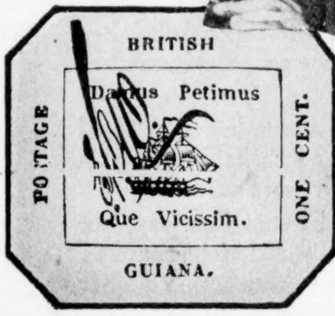

If you ever find a stamp like the one below, hang on to it! The original of the picture below cost Arthur Hind (circle) about $40,000. The sale surprised the experts. They thought the King of England, who owns a famous collection, had bought it

WOULD you trade a good farm for a canceled postage stamp? In many instances it would be an expensive error on your part if you didn't—particularly if the stamp involved happened to be a bit of old paper made precious by somebody's costly blunder. A really *rare* postage stamp is worth thousands of times its weight in platinum or diamonds.

As one token of that fact a cable from Paris a few weeks ago related that the French Government's most recent summer clearance sale of old postage stamps from the philatelic estate of that eccentric Austrian nobleman, Count Philipp von Ferrary, had fetched $100,000; that the "addition" of the series of sales of his property to date is $1,400,000; and that eventually the grand total of receipts from the estate may pass $2,000,000.

One of the most interesting of the curious facts revealed in this series of auctions is that the leading items—the most precious old stamps in the world—nearly all have originated in small city or rural post offices and that nearly all the prizes were made rare by somebody's blunder, carelessness or mistaken judgment.

For example, the most precious single stamp in existence, one which cost the original buyer one cent and its latest purchaser a sum for which you could buy a 200-acre improved Iowa farm ($32,077 in cash *plus* commissions and taxes, which raise the total close to $40,000), was issued in a job printing office in the little South American city of Georgetown, Bristish Guiana. Its picture plate was a wood cut borrowed from an advertisement; its border was hand-set type. The local post office ran out of stamps, a new shipment from England was late in arriving, and an emergency issue had to be run off. In the general confusion the one-centers of the set were wrongly colored red, and had to be withdrawn as soon as the mistake was discovered. That was in the year 1856. To-day only one copy of that reddish one-center is in existence.

The most precious "cover" known is an envelope upon which two stamps adhere, souvenirs of a "costly blunder" made in Port Louis, Island of Mauritius, in 1847. A local watchmaker engraved them and was responsible for the blunder which made them become so rare and valuable. He did a right professional job on all but the lettering. There, instead of "Post Paid," he graved the words "Post Office." Only a few copies of the issue had got into the mail when the mistake was found out and the issue suppressed. The man who first liked the two stamps on this "cover" paid less than a nickel for them. To-day they would buy a big ranch, for the last time they changed hands they fetched a sum close to $50,000.

Somebody's carelessness with matches made another of the rarities in our gallery sell recently for $12,000. This stamp, like its British Guiana rival, was produced in a job printing office from hand-set type. It is a blue two-center of the first stamp issue of Hawaii, dating back to 1851. Shortly after the issue was put on sale the post office in Honolulu was destroyed by fire. The few stamps that escaped burning have steadily soared in value ever since. Their rarity, nothing else, sets the price.

Two rather crudely lettered stamps issued in British Guiana in 1850, worth four cents at that date, nearly $20,000 at present, became precious for an even more peculiar reason—an error in judgment on the part of the postmaster who placed them on sale. He fancied that there was a demand for a local delivery in the streets of little Georgetown. He was wrong at the time, and the stamps were recalled. But there is plenty of demand for them now!

Even more primitive in appearance is the most precious stamp ever printed in the United States. It is nothing but a crudely lettered "Paid 5 Cents," black ink on a dull blue background. It originated in the little village of Boscawen, N. H., ten miles upriver from the state capital, Concord. Only one copy is known to be in existence. It first saw active service in 1846, shortly before our national government adopted the use of postage stamps. From a jitney as its original cost it now has risen in value to somewhere in the neighborhood of $12,000.

Count von Ferrary, whose postal estate is being scattered so ruthlessly by the French Government (the receipts being applied to the reparations bill against the Central Powers), was a "fantastic," a recluse, a philatelic miser. Sometimes he paraded the Paris boulevards resplendent in a yachting uniform like a lord high admiral; sometimes he prowled about in tatters like a ragpicker.

He professed strong anti-Teutonic sympathies, and insisted upon being called "Monsieur de la Renotiere," but when his will was opened the Parisians who had smiled tolerantly at his eccentricities discovered in horror that he had left everything to the Berlin Postal Museum. This was in the midst of war days, and France was in no mood to be trifled with by any double-crossers. The authorities promptly confiscated 500 big albums of precious stamps and began to sell them off at public auctions, three sales every year. Slow work, because even to catalog so many items is a tremendous task; and much red tape further complicates matters.

Agents of rich collectors do most of the bidding at these auctions and keep their operations so dark that often it has been many months before the identity of the real purchasers is revealed. That was the way with most of the items we have been discussing. The most precious rarity in the world, that one-cent British Guiana specimen, for example, was variously reported for two years after its sale to have been bought by nearly everyone but the real buyer. Some of the sharps guessed that the King of England had it, some the King of Spain; M. Burras, the French "tobacco king," and the "chocolate king" of Chocolat-Meunier fame were named. Col. E. H. R. Green, of Texas, one of the most famous of American stamp collectors, son of Mrs. Hetty Green, was suspected; and then Signor Caruso. But all of these guesses proved wrong. No king, no European magnate got it; an American carried it off—a textile manufacturer and bank director of Utica, N. Y., named Arthur Hind.

Once the philatelic sharps got upon the trail of Mr. Hind, they soon discovered that this genial and quiet upstate New Yorker had made many other important purchases, big and little—so many that he now is often spoken of as "the Ferrary of America." Not only does he own that most precious single stamp in the world; he also has possession of that most valuable "cover" which bears the $50,000 Mauritius duo of 1847. Another one of his prizes is the Boscawen, N. H., "$12,000 jitney." It is quite possible that his collection soon may nearly equal in value that of Count von Ferrary.

His most formidable rival appears to be the French tobacconist, M. Burras, who bid successfully for the Hawaiian two-center offered at the Ferrary auction and the pair of two-cent British Guiana circular stamps of 1850.

Colonel Green's collection is another huge and valuable one, and includes $20,000 worth of a blunder made by the U. S. Post Office in 1918. A twenty-four-cent airplane stamp was issued with the picture plate of an airplane in the center—the 'plane turned upside down. The first man to notice the error refused to buy one of these stamps because he thought the mistake made the stamp "no good." A wiser head was the next at the window. He bought out the whole stock and took it straight to Colonel Green.

HOKUM
—in the heart

"Don't you know yet what it takes to keep the jack coming in off the road after you've finished the nine-hundredth Broadway performance?

"It's the hokum. The good old heart-throb lines that get under their ribs and make 'em laugh and cry and want to climb the footlights and love the heroine. Sure-fire, knock-em-dead, riot stuff.

"You said it. The way Mary Blake put it over. I learned about hokum from her.

"Where's Mary now? Out in a hick Louisiana town you never heard of. Mary Blake! And happy! All hopped up on the greatest hokum of her career.

"It just happens I'm the guy can tell you all about Mary Blake."

—and the press agent tells about her in a story which is not only about "sure-fire, knock-em-dead, riot stuff"—it is itself that very thing.

in next week's
Collier's

Club Feet

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Claire Reynolds, born with Club Feet, had them straightened in a few months at McLain Sanitarium when he was 14. Read of *permanent* result in brother's letter written 5 years later:

We will gladly call on prospective patients near here, to show them what marvelous and permanent work you do. I know what a wonderful thing it has been, to have my brother's feet made straight and useful. Will answer any inquiries.

GUY L. REYNOLDS,
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Where Wives Don't Strike

Continued from page 21

wheat had gone back on them. Probably wheat raising can be best accomplished by modern methods of factory production—gangs of men, armed with the most efficient machinery, poured out upon the land for the minimum number of days necessary to plant and reap and withdraw to their industrial occupations again. Undoubtedly this method will raise wheat, but is it farming? Certainly it doesn't impose any obligation on anyone to make farm life attractive.

In the California valleys, however, they do seem to combine the two things. Through marketing agreements and coöperative associations, through careful grading and advertising, they have made fruit growing a successful business, and through cheap electricity they have made farm life pleasant. Except among the foothills the farms are all reached by electric wires. The figures from the farming section of the Santa Ana district, thirty-five miles southeast of Los Angeles, for August, 1923, show the company receiving 1.9 cents per kilowatt for power, for light, heat, cooking, and the farm and home machinery. From the number of kilowatts they use I infer that they do not do anything by hand that electricity can possibly be made to do.

I have a kinswoman living in that favored region. Coming East for her college reunion, she showed me the plans for her new electrically equipped house.

"I like living in the country so much better than in Cincinnati," she told me. "Even if the fruit didn't sell, and we couldn't run away in the off season, I'd prefer it to anything else. There's no hard work with electricity to throw the burden on, and the other satisfactions more than balance what I miss."

Hydro Banishes Mortgages

IT IS perhaps in that part of Ontario where high-tension lines carry the electricity from Niagara west through the province that people are most obviously enjoying farm living pure and simple.

Like our Middle West, Ontario has a population averse to farm life operated on the basis of unadulterated human labor. These Canadians saw that if Ontario were to prosper, country living must attract people just as it must if we are to prosper in the Middle West. So they offered cheap electricity on the farms.

I went half a day's journey in a slow train filled with country women returning from a meeting in London, Ontario. My seat mate responded innocently to my insidious approaches.

Yes, she lived in Oxford County—a dairy region. She'd met her husband while he was in the University of Toronto.

Sorry to leave the city? No, it wasn't any harder to keep house than in Toronto. Why should it be? She had exactly the same things to do it with—electric stove, washer, irons, plenty of hot water. Why should it be hard? She tended her garden, of course—she did *so* enjoy having one to tend! No, she didn't have anything to do with the farm work. The milking was all done by electricity, and that ran the separator and pumped the water too. She didn't sew much—bought her clothes ready made—like mine (with an appraising glance). She did wish her husband could get more help, but the three boys were growing up.

Necks were craned from the windows to see if John or William was there with the flivver, and the women sifted off at the little way stations like sand through a sieve.

Motoring back across the same country armed with introductions I found myself fitted snugly into a coupé with the care-free wife of a country doctor who took me calling while her daughter did the housekeeping.

"Does Elsa like living in the country?" I ventured, with an eye single to what I wanted to find out.

"There's nothing she likes better, though she's visited the city twice and had a good time. She's going to be married pretty soon because Evart—he's the son of one of the doctor's patients up toward Galt—Evart's got a chance to get 160 acres, with hydro-electricity already on it, and a farm like that won't wait. A farmer can't live here without a wife any better than you tell me he can down in the States."

Mindful of our own bankrupt farmers, I asked her what the chances were of Evart being able to pay off the mortgage under which he would have to buy the farm.

"I never heard of a farm with hydro being sold under a mortgage," she declared.

"Is having hydro the reason?"

"I don't know if it's the reason, but I know it's the fact. I wouldn't let Elsa go on a farm that didn't have it. It's too hard. She'd be dissatisfied and get him to leave."

The Ontario women in the sections where they haven't hydro are actually trying to send their children away from the farms. In the hearings held in June by the Agricultural Enquiry Committee, women who had no electricity testified:

"We can get neither domestic help nor electric service, and it is no wonder the country sections are being depopulated."

"What are we to do with our boys when they grow up? Not one of us proposes to raise her boy to be a farmer."

"If things go on as they are, it will soon be so that the young men on the farms would be unable to get helpmeets, because mothers are advising their daughters not to marry farmers."

"Unless conditions are improved the farm home must disappear!"

But wherever the wires have gone in Ontario that strike of the women is called off. By the side of a concrete road I saw the parts of a ready-to-put-up bungalow. Near it stood an old farmhouse of yellowing brick. My driver, who knew everybody, called out:

"Sam's getting married, I see."

"That's so," admitted a grinning young man looking up from the lumber.

"Knew it when I see the house had come. You better get Hawes to help put' er up. The one he got for his boy last year's as nice as you'd care to see."

Later he pointed out numbers of small new houses along the roads—a new fashion in the hydro country, coming in to meet the new need for a home for the new farmer's wife who is leaving the town.

Farms Follow the Wire

SHE isn't leaving town much in that Middle West of ours which is now in such straits. It is too far behind the times! The great fertile state of Iowa has only 1,200 miles of rural distribution lines, and Illinois only 2,000. Their rich rolling miles are green with something else than crops. In one progressive county in Wisconsin coal-derived electricity is carried to the farmers and used for purposes ranging from cook stoves to curling irons, from milking the cows to heating the chicken houses, at an average cost to each of fifty-eight consumers of $6.28 a month. Only in the Golden—or was it the Dark?—Age could hired man or girl be got to perform these tasks for any such sum.

And since this new farming population will follow the wire it's possible to build up farming communities wherever the land is good and they are needed. Put through your wires, and the farms will follow. For the woman who likes country living is packed and ready to move when the conditions against which she struck are removed. Put through your wires, and she will follow out of the city to the land and take her husband with her. Here and there she has already gone.

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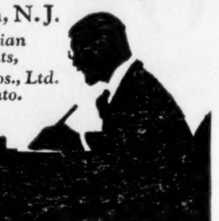

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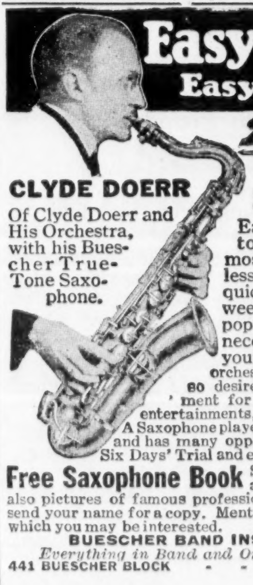

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

ON FIRST reading the letter "Must Man Propose," our guess was that somebody was spoofing us. On reflection, we have concluded that "Plumb Skeert" is quite sincere, and that her very human appeal for guidance based upon experience is well worth putting before you. At all events, her problem is as old as civilization—and who can say whether the feeling that the proposal should come from the man is based upon nature and instinct or is only conventional?

Andrew Johnson, Debater

To the Editor of Collier's:

Tusculum, a little college, for one hundred and thirty years has been a beacon light to the boys and girls of East Tennessee. When I was a student there thirty years ago, the debating societies flourished. I remember its being suggested that we debate: "Was the impeachment of Andrew Johnson justified?" The question was no more than announced before the president of the college, Rev. Jere Moore, D. D., rose and said: "Boys, this is one question that shall never be debated within the walls of this institution. Mr. Johnson was a citizen of this county and an honored friend and trustee of this college. At all times he took a lively interest in its work and progress, and nothing which might in any way reflect on his memory shall ever be uttered here."

Mr. Johnson was a loyal friend, and it was to the debates held there that he often trudged four miles on foot after a day's labor in his tailor shop at Greenville, so eager was he to get an opportunity to debate with the boys, and thus lay the foundation which afterward made him a master upon the platform and in the forum.

The schools and colleges seem to have got away from debating societies, like the church has got away from the mourners' bench—but is it best?

B. CLAY MIDDLETON,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Let's see: isn't school and college debating in a flourishing condition?

Must Man Propose?

To the Editor of Collier's:

When a woman like "Discouraged" can seek help through you, and find it, isn't it all right and proper for a girl to try the same? I know what some people will think of her, but where else can she go for help? The older women she knows would be shocked, or say they were. Her friends her own age are like them or have "modern" ideas from reading. What she needs is real advice from someone who has "been there."

Her age is twenty-one. After getting through school she studied designing, didn't want to be just a flat tire, though she did not need to work. Most of her life is good times with the livest bunch in town. Boys do not run when she is coming, unless they do to meet her. She is healthy and not "queer" any way.

There is a man six years older with more of a serious mind, though not a killjoy. Guess she has about as bad a case as girls can get. She wants to be his wife and have a real home with him. (I'm glad nobody sees my face as I put this on paper!) If she cannot be, I suppose she won't pine away, but she will stay single. He does not play around with this bunch. Sometimes calls on the girls, calls on her the oftenest. He may look on her as sort of a kid sister, having known her so long. He may be afraid of her (family's) money. But I think it really is: he thinks all these girls are the froth variety. He might think they smoke outside and stand for "necking." This girl never did. He has no suspicion of her feelings toward him—nobody has, either. She can pass out a "line" to the boys, but when he comes she just shuts up, cannot even give him a good time. He is talking of going away to live. If he does he may meet somebody who will be new and will have more "kick" for him.

The girl wants to tell him. She doesn't know how he would take it, but would rather do it and shock him than just let him go. Why must a girl keep all this to herself and run her chances? Could it "work"? She could do it if someone would lend her a little courage. Please let me know.

"PLUMB SKEERT," Middle West.

That is as definite an address as she wishes to appear.

Jackknives and Bandits

To the Editor of Collier's:

I should like to tell Mr. Thad Singleton of Louisville, Ky., why he cannot purchase a good pocketknife for his boy. He mentions the knives he bought thirty years ago as being still good. He bought those knives during the administration of President Cleveland, and we were living under a low tariff, when American manufacturers were compelled to make good cutlery in order to compete with the foreign article. He probably knows that a high tariff enables the manufacturer to sell a cheaply made article at a high price, and probably thinks that "the foreigner pays the tariff." Anyway, his state voted to continue this robbery of the American people, and he doubtless voted that way, so he shouldn't kick.

A few words now in reply to Mrs. A. L. Plummer of Kansas City, who wants to know what is being done for the (recreation and social diversion of) boys over the Boy Scout age. A good many of the young men from seventeen to twenty in Houston become bandits.

WAKEMAN BROWN,
Houston, Tex.

Before endorsing this suggestion to Mrs. Plummer's son, Collier's would like particulars. Assuming that there are bob-haired bandits too, is mixed banditry properly chaperoned? Are extension courses available to the boys who become enthusiastic and wish to enter the higher, or second-story, branches? If not, are extension ladders? Are there regular meetings in a modern den, with inspirational talks by self-made yeggs? (Come off, Mr. Brown! We know Houston too well to take your "few words" seriously!)

His Name's Bill Kelly!

To the Editor of Collier's:

The University of Montana football team seldom has over twenty-five men on the varsity squad, yet they are pitted against such schools as Washington, California, Washington State, Idaho, Oregon, and southern California.

On our team we have one William Kelly, quarterback. This was his first year of intercollegiate football. He is young, weighs 175 to 180, yet not only has the ability to select the proper plays and the right personality when it comes to keeping harmony among the players, but—

Against Mt. St. Charles Academy, he caught a punt and ran 58 yards for a touchdown; made passes of 10, 20 and 40 yards for long gains; ran 35 yards for a touchdown.

Against the strong Idaho team, six times an Idaho back came through with a clear field to him and each time a touchdown was averted.

Against the University of Washington champions, he intercepted a forward pass and ran 70 yards for a touchdown. The referee ruled out of bounds (the motion pictures showed that he wasn't), but while the crowd was still gasping he took a Washington kick and ducked and dodged his way 75 yards to a score.

Against Montana School of Mines, he caught a kick-off and ran 90 yards for a touchdown. Also skirted right end, eluding four backs, and ran 35 yards to a touchdown. Tossed many passes for gains of 10, 20 and 40 yards.

Against Gonzaga, he caught a punt on his 30-yard line, slipped through half a dozen tacklers and cantered over the goal line for a touchdown.

Of the Stanford-Montana game the San Francisco papers said: "Kelly passed with the accuracy of a Walter Johnson. . . . Ran 45 yards, being stopped only by the safety man. . . . Recovered a fumble and ran 35 yards. . . . Broke away and ran and dodged through the entire Stanford team for 90 yards" and a touchdown.

What makes it all the more remarkable is that his line is light and at the best is mediocre. His interference is practically nil. We are proud of this quiet, unassuming young man and would like to have Mr. Grantland Rice and Mr. Walter Camp see him in action.

GEORGE S. SNYDER, Missoula, Mont.

Well, what do you expect, with a name like that? He'll come to no good end—without getting by him—unless the name of the good end is Kelly too.

What's the Moral, Mr. Hammond?

To the Editor of Collier's:

In Iowa, "where the West begins" and "the state where the tall corn grows," Brookhart has again been elected to the United States Senate. In this state the Republican party has three factions: the progressive, standpat and Klan. Brookhart, a progressive, had the active hostility of the standpatters and Klan, with the Democrats shot into the bunch for good measure; yet he won, but his campaign cost him $344.67. Politics is expensive out here in Iowa.

O. A. HAMMOND, Des Moines, Ia.

It's a Solemn Thought

To the Editor of Collier's:

Man has outgrown the earth.

Who will be the first man to venture outside the earth and its surrounding atmosphere? How and when will this come about? We don't know—but it is going to happen.

The first Christopher Columbus changed the history of this earth. The second may change the history of the universe.

GUY HAYTHORN,
Wichita, Kan.

Maybe it's been done already. We remember a press agent's earnest assurance that something or other would be "the tallest building in the universe." He must have been around sightseeing a good deal.

How to Foil These Wife-Beaters

The father who described his distress of mind over his nineteen-year-old daughter's intention to marry a man divorced for cruelty, has inspired this:

To the Editor of Collier's:

Did these now-perplexed fathers know that they had daughters when their daughters were two to four years old? Did they then consider them something to play with, like a canary or a kitten, and did they feed them with Mother Goose jingles instead of carefully selected child stories and pictures?

Did they, when the daughters were four to seven, send them to a good private kindergarten, instead of letting them play all day without supervision.

Did they, when they were seven to fifteen, send them to public schools, where they were mixed with and contaminated by a heterogeneous mob, when they should have been attending a *good* private school?

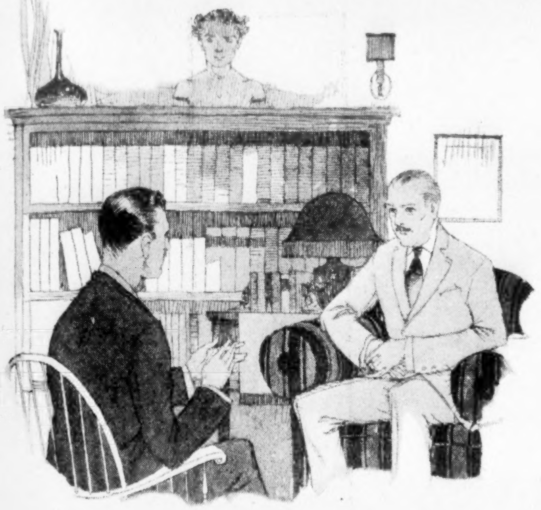
Did they, when they were fifteen to nineteen, really know them? Did they turn them loose in offices, factories, stores, through a selfish desire to augment the family income, instead of giving them cultural educations at the best girls' (*not* co-educational) colleges?

If they did know their daughters at these times, and did train and develop them systematically, the prospect of the nineteen-year-old girls being vamped by "undesirable" wife-beaters is very slight.

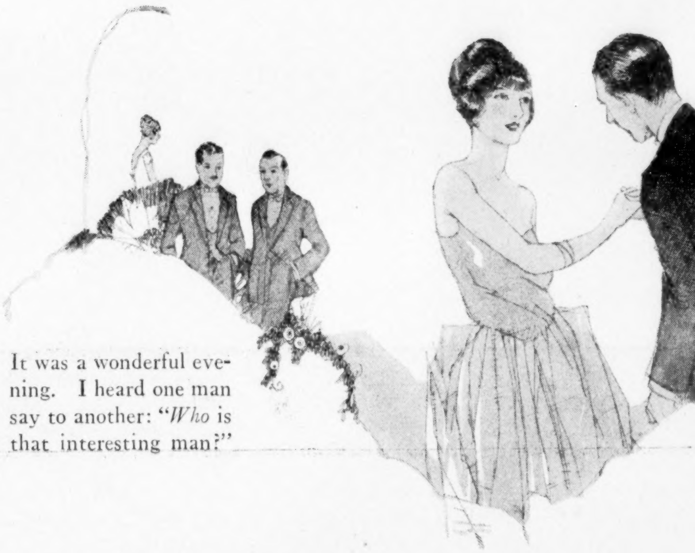
"MODERN FATHER," Scranton, Pa.

How fifteen minutes' reading made me more money than eight hours' work

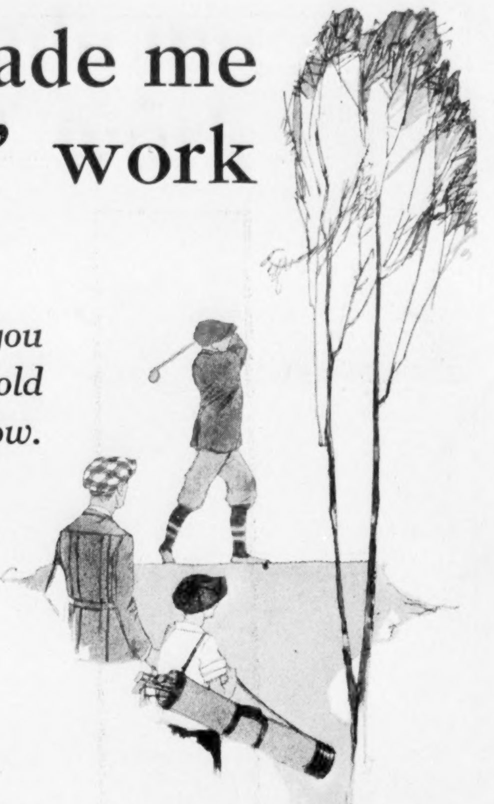
There is magic in 15 minutes a day—if you know how to use them. The secret is told in a free book; send for it today - now.



He gave me a good stiff body blow. "You're honest," he said, "and you work hard, but frankly, you're not *interesting*."



It was a wonderful evening. I heard one man say to another: "*Who* is that interesting man?"



Leading country clubs choose their members with care. Many a prospective member fails to be elected. Nobody wants to work or play with a dumb-bell.

Says a prominent business man:

"I MADE more money last year than I made in the five years before. Yet I did not work any harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had much more time for golf, travel and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea, in many men's minds, that hard work is all that is required for success. Horses do hard work and get nothing but their board. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive, not by work alone, but by discovering a secret that the others could turn to their own advantage if they only would—but they don't.

"I believe I have a right to speak with authority about this, because I have proved everything I say by my own experience. I have increased my earnings more by 15 minutes' reading a day than I ever did by 8 hours' work.

"The secret is very simple. To think straight and talk interestingly is easy—if you can spare even 15 minutes a day, and will spend those 15 minutes in pleasant, profitable reading along lines recommended by Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard.

"From his lifetime of reading, study and teaching—forty years of it as President of Harvard University—Dr. Eliot chose a few books for the most famous library in the world; a library which I keep always close to my easy chair, and which is so arranged with notes and reading courses that you can get from it—as I did—the knowledge of literature and life, the culture and the interesting viewpoint which every university strives to give."

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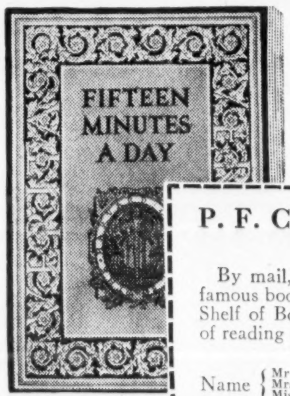

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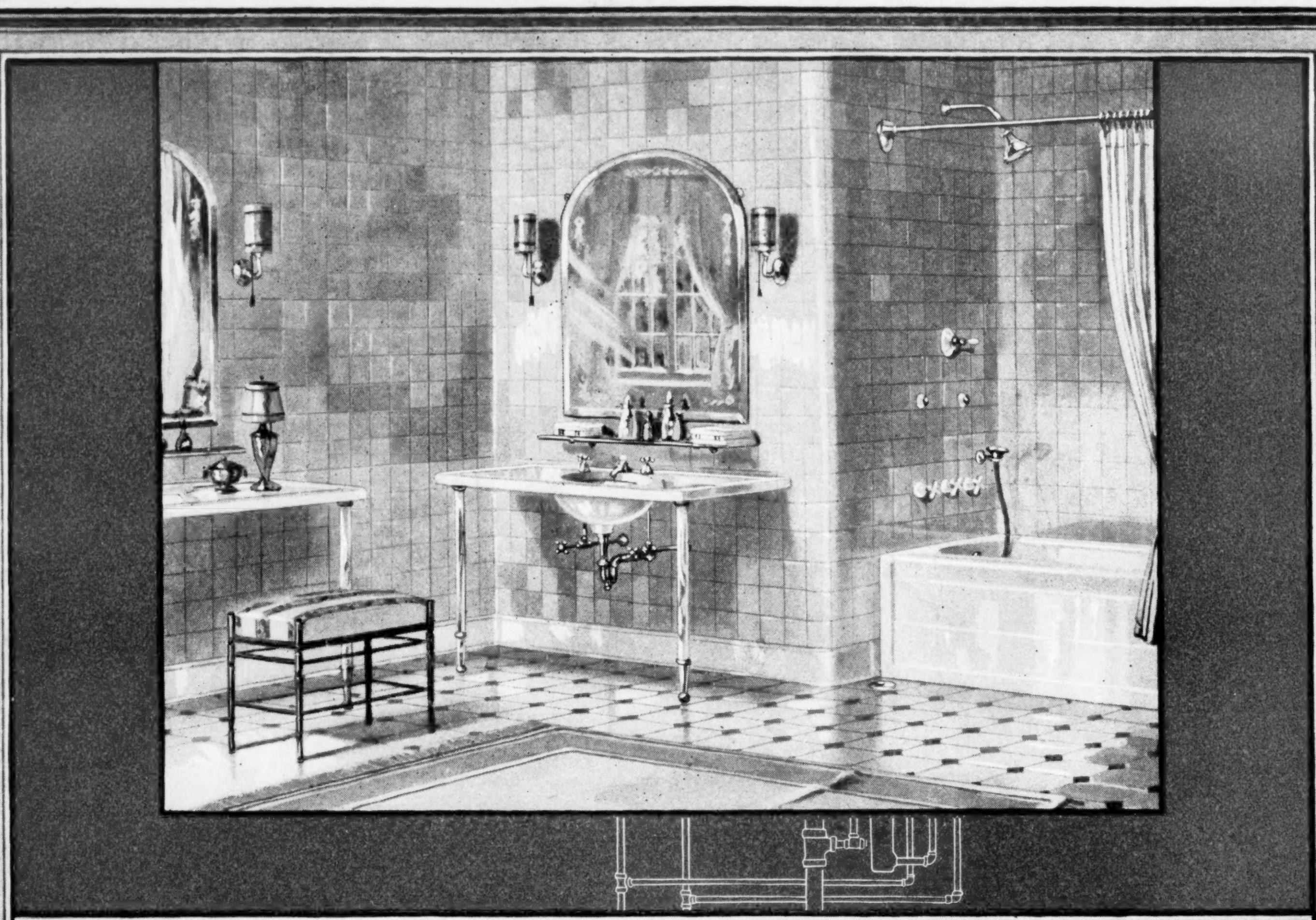

CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

For many home-makers, the clear white of porcelain or enamel fixtures is the essential seal of cleanliness in bathroom fixtures.

To such, the new Crane *Corwith* bath will appeal instantly. Of cream-white enamel on iron, its lustrous surfaces are given added interest and distinction by the graceful modeling in four planes of its sides and ends. Play of light on these planes gives the *Corwith* a character that is lacking in severely plain fixtures.

Your plumbing contractor will show you or secure for you a *Corwith* bath or any other plumbing or heating fixture in the wide variety that Crane supplies at prices within reach of all. Let us send you a booklet of color schemes, "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

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